THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1903. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 5.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 4.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.41, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26 A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.30, A. M., P. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.30, 8.26, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.26, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.26, A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, A. M., 6.42, P. M.

†Except Weirs.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.35, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

*Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 1.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
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Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
211 Main St., Woburn

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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
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Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
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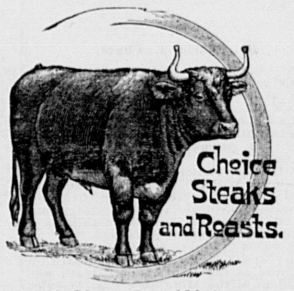
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

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Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Dec. 13, 1902, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45 A. M. 6 A. M. (to Winchester only), and every 15 minutes thereafter until 9 00 A. M.; and then every half hour until 1.00 P. M.; then every 15 minutes until 7 30 P. M; then every half hour until 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 45 A. M. and every 15 minutes until 10.45; then every half hour until 2.00 P. M.; then every 15 minutes until 8 30 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.45; then 12 30 A. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 7 00 A. M. and every half hour until 1.30; then every 15 minutes 9 00 P. M.; then every half hour until 11 00; then 11.30 P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 00 A M; every half hour to 2 30 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.00 P. M; every half hour to 12.00; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 15 minute to, and 15 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11 45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11 40 A. M.; 12 03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10 00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6 15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M., 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7 45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8 00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11 00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8 25 A. M., half hourly till 10 25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.

Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

THE HONOR of the TENTH

By Eileen Moretta

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The honor of the Tenth had been smirched. The rank and file growled it out in barracks, the officers whispered it to each other, and as the colonel sat on the veranda of his bungalow and admitted it to himself he laid much of the blame on his own shoulders.

The robber bands of India, known as dacoits, had been busy around Aliwal, and squads of British cavalry were being sent out every few days to destroy them. Your true dacoit is not only a robber, but a fighter as well. He robs his own race whenever opportunity offers and fights the British whenever and wherever he meets them. He is a good shot, a brave foe, and there are honor and promotion to be had in wiping him off the face of the earth. Young Danforth had lately joined the Tenth. He had family and political influence and a fortune behind him, and he had a personality which made friends. There could be no greater privilege than to be sent out at the head of a detachment to give the dacoits a whirl. When the time came that the colonel could do young Danforth this favor, he had a long and quiet talk with him. He posted him as to the characteristics and tactics of the foe and warned him of the pitfalls that even veteran officers might fall into. He was to find the enemy and destroy him, but he was cautioned against impetuousity and useless sacrifice of men. This expedition was to be the young officer's "try out." He had never been under fire, and he could not claim full kinship with the regiment until he had.

They gave young Danforth a British sergeant and corporal and thirty-eight Sikh troopers. Under an officer in whom he has confidence there is no better soldier that the Sikh. His only weak point is that he must have his foe in front of him. Danforth had the luck to strike a band of robbers within twenty miles of the post. They had captured a village and were pillaging. It was testified to by a dozen Sikhs that he was as cool as an old veteran. He sent scouts forward to ascertain the strength of the enemy and the lay of the land, and at the head of his forty men he charged into the village and routed out the band of 150. He lost two men and killed a dozen, and it was a little affair to be proud of. He held his men well in hand and was on the watch for trickery, and had all the troopers been Europeans all would have gone well. As the robbers retreated over broken ground men were flung off from either flank to create an ambush. They were few in number and only half hearted, but as they opened fire the Sikhs bolted. There were confusion and a rout and the pursuers became in turn the pursued. When the flight ended, the sergeant and corporal were missing.

A court martial was demanded by young Danforth. No sooner had the detachment returned than the remnant of the Sikhs began to whisper about incompetency and cowardice. They praised the officer for his fight at the village, but they declared that his cowardice when he found himself in a tight place had brought about disaster. His defense was straightforward and clear. There was not an officer who doubted one of his statements, and he was honorably acquitted of the charge; but a stain had been left behind. It was felt by men and officers that to be even suspected of cowardice was a smirch on the name of the regiment. It was agreed that the Sikhs had lied to excuse their own cowardice, and there was the verdict of the court martial, yet the cloud was not dissipated.

Young Danforth could not fail to notice the change in the attitude of his brother officers. They did not cut him, but they had to make an effort to be friendly. Pretty soon hints were thrown out that it would be well for him to transfer or leave the service. Then he went to the colonel and said:

"I was charged with cowardice by the Sikhs. Had my sergeant and corporal lived to come back with me I could have had witnesses to prove to the contrary. The court martial took my word, however, and I was honorably acquitted. I realize that I am tainted. There are hints that I ought to transfer or resign. With your permission I shall remain right here and hope for something to happen."

"I believe that the Sikhs perjured themselves," quietly replied the colonel, "and perhaps it will be the wisest thing you can do to stay on."

The words were kind and fair, but no grip of the hand accompanied them. In his heart of hearts the colonel had hoped the subaltern would go away, though at the same time he realized that only an innocent man would have cared to remain. Young Danforth led no more expeditions, and months rolled away before anything happened to put his case in a more favorable light. Then a number of dacoits were captured. Among them were two or three who had fought him that day. They boasted of how they had driven his Sikhs; they praised the courage he had exhibited in seeking to rally them. There was an increase of cordiality after that, but the subaltern gave no sign that he noticed it or was pleased over it.

A few months later there arrived a party of civil officials and their wives who were on a junket. They had several elephants with them for tiger hunting, and within twenty miles of the post was the game they were after. Young Danforth was one of the three officers detailed to arrange and manage the hunt. With the civil commissioner of Nepal and his wife was Lady Clifton, and the two ladies were by no means novices in the sport of tiger hunting. When the hunt had been fairly entered upon, they occupied a howdah on the back of a big elephant together and would not admit any one else. A tiger had been driven by the beaters into a swamp a mile long by half a mile broad, and into this spot, grown up to reeds and bushes until the eyes could scarcely penetrate, crashed the elephants and horses. The idea was to drive the tiger out upon clearer ground to the west, where he could be reached, and everybody made as much noise as possible. He was a crafty beast, and for two hours he refused to break cover.

The elephant on which the two ladies were mounted had taken the lead and been steady enough, but after awhile something rattled him, and he bolted across the swamp toward the trees. His mahout used every exertion to stop or turn him, but the old fellow was in a panic. To the surprise of everybody, the tiger followed at his heels, though in a furtive way, as if bent only on escape. With the elephant making a mad rush for a low branch tree that he might get rid of the burden on his back Lady Clifton took swift aim at the tiger and wounded him. The wound provoked his anger, and he sprang forward on the elephant's rear just as the tree was reached and the branches swept the howdah to the ground. A second later and the two ladies lay on the earth among the fragments, both stunned by the fall, and the tiger stood with his paws upon the body of Lady Clifton and growled and snarled at the dozen spectators.

Fortune had given young Danforth his opportunity. As a sort of terror held everybody else helpless, he flung himself from his horse, grabbed a hog spear from the hand of a chattering native and advanced upon the beast. He had to cover sixty feet of clear ground, and those who looked on said that the tiger's eyes blazed fire and every hair on his back stood up as the officer walked steadily forward. A dozen voices called to him to look out, but he made no halt. As he drew nearer the beast crouched for a spring, and when he was within ten feet the spring was made. Down went the man on his knees and up went the spear, and when the onlookers glanced again the man was on his feet and unhurt and the tiger was rolling over and over on the earth with the point of the spear sticking out of his back.

The ladies had not been seriously hurt, but at least one of them had been saved from the tiger's maw. Young Danforth was the hero of the hour. Every officer in the regiment took him by the hand and offered congratulations, and his colonel patted him on the shoulder and said:

"My dear boy, it was the coolest, bravest thing I ever heard of, and it makes us all proud of you."

"But the Sikhs swore that as a leader I got rattled and lost my head," replied the officer. "I was honorably acquitted, but I have been made to feel that I smirched the honor of the Tenth. Until I can wipe that out I am an outcast."

The civil commissioner wanted to show his gratitude, and Lady Clifton had influence she wanted to bring to bear, but the subaltern remained the subaltern. He was biding his time, and he had not long to wait. The dacoits came down from the hills again, and he was given the chance he so longed for. This time his fifty troopers were all Englishmen, and he not only attacked Mooltan, the greatest robber chieftain of them all, in a chosen position, but routed his force and captured the leader. That would have been a deed to boast of, but the subaltern was not satisfied. Leaving part of his force to hold the position and the prisoners, he pressed on into the foothills with the remainder and attacked and captured a camp and brought off the sergeant and corporal who had been made prisoners in the first affair. There was a second court martial at Aliwal on the return of the troop, and when the sergeant and corporal had proved that the Sikhs were liars and cowards the old Tenth held a jubilee and declared that its honor was never so bright. At the dinner they toasted "our comrade and hero."

Scared the Papuans.

There is no opening for a dentist in New Guinea. The Papuan can sever the wirelike rattan creepers which entangle him in the forest at one bite and sharpen his teeth on the flinty sugar cane sticks which he is constantly chewing. In "A Collector's Rambles" Mr. Sherman F. Denton relates an amusing incident which attended a display of Yankee dental achievement.

The natives had been going through some very clever tricks for our amusement, but we in turn were unable to astonish them by anything we could do until my companion, Shelley, told them he could take his teeth out and put them back again. "No," they said, "you cannot do that, for that is impossible." In reply Shelley tapped his teeth with his nail to show his audience that they were teeth, and then, extracting the plate on which he had two or three artificial ones, he opened his mouth, showing the gap where they had been.

The Papuans waited to see no more, but all started for the small door at once. In their haste to get out they stuck, and I feared for a few moments they would tear the house down. Those who were unable to get out at once howled in their fright and created a great uproar, and, in spite of our telling them that we were only in fun, they could not be persuaded to come back again for a long time, and then they came only under the promise that we would never do that again.

Hoped He Might Improve.

Husband (vituperatively)—I was an idiot when I married you, Mary.

Wife (quietly)—Yes, Tom, I knew you were. But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought then that you might improve a little with time.—Washington Times.

His Jubilee.

Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?

Criminal—Yes, your honor; this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.

Brevity.

Irate Author—What did you do with that article of mine on the American forests?

Editor—Well, sir, to make a long story short, I cut it down.—Baltimore American.

WHERE PEOPLE SEE PEOPLE

F Street In Washington Is a Famous Promenade.

"I believe that F street, in Washington, is the greatest place in the world for people to stroll up and down the thoroughfare and scan each other," said a close observer, who has traveled considerably, as he himself walked along the well known street. "It seems to be understood here," he continued, "that promptly at 4 o'clock, when the weather is pleasant, there should be a general promenade. If a woman's or man's dress takes well on F street, it is safe to say that the attire will pass muster anywhere. As to the variety of dress—well, you may see anything on F street from the stylishly dressed millionaire's daughter or wife to the schoolgirl. Many of the upper class of young ladies who have carriages at their disposal very often dismiss their coachman when shopping on F street and walk from store to store simply to mingle with the crowd and get a look at the other people.

"F street certainly beats all the other cities for this amusement," he said in conclusion, "and, although I have only been here a short time, the fever has already struck me, and every day at 4 p. m. I feel a desire come over me to dress up and start in at Fifteenth street and walk along F street and back again."—Washington Post.

A Pretty Bad Imitation.

A certain well known Bostonian is an enthusiastic Yale man and in college was a member of the glee club and was famous for his yodel, which was fearless and ear piercing. While on a shooting trip in the west a classmate in the party, remembering this accomplishment when it was reported that the guide was from Switzerland, said one night as they were smoking around the campfire:

"Jack, give us a yodel as you did in college. The guide will appreciate it."

And Jack yodeled with a strength and brilliancy never before equaled at a concert or "on the fence." After the air was again at rest and the frightened animals afar off had plucked up courage enough to stop running, the classmate said to the guide:

"Pfeiffer, doesn't that make you homesick?"

And the genuine Switzer responded, "No, only sick."—New York Times.

Willow Trees In America.

The weeping willow tree came to America through the medium of Alexander Pope, the poet, who planted a willow twig on the banks of the Thames at his Twickenham villa. The twig came to him in a box of figs sent from Smyrna by a friend who had lost all in the south sea bubble and had gone to that distant land to recoup his fortunes. A young British officer who came to Boston with the army to crush the rebellion of the American colonies brought with him a twig from Pope's now beautiful willow tree, intending to plant it in America when he should comfortably settle down on lands confiscated from the conquered Americans. The young officer, disappointed in these expectations, gave his willow twig, wrapped in oil silk, to John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, who planted it on his Abingdon estate, in Virginia. It thrived and became the progenitor of all our willow trees.

Ask "Why?"

If boys could learn at school all about education, that would only leave them very dull persons. The object of their education at school is to give boys mental alertness and an eternal curiosity, and its real test is whether it leaves them always saying to themselves, "Why?" I do not know whether you have ever thought about it, but all the great discoveries of the world have come because some one has asked that question. The records of industry show nothing more clearly than that all real mental skill depends on asking questions. The answer is sure to follow. The real mental capacity is not displayed by the man who answers the question, but by the man who asks it.—Bishop Creighton's "Thoughts on Education."

To Rest His Eyes.

The people who quit reading "just to rest their eyes" might take a hint by inference from the reply made by an old Mississippi illiterate. A passing man found him apparently deeply interested in a paper.

On looking close it became apparent that his paper was upside down, and he was asked forthwith why he held it thus.

His reply almost knocked the questioner out. It was:

"Just to rest my eyes!"—Kansas City Independent.

Browning.

Browning loaned Lord Coleridge one of his works to read, and afterward, meeting the poet, the lord chief justice said to him: "What I could understand I heartily admired, and parts ought to be immortal. But as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or not, because for the life of me I could not understand it."

Browning replied, "If a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think I ought to be content."

A Bullseye.

"I'm afraid my remarks this morning hit you rather hard," said the Rev. Dr. Scorum, who had observed Mr. Gayman leave in the midst of the sermon.

"What led you to jump at that conclusion?" asked Mr. Gayman rather haughtily.

"I noticed you jumped before the conclusion."—Catholic Standard and Times.

In Korea a serviceable umbrella costs about 12 cents. The covering is of oiled paper.

His Peripatetic Lunch.

Waitress (at quick lunch stand)—Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?

Gentleman—Both.—Harvard Lampoon.

Pure Selfishness.

Mae—How did Bessie raise the money to go abroad and study music?

Ethel—The neighbors took up a subscription, I believe.—Puck.

Largest Variety and . . . Lowest Prices in Boston in

Wall Papers,
Picture Mouldings
— AND —
Window Shades.

MELMON L. FLETCHER,
(Formerly with Ward & Waldron),
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Near Haymarket Subway Station. Telephone 1075-3 Richmond.

Kissed to Death.

Betty, the infant Roscius, when at the zenith of his juvenile fame was on one occasion walking with some ladies when another bevy of female admirers bore down upon him and, pulling him away from his companions, commenced to lavish upon him endearments and kisses. The others promptly rushed to their idol's rescue, who between the contending parties, each determined to possess the boy actor, was thrown to the ground and so much bruised and injured as to be unable to appear for a couple of nights.

Insignificant, however, was this mischance to the fate that befell M. de Langy, a courtier of the time of Louis XV., whose supreme conceit so irritated certain ladies of the court that they resolved to inflict upon him a novel punishment. Feigning one day to be overcome by the beauty of his face and person, they fell upon him en masse, hugging and kissing the wretched dandy till he cried for mercy. Deaf to his entreaties, the ladies continued their merciless caresses until the object of their mock love, who indeed was but a sorry weakling, in endeavoring to break away from their clutches broke a blood vessel and died a few days later.

Rabbits as Acrobats.

The rat is, as no one will doubt, a very fair climber. He can scamper about anywhere on the roof of a barn or can ascend the ivy that grows on the house wall and make the lives of the pigeons in their cots anything but happy ones. The rabbit, on the other hand, is not usually accounted a climbing animal. A writer in Field describes the astonishment of his sisters at seeing a rabbit jump from the bough of a tree and, picking himself up, "scamper off rather dazed to his warren." Wherever a rabbit is found in a tree except when he is carried there by flood or left there by a receding snowdrift, it will be found that a sloping bank or other easy method of approach has been made use of. He is, however, very expert at climbing stone walls that bound his fields and even the wire netting that the farmer vainly imagines will keep him from the choicest crops. We have seen rabbits run up the face of a quarry to their holes toward the top, a feat which we have not found it easy to imitate.

Cinderella and Her Slipper.

Yes; I know you are saying to yourself, "That headline would have looked and sounded better had it been 'Cinderella and the Glass Slipper,'" says a critic, but the writer has been making a close study of this most interesting nursery story and finds that the famous "glass" slipper properly has no place in it. The "glass" slipper is really the "fur," "cloth" or "felt" slipper, the word "glass" having been substituted through a strange mistranslation of the story. In the original it was written pantoufle en vair, which, being translated, would be "the fur slipper." The translator, however, wrote it as if it had been pantoufle en verre, making the "little cinder girl's" fur foot covering one of glass, which, it must be admitted, would be one quite appropriate to a fairy.

A Cinch.

The editor of the Glasgow Echo avers he is not much of a sport; but, he says, "when we meet a cinch in the road we recognize it." He accepted a proposition the other day, made by a friend, through which he was to give his friend a dime for every time a woman passed them and did not put her hand behind her to learn if her skirt was all right behind. On the other hand, the editor's friend agreed to give him a nickel for each time a woman felt of her belt behind. "We got sixty-two nickels," the molder of opinion says, "and paid him one dime. A woman with both arms full of parcels came along."

Wax From Trees.

The wax palm of the Andes is a vegetable wonder. It grows to a height of nearly 200 feet and thrives not only on the plains, but the mountains. The wood is tough and durable and is employed in carpentry. The wax comes from the pits between the trunk and fronds. It is yellow or grayish white, is as pure as beeswax and is used for making candles. A peon climbing the trees can gather from twenty to thirty pounds from each.

The Measure of Success.

It is one of the appointed conditions of the labor of men that in proportion to the time between the seed sowing and the harvest is the fullness of the fruit, and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have labored for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success.—John Ruskin.

A Symphony of Colors.

Gray was asked why he had written the "Elegy In a Country Churchyard."

"Because," he returned, "I thought it was the best place to make the ghost walk."

And indeed this seemed reasonable when it was remembered in addition to being Gray he had both duns and blues.—New York Tribune.

Desert Lizards.

There is no place like the desert for lizards. As a man rides through the white sands or over the black malapai mountains in Arizona or southeastern California and sees the flash and scurry of these brilliant and graceful creatures the suggestion of death and solitude is broken, and, beholding so much life, he is brought to wonder if the country is really a desert or only a land to which a man is not adapted, for here are animals which never drink, yet frisk about through thorns and cactus and fatten on the bitter plants. Many a desert prospector had lain down with his burros to die and seen on the rocks about him the black heads of the chuckwalla lizards outlined against the brazen sky. The chuckwallas were happy and corpulent with good eating. It was their country. For thousands of generations their ancestors had never thirsted for water, and plants which the starving burros passed by furnished both food and drink for the scaly natives on the rocks. Next to the slow moving and deadly Gila monster the chuckwalla is the largest lizard of the desert, being from a foot to a foot and a half in length.—Country Life In America.

How Snakes Fascinate.

The cobra of the Cape fascinates birds by coiling itself on a branch, erecting its head and swinging to and fro. Sundowner states that the snake will go on "fascinating" and keeping the bird twittering and unable to leave the tree in which it is "for hours" and that if the bird is driven away it comes back. This may be a "yarn," but from the curious fascination which nonterrifying objects, such as "lark glitters," have for some birds and their apparent inability to resist hovering around the lure the far greater mesmerizing power of the serpent may be conjectured. Movement, more or less regular, is always part of the means of fascination employed by snakes. Their fondness for music of any kind is not extended to the sound of the human voice singing, which snakes clearly do not appreciate at all. They only care for "instrumental music," which includes the concertina, tomtom and Jew's harp. But from experiments made in this country it was evident that they like the bagpipes best.—Spectator.

Brought Down From Heaven.

According to Mohammedan belief, the first copy of the Koran, or Alkoran, their sacred book, was brought down from the highest to the lowest heaven by Gabriel on the mysterious night of Al Khade in the month of Ramadan. This wonderful book, written in heaven and bound in satin, jewels and gold, was communicated to Mohammed at different times during a period of twenty-three years. This was done, according to Mohammedan belief, either by Gabriel in human shape or by God himself. When Gabriel acted as translator and communicator, he did so "with a great sound of music and bells." God appeared either "veiled or unveiled during Mohammed's waking hours or during dreams at night."

Virginia's Only Slave.

The state of Virginia once owned a slave, the only one probably the commonwealth ever did own. He was known as Ben the Bell Ringer of the University of Virginia. The university only had $200 left over when it was endowed, and it was proposed to buy a negro with this amount and keep him as a bell ringer. They bought Ben, and in his time he became a great character at the university. He knew everybody and was very useful to everybody. Ben used to get very drunk on the liberal and constant fees he received from students. He died in the Albemarle poorhouse at an advanced age.

A Lark's Lofty Flight.

Some Bavarian officers experimenting with a balloon 6,000 feet aloft noticed a little black speck that seemed to accompany them and which, they thought, was one of the cards they carried for throwing out reports and that the dropping of the balloon drew it along, but on looking at the barometer they found that the balloon was rising and not dropping. Suddenly, however, a loud chirping showed that it was a lark which, flying at this extraordinary height, had been frightened by the balloon.

The Highest Waterfall.

There is in Mexico a wonderful waterfall, which probably enjoys the distinction of being the highest waterfall in the world. The fall is known by the Indian name of Basaseachic and is located about 190 miles west of the city of Chihuahua, near the summit of the Sierra Madre mountains. The elevation of the mountain is 6,500 feet above sea level. The cascade falls 978 feet.

A Mighty Serious Thing.

"You printed my death notice, and that's no joke."

"But, my dear sir, that's not my fault. It's the fact that you are alive that makes it no joke."

There was a subtleness to this that made it most annoyingly puzzling.—Chicago Post.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 2, 1903.

BRADY BADLY BEATEN.

In the fight at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening over Ald. Carroll's motion to reconsider the vote of a previous meeting by which the report of the committee on the so-called bribery investigation was adopted, President Brady was beaten in three straight heats.

First Heat: Ald. Carroll introduced his motion to reconsider, accompanied by pertinent and forcible arguments, and President Brady ruled him out of order. Ald. Carroll appealed from the decision of the Chair, and on a vote of the Council Brady was beaten.

Second Heat: Ald. Carroll then proceeded to present his motion. President Brady hotly remonstrated, argued, cited the opinion of the City Solicitor, and tried to prevent action, claiming that Ald. Carroll's right to present the motion had been lost by reason of its not having been offered at the meeting when the committee's report was accepted. But it was no go; the Council voted to reconsider, and Brady lost the second heat.

Third Heat: At this point the confusion was so great, and the row had grown to such magnitude and intensity, that President Brady ordered the City Messenger to summon policemen to quell it by thrusting the riotous Aldermen out of the Chamber. On their arrival the policemen positively refused to interfere with the disgraceful proceedings, and Brady lost the third heat and race.

Last week the JOURNAL suggested that, while Ald. Carroll might not be as familiar with "Cushings Manual" as some other people, he had a large stock of common sense on hand, and would probably bring it to bear when his motion for reconsideration should come up at last Monday night's meeting of the Council. His conduct and signal triumph over Brady at that meeting fully justified our prediction.

☞ We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a neatly printed circular invitation to attend a meeting of the American Free Trade League held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Dec. 30, which a pressure of business compelled us to respectfully decline. We learned from the circular that our highly esteemed fellow citizen, Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., was set down as one of the distinguished speakers on that important occasion, and presume he filled, with his well known ability and manly manner, the engagement. The object of the meeting was to "demand of Congress free coal and free beef," and was a citizens affair. We deeply regretted to see the name of our friend Mendum mixed up with such persons as Winslow Warren et als.

☞ The Woburn city government of 1903 will be duly inaugurated on next Monday, Jan. 5, Providence permitting. A better administration than the present one is confidently looked for by the public. A better class of men constitute the City Council; at least, there are enough strong, honest men of business ideas and habits on it to keep the irresponsible members where they belong, and prevent them from doing mischief. It is said that John W. Johnson, Esq., is likely to be President of the Board.

☞ Mayor Feeney's Inaugural Address will be delivered, and the ceremonies usual to such an event take place, in the Council Chamber in City Hall on Jan. 5. The Address will probably allude to the many substantial public improvements accomplished during the year just closed, particularly in the matter of highways, and also to contemplated city works which will need the attention of the new administration. Judging from past experience, it is safe to conclude that it will be "short and sweet."

☞ The Woburn JOURNAL of last week was overflowing with news of interest to the public. Brother Hobbs is very discreet in his Editorials, but has the courage to speak out against many doings of individuals or town officers. His selections on the outside pages of the JOURNAL are good reading, while his newsy paragraphs are excellent.—*Col. N. A. Richardson in Winchester Star.*

Thanks awfully, Colonel!

☞ Interviews with several Aldermen-elect indicate that there will be few, if any, changes in the incumbents of City Hall offices by the incoming administration. Possibly Mr. A. P. Barrettt may be returned to his former position of City Auditor, but occupants of the first floor front, and those of the upper rooms, with perhaps, the above exception, will be suffered to retain their fat places.

☞ The Great and General Court of Massachusetts will convene under the golden dome of the State House next Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1903, in conformity to the State Constitution and Amendments thereto. It will proceed to business as soon as circumstances will permit.

"God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

☞ It is sincerely hoped that Mayor Feeney will employ as few words as possible in writing his Inaugural Address. Long drawn out "and padded" State papers are a nuisance at the best, but when used as a vehicle in which to convey hifalutin oratory to indifferent, or wearied, ears, they become well nigh unbearable. "Bile it down," Mr. Mayor," bile it down."

☞ At a recent meeting of the Board of Public Works Water Commissioner Preston nominated Mr. John Cole Andrews of the *News* to be Registrar of that Department. The matter went over to a future meeting under the rules.

☞ Ald. Brady is moving heaven and earth to get the Presidency of the next City Council. Brady "is pretty good looking, but can't come in."

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. H. Richards—To Let.
C. W. Eaton—Mort. Sale.
Pettengill & Co.—Carlisle.
A. F. Converse—Prob. Notice.
Brandeis, Dunbar & Nutter—Probate.

— Feed the sparrows.

— Have you "sworn off?"

— Happy New Year to everybody.

— There was another rain last Monday night.

— Now turn over a new leaf, and begin 1903 right.

— The days have lengthened 5 minutes which is better than nothing.

— Mr. E. H. Richards has a good tenement on Court street to let. See card.

— Woburn's new City Government will be duly inaugurated on Jan. 5, 1903.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course is to be given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 13.

— Whitcher's Woburn Souvenirs are fine. They are nice for presents to absent friends.

— A Scot song of the "Ingleside" is a hollow mockery in these times of fuel destitution.

— The boys and girls had hilarious times on the streets as long as the sleighing lasted.

— Arthur, son of Mr. Charlie A. Jones, is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

— Lawyer John W. Johnson is morally certain of being President of the 1903 City Council.

— Our High School polo team will play the Cambridge High School team at Cambridge on Jan. 9.

— Our men's $3 shoes, best in city, Taps sewed on by hand, at Leathe's. Warranted waterproof.

— Many of the stores were closed from 2 to 4 Monday afternoon during the funeral of Dr. Chase.

— "Angy" Crovo is the leading fruiterer in Woburn. He has a splendid stock on hand all the time.

— The public schools of this city, after a pleasant holiday vacation, will resume work next Monday.

— Please read what Copeland & Bowser have to say this week about their annual "Remnant Sale."

— The word from Supt. Emerson is, that he is getting on finely, and will soon resume work in our schools.

— Mr. Fred A. Hartwell has recovered from his late attack of illness and is about town again as usual.

— Business at the Woburn laundry is increasing right along, every week. It is one of the best in the country.

— G. A. R. Post, 161, and W. R. C. will jointly install their officers elect on the evening of Jan. 19th instant.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell has been confined to his house some weeks with rheumatism, but is now much better.

— Last Sunday was fair and bright, but cold. It should be borne in mind that Dec. 1902 has been a rough and tough one.

— The new moon, which made its first appearance on Dec. 29, is a "dry" one. It will hold the Indian's powder-horn all right.

— Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Watson of North Woburn entertained Mrs. Lucretia K. Tidd and son of West Boylston last week.

— Undertakers B. A. & C. E. Tripp conveyed the body of the late Samuel Tufts to Cambridge Wednesday for the funeral and burial.

— Don't forget the "Pound Party" in aid of the Home for Aged Women this week. It is a worthy object and should be liberally contributed to.

— There is an uncommon amount of sickness at the present time in this city. Severe colds, billiousness and pneumonia are the prevailing diseases.

— The general feeling is that our local coal dealers are acting honorably towards the public. But the Boston dealers, aren't they liars, though?

— Mr. John Lynch has been Clerk of Committees 11 years and has performed the duties of the office faithfully and to everybody's satisfaction.

— Mr. Chase Cole has been considerably under the weather of late at his home on Pleasant street, but bids fair to weather the cape in good style.

— We heartily welcomed Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street as the first to come up, with money in hand, to secure the JOURNAL for 1903. Thanks.

— The School Board held a meeting last Tuesday evening, at which Supt. Emerson was granted leave of absence to Feb. 1. Not much business was done.

— Mr. E. C. Colman's "Grandfather's" sleigh, the most ancient and comfortable in town, has been sporting on our streets this week. It is a fine old affair.

— Have a large number of Woburn housewives had Mr. C. A. Nichols make handsome rugs from their old carpets! Try him. It is the neatest thing out.

— Guy E. Marion of Class '03 Tufts College, left last Monday for Chicago as a delegate to the Alfha Tau Omega Congress held there from Dec. 31 to Jan. 2.

— Attention is directed to an article on the U. S. classfied Civil Service in Massachusetts prepared by the Columbian Correspondence College at Washington, D. C.

— Gage & Co., Merchant Tailors, are holding their annual clearance sale before taking stock. Now is the time to secure big bargains in the best clothing made in the State.

— The managers of the High School graduating class will please accept our thanks for complimentaries to their entertainment and dance in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 7.

— Mrs. Hayward, Miss Deland and Miss Hosmer attended the reception to Countess Salazar, the Editor of the *Roman Review*, given by the Ladies Physiological Institute on Monday in Boston.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

Oldest and Largest Carpet House in New England

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN

Wilton and Brussels Carpets
Oriental and Domestic Rugs
Upholstery Fabrics

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Clearance Sale
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—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

Huntley's Bronchial Lozenges.

Everyone having a delicate throat should be careful during this changeable weather. Exposure to dampness is sure to bring on inflamed throats and spells of coughing which can easily be stopped by HUNTLEY'S BRONCHIAL LOZENGES.

5c. OZ. 10c. BOX.

J. W. HUNTLEY & CO.,
417 MAIN STREET.

— Dr. Ephraim Cutter has written, and has about ready for publication the "Life and Times of Hon. John Cummings." The Doctor is located, temporarily, at No. 9 Beacon street, Boston.

— Axemen have been engaged this week in cutting dead limbs from the big elms around the Common, which improves their looks and will prolong their lives. The men are doing good work.

— Innitou Club will hold their annual meeting at the Towanda Clubhouse tomorrow evening, Jan. 3, at 8 o'clock. The business is to be action on the report of the nominating committee of officers for 1903.

— New Year's is not made much account of as a holiday. It comes too soon after Christmas to arouse enthusiasm over its observance; so, generally speaking, it is allowed to slide by without particular note.

— Mr. Thomas Quigley carted into Winchester Monday three tons of hard coal that he had purchased in Boston at $18 a ton. There is plenty of coal to be had in that city, but only at the robbers' prices.—*Winchester Star.*

— Yesterday, Jan. 1, 1903, was as fine a day as anyone could wish to have. It raised the drooping spirits of many coal-less people in this city. Here's hoping the favorable weather may continue from now to dogdays.

— Miss Ada D. Carter, teacher, came down from her New Hampshire school before Christmas and is spending the holidays with her grandmother, Mrs. Richardson and mother Mrs. Carter, at their home on Bennett street.

— After 16 years continuous service at Hartwell's market, Mr. A. H. Robinson will sever his connection there about the middle of this month and open a meat market on Main street North Woburn and he will do well up there.

— If there are any legal heirs of John Mullen, a deceased seaman, said to have been born in Woburn, who wish to hear something to their advantage, they can do so by communicating with the Postmaster at Woburn, Mass.

— Some people have been obliged to give up housekeeping and go to boarding for lack of fuel. It is a hard case when the coal monopolists drive families from their homes and compel them to seek comfort in boarding-houses.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company generously let their employees have a ton of coke apiece from the Company's piles at cost with only the small expense of cartage added, which is a great relief to their workmen, and is duly appreciated by them.

— One thing in connection with the next city government is as good as settled, and that is, Brady will not be President of the Council. That body needs, and will have, something more than a featherweight statesman to preside over its deliberations next year.

— Mr. Willis L. Carter, who has been the Principal of the Warren Academy Free Industrial School ever since it was founded, has resigned, and his brother Frank has been tendered the office. The School has proved a great success under his able management.

— Arthur Irving, 35 years old, an employee of the New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co., and a resident of this city up to a few months ago, where his brother Frank and sister, Mrs. Albert A. Howatt, now live, was killed on Stiles Bridge in the town of Blackstone last Saturday by falling under the wheels of a train he had just flagged on that road. Undertaker Tripp brought the remains to this city for burial last Monday.

— Miss Margaret Reynolds, daughter of Mr. Richard Reynolds of Main street, and Mr. Edward Mulkeen, son of Mr. Richard J. Mulkeen, for many years Mr. Thomas Salmon's efficient accountant, and book-keeper, are soon to be married. Long and prosperous life to them.

— The season of the City Bowling League opened with flying colors last Monday evening with a contest for supremacy between the St. Charles and Rondo teams. The following teams compose the League: St. Charles, Clerks, Co. G, Rifle, Beef, City Hall. Beef and Rifle play a game this evening.

— A handful or two of men with money propose to chip in and send an agent to the Pennsylvania coal fields to buy, if possible, a supply of the needful for this city. It is hard guessing how the scheme will work. As everywhere else in New England, the people of Woburn are suffering for coal.

— Copeland & Bowser sold more holiday gift goods last week than ever before during a Christmas season. With a single exception, every merchant interviewed told substantially the same story. Hammond & Son were delighted with their holiday trade, and so were the dealers all up and down the streets.

— One of the neatest and handiest calendars for 1903 received at the JOURNAL office is that kindly sent out by Wild & Stevens, 148 Congress street, Boston, the well known manufacturers of Printers Rollers of long business standing. It is a leather frame desk calendar, and, like their Rollers, fills the bill to a charm.

— "Nativity Play" is to be given in the Auditorium on Sunday evening, Jan. 11, in aid of St. Charles church. The theme is the birth of Christ, the Savior, of which the play is a beautiful representation. It is now being rehearsed, and will be put on in perfect order. It ought to, and no doubt will, attract a large audience.

— Rev. Fr. Keegan received a larger Christmas donation this year than ever before, and the largest, probably, that any former rector of St. Charles Church has been the recipient of. This shows two things, first: Fr. Keegan is beloved by his church; secondly that the church is prosperous. Both are pleasant facts to think about.

— It is noted by the Buffalo *Times* that among the business men of that community there is an increasing tendency to discard all other forms of advertisnig in favor of more newspaper space. Almost all means of publicity are useful, but it is apparent that there are vastly better returns from newspaper advertising than from any other.

— After a severe struggle with grip, Mr. Charles M. Strout is again doing business at the old stand in Dow's block. By putting in their biggest licks, and working early and late, Andrew Dobbins and the boy have been able to fill all orders for oil, but they are free to confess that the work is sometimes wearisome, and they get tired.

— Mr. Daniel J. McColgan is a bright, clean young man and a good City Auditor, but, for all that, Mr. Albert P. Barrett ought, by good rights, to be restored to that office. He is thoroughly qualified for it, and, more than that, he deserves to be put back into the old chair by the City Council. A great many people hope he will be.

— Wood is wood here this winter and owners of woodlots are getting rich with amazing rapidity. It looks now as though everybody, including the furnace and kitchen range, would have to come to wood or freeze. Nobody can tell a thing about the coal situation, except that the Boston robbers are charging more for coal than those of any other city in the land.

— Please note what Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch have to say in their advertisement respecting Home made Mince Meat.

— Many Woburn Club women attended the opening of the New Century Building, or Woman's Club House, 175 Huntington avenue, Boston on Wednesday afternoon.

— Some of our coal merchants have burned no coal in their furnaces this fall and winter. This fact may possibly modify the complaints of some people against the dealers for holding back for steeper prices, as they think, considerable coal on hand.

— Mr. H. A. Warren, church clerk, announces that the Montvale (Woburn) Congregational church will be dedicated at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Jan. 4, 1903. It is earnestly desired that as many people of the Centre and other parts of the city as can will attend the dedication exercises.

— The entertainment and dance of the W. H. S. Class '03 is to come off on Jan. 7, at Lyceum Hall. "A Complete Surprise" will be given by Mr and Mrs Harry Raymond Pierce. The entertainment, which will be unique and captivating, will be succeeded by dancing until 12 midnight. Elaborate preparations are in progress for this affair, which everybody should attend.

— Mr. Daniel H. Lane of Beacon street, Boston, formerly of this city, and still a property owner here, makes a liberal contribution to the JOURNAL's efforts to keep its head above water with coal at $15 a ton, and none to be had, at that, and accompanies his donation with cordial compliments of the season" Same to yourself and wife, friend Lane, "and many returns of the same."

— We have received, with many thanks, from Mr. Ben. T. H. Porter, the veteran and popular local agent for several large and prosperous insurance companies, four fine 1903 calendars, to wit: one issued by the Citizens Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Boston; from the Merrimack Fire Insurance Co. of Andover; Royal Insurance Co, London, England; Cambridge Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Cambridgeport, all useful as well as ornamental.

— The Old Year of 1902 departed the stage of action last Wednesday night in a quiet and highly respectable manner, considering all things, and was bid farewell to with rejoicings by some, and regrets by others. It is to be hoped that January, 1903, will prove more kind and considerate of the comfort of people than December was; but Lawrence Sterne assured us that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," therefore we will not worry.

— The JOURNAL never fails to get a nice Christmas present from its good friend, Mrs. Mary Jennings, proprietor of the variety store across the way, and her gifts always come in pat and handy, nor are they lacking in ornament and good looks. Saturday was the day on which her annual holiday donation was made and thankfully received, and it helped to cheer up things and give them a more sunshiny look and pleasanter air. The gift was appreciated and gratefully appropriated.

— Christmas trade was excellent here this year. Dealers, interviewed after the holiday, reported more goods sold than ever before during the week preceeding Christmas, which was unexpected, for it had been supposed that the fuel troubles would materially reduce the business. It did not, however, appear to affect it, and, to the surprise of many, the aggregate holiday trade was larger this year than in any previous season. Therefore, the traders wore smiling countenances on Friday, Dec. 26.

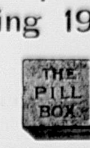
— Green oak wood is getting to be worth nearly its weight in gold. Minus coal and dry wood, the people are resorting to green oak for furnaces and heaters, and find it a great deal better than no fuel at all—indeed, it is a pretty fair substitute for coal. But the choppers have raised the price of cutting it from 75 cents to $1.50, and some are asking $2, per cord, which makes the article come steep, and axemen are not at all plenty, or anxious to work at $1.50 per cord, even. Mr. E. C. Colman says he has a plenty of good wood on his farm, but the plague of it is, he can't find men to cut it.

— Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. John L. Parker of Lynn to friends of the family inviting them to be present at the marriage of their daughter, Miss Florence Dustin Parker, and Mr. Richard Wiggin Drown, at 7 30 o'clock Wednesday evening, Jan. 14, 1903, in the Central Congregational church of Lynn, and to a wedding reception to be given in the church parlors immediately following the nuptial ceremonies. Mr and Mrs. Parker were formerly residents of Woburn, therefore many of our people will be interested in the above announcement. Long life and a happy one to Miss Florence and her chosen one.

— One day lately Mr. Granville Garland, the well known Antique Collector of this city, gave us a copy of the WOBURN JOURNAL's Carrier's Address, dated Jan. 1, 1852, which was indeed a curiosity. It contains four verses of four lines each, well printed, with a neat border. We wonder who the Carrier of the JOURNAL was 51 years ago? John L. Parker? Possibly. Or, perhaps, his brother Charles S. Anyway, the lad, if alive, is an old man now, and might, perhaps, be glad to see this reminder of his youthful days. Newspaper Carriers' Addresses went out of fashion years ago, so, Mr. Garland's present is all the more prized as a veritable antique.

— Busines men in this city are destined to experience dull times for the next couple of months. It is ever thus after the holidays, and they must "grin and bear it." The street railroads contributed largely to Woburn trade and business during the year just closed, and will continue to do something for us through the dull season; but the stores and shops will be less active for a month or two than during the "busy season." The street railroads here proved a blessing to this city and are sure to become more so as time passes; therefore, it is for the interest of our people to encourage building more of them, to be liberal towards those that exist, and thus obtain more benefit from them.

Health and Prosperity to Everybody During 1903, is



GREETING.

— A movement has been started by the leading merchants of this city to secure the closing of all business houses an additional evening in the week—Friday—except perhaps the provision markets, and it bids fair to succeed. To close three evenings in the week would be a wise thing to do, and the public would approve of it.

— The Metropolitan Coal Company of Boston have a plenty of hard coal, and those who have a "pull" can get all they want. A friend of ours bought three tons there the other day without the least trouble. Many carloads of anthracite have been sidetracked for weeks at a railroad junction in central Massachusetts, which are kept there for an easily conjectured purpose by the Metropolitan Company. A heartless combination of wholesale and retail dealers are answerable for the present terrible coal situation.

— The price of tickets to the entertainment and dance to be given by the 1903 High School graduating class at Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, is 35 cents, or 50 cents for reserved seats. Tickets for these may be obtained at the drugstore of Huntley & Co. The entertainment, to be given by Harry Raymond and Zulette Spencer Pierce, two of the best persons in the business, will run from 7.45 to 9 30, after which there will be dancing until 12. The entertainments given by the Pierces are firstclass in every particular.

— The price of coal here yesterday was $14 a ton. The Boston Coal Combine, just now, have a death grip on the throats of the people, but it will not last, if coal, for fuel, is totally discarded, and good oak wood made to take its place. This is being done, and the use of wood increases every day. It will be only going back to old times, and pretty good times they were. If the people will bring out their airtight stoves, so common years ago, and burn wood, the Combine, with their present huge piles of coal on hand, or within easy reach, will come to grief. It is more than possible that they are over-doing the thing.

— It would give the JOURNAL much pleasure to be able to annouce an improvment in the coal situation, but this it cannot do. If any thing, it is more discouraging than ever, with no prospect of immediate relief. So far as we can learn, their is no coal, to speak of, in this city, and the dealers are unable to say when there will be any. The use of wood is increasing, and owners of woodlots are feathering their nests. Sound oak, even if green, as must be the case, makes fairly good food for furnaces and many people are using it as freely as their purses will permit. Considerable bituminous coal is used and does tolerably well on a pinch. But the outlook for a plently of hard coal this winter is far from bright.

— On Christmas Eve Capt. Michael J. Mulkeen and a couple of companions, in behalf of the Woburn High School Football Team, found Mr. John E Moore, son of Mr. Thomas Moore, the grocer, and a member of the Senior Class of Harvard Law School, and presented him with a beautiful watch charm. The Team owed their brilliant success last season largely to the training of Mr. Moore, their coach, who is an expert at the game. He expressed his gratitude and appreciation for the handsome present in appropriate terms. On the same day the Team generously presented Mr. Clark, sub-Master of the school, and an active worker with the boys, with a fine charm, in token of his valuable services in training and directing their games.

— The calendars issued each New Year by the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston are always the boss. They generally deal in history—New England history—and mostly of Pilgrim and Puritan days and people. They are preserved for their historical merits, and it is well to do so. The picture of the Company's 1903 calendar is "The Marriage of Priscilla," a steel engraved reproduction of the large painting in Memorial Hall, Plymouth, Mass., accompanied by a history of the event with liberal quotations from Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Every true descendant of the Mayflower's list of passengers from England to America in 1620, has read the "Courtship," or ought to have read it, and should know Priscilla, "The Puritan Maiden," by heart. She was a fine lass, and was won by John Alden instead of the valliant Capt. Standish. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" from the maiden's lips was what sealed the doughty Captain's fate. By courtesy of Hon. W. F. Davis we are in receipt of the calendar, which we prize and are thankful for.

— We are indebted to Major Henry C Hall, and hereby tender him our sincere thanks, for a painting of the "Historic Willow" at Norridgewock, Maine, and the "Sawtelle Tavern," in front of which the ancient tree stands, and which was, years ago, long after it ceased to be occupied as a public house, the pleasant home of the writer of this item and his family. "The Historic Willow" is 27 feet in circumference at 18 inches from the ground, and was probably planted more than a hundred years ago by some of the early settlers (mostly from Concord and Groton, Mass.,) at the meeting of two of the principal streets in the lovely village on the Kennebec River. The "Sawtelle Tavern" is ancient, but not so venerable as the "Willow," and was, 75 years ago, one of the most famous hostelries in the Kennebec Valley. It adjoins the meetinghouse Green, and, is like the wide, level street, embowered in stately elms, and other handsome trees. The picture presented to us by Maj. Hall was painted by a lady relative of his, a resident of Norridgewock, which was also once the Major's home, on a piece sawed from a limb of the old Willow, and artistically executed. It is highly prized by us and ours.

— In the suggestion that the new City Council hold a caucus to nominate city offcers, we see the "fine Italian hand" of the most astute politician and ablest political writer in this town.

Mrs. Warren.

Mrs. Ellen Seviah, wife of Mr. Carleton Warren of North Woburn, passed away on Christmas day, from a third stroke of paralysis. She was a granddaughter of Jonathan Thompson, the Boy Soldier of Woburn who figured at the Lexington fight, and daughter of Albert and Seviah Baker (Nichols) Thompson, and was born Oct. 6, 1839, in the house next but one to where she died.

Of her family, her husband, her daughter, Mrs. Mary Louise (Alger) of Somerville, and her son, Mr. William Warren of Waterbury, Conn., were present at the funeral services. Another son is Mr. Carlton Warren of Pittsburg, Pa. Her mother, who is in her 89th year, was too feeble to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren were married on the evening of Nov. 20, 1856, at her father's home, now the residence of Mrs. E. N. Blake. Many residents of Woburn will recall that evening, on account of the occasion of a little girl, daughter of Editor Pippy, being lost, and found after a long search, in the Congregational church, just as the returns of Buchanan's election were brought to Woburn, and the general rejoicing resulted in bell ringing and cannon firing.

Mrs. Warren has led the busy life of a New England wife and mother, and for the last few years has been particularly happy and free from care, but has always, by courtesy and love, endeared herself to all whose lives came closely to hers.

M. T. HOSMER.

Mr. Samuel Tufts.

The venerable gentleman and esteemed citizen above named departed this life at his home, No. 18 Spring Court, this city, on Monday morning, Dec. 29, 1902, at the ripe age of 83 years. For a long time he had been a good friend and liberal patron of the JOURNAL, and his occasional visits to the office were something like "oases in the desert," for he was a man of keen wit and dry humor, and in a marked degree entertaining.

Mr. Tufts possessed well defined characteristics; he was original in ideas and action; strong in his likes and dislikes; blunt, but kind of speech; one who would be recognized and remembered for his unique individuality.

He lived a life of honest industry and frugality; was a peaceable member of the community; a kind neighbor; and carried in his bosom a charitable heart for all mankind. His death was the result of an apoplectic stroke suffered on Saturday evening before his death. He was for many years a resident of Cambridge.

The funeral was held in Epworth Methodist church of Cambridge Wednesday afternoon, and the burial was in that city.

Dr. Charles E. Chase.

Dr. Charles E. Chase, a prominent physician of this city, peacefully passed away at his home, 391 Main street, at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Dec. 27, 1902. He had been ill and confined to his bed for some time with Bright's disease, for which no permanent relief could be obtained.

Dr. Chase had been a highly respected citizen of Woburn many years, and enjoyed a large practice. He held an honorable position in the profession, and was regarded by the public as a skilful and successful physician.

He was a graduate of Vermont University and the Dartmouth Medical College, and at the time of his death was President of the Middlesex East District Medical Society. He left a kind wife to deeply mourn his loss, but no children. He will be missed in this community.

The funeral was held on Monday, Dec. 29, at which there was a large attendance.

Charles E. Reed.

After a protracted illness this worthy citizen of Woburn died of cancer at his residence on Franklin street, Friday, Dec. 26, 1903. His age was 55 years, 8 months, and 2 days, and he had been a resident of this city about 9 years. For a short time after settling here he was a member of the firm of Chapman & Reed, dealers in pianos. His birthplace was Williamstown, Vermont, and he was for some time in business at Northfield, that State. A widow and daughter Alice F. Reed survive him. For several years before illness compelled him to retire he was leader of the Christian Science sect here, its reader, and earnestly devoted to it. He was an estimable gentleman and good citizen.

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Fergus Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep which she had not done for several days. The son was so much pleased with the relief it gave his mother that he has since recommended it to many others. For sale by all druggists.

An Anecdote.

The following anecdote of the late John Johnson of Woburn shows well how his character sustained his reputation and is a free lesson to the youth of Woburn as to business ethics:

The Hon. John Cummings bought bark for his tanneries in such large quantities that teams were constantly employed to fetch it from the railroad and it was stored in huge stacks as large as common dwelling houses. It was procured from New Hampshire and other northern places. It seems that Mr. Cummings paid for it by measurement made by Mr. John Johnson after stacking and that the up country folks were dissatisfied, so much so that an agent came to see about it. As the story came to the writer the agent and Mr. Johnson met at the disputed stack with quite a crowd of witnesses. Both Mr. Johnson and the agent remeasured the bark and disagreed. One can easily see Mr. Johnson calmly and smilingly adhering to what he felt to be right, and the irate agent trying to beat him down to his measurement. Things began to look warm for the agent. At this juncture Mr. Cummings appeared on the scene. "Here" said the agent "this bark is not measured right and I can prove it." Said Mr. C. "who besides you that measured that bark?" The agent said, "Mr. Johnson." "Well" said Mr. C. "if Mr. Johnson measured that bark it is all right. If you can't accept his measurement I will pay for this lot by your measurement and buy no more bark of you." The agent accepted Mr. Johnson's measurement.

What greater mark of confidence could Mr. C. bestow on Mr. John Johnson?

Croup.

The peculiar cough which indicates croup, is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by all druggists.

Woburn Office: Moore & Parker's Bookstore.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the local Socialist held Dec. 28, 1902, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has removed from us Comrade John O'Donnell who, ever since Section Woburn Socialist Labor Party was founded, has rendered valiant service in the propaganda of class conscious socialism, and notwithstanding his peculiar capitalistic environment firmly and resolutely held aloft the principles of socialism to the last, therefore

Resolved, That Section Woburn Socialist Labor Party, has lost a sincere and tireless worker whom we deeply mourn; the working class, an earnest and loyal friend, and his family, a kind and loving husband and father;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in our official organ as well as the local press, a copy be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and that a copy also be forwarded to the bereaved family of our departed comrade.

JAMES L. MCDERMOTT,
WILLIAM H. O'BRIEN,
JOHN F. BRADLEY,
Committee on Resolutions.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Christmas Sunday. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Church of the Priest and the Church of the Schoolmaster. Sunday School 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7 45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Christmas.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God."
Sunday School for the Children at 11 45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting every evening at 7.30.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Dr. March. Communion and reception of members. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Week of Prayer, Services Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 11, by Rev. Daniel March, Enoch C. Shaw and Flora E. Hill, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 22, by Rev. George L. Collyer, High Harron and Annie Porter, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 24, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Louis M. Muller and Helen V. Davidson, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 24, by Rev. George H. Tilton, George E. Barrett of Boston and Ida J. Smith of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 25, Ellen, wife of Carlton Warren, aged 63 years, 2 months, 19 days.

In this city, Dec. 26, Francis A. Anthony, aged 62 years, 4 months, 13 days.

In this city, Dec. 28, Samuel Tufts, aged 83 years.

In Blackstone, Dec. 27, Arthur Irving, formerly of Woburn, aged 30 years.

In this city, Dec. 27, Bridget Maguire, aged 54 years.

In this city, Dec. 30, William Lawrence Kelley, aged 25 years, 11 months.

In Winchester, Dec. 26, Michael B. Hickey, formerly of Woburn, aged 54 years, 2 months.

In this city, Dec. 25, John Kenney, aged 48 years.

In this city, Dec. 28, Dr. Charles E. Chase, aged 53 years, 6 months, 1 day.

In this city, Dec. 26, Charles E. Reed, aged 55 years, 8 months.

In Port Crane, N. Y., Dec. 27, Warren Bulfinch, formerly of Woburn, aged 65 years, 4 months, 10 days.

Superior Home-Made
Mince Meat
IN GLASS JARS.
25c. per JAR.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Rebecca B Fowle to Moses P. Parker, trustee for Samuel T. Parker and others, as successor in trust under the trust provisions of a certain deed from Samuel T. Parker to William C. Parker dated July 21, 1887, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1808, Folio 502; said mortgage deed being dated March 20, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2805, Page 330, for breach of condition, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on

MONDAY, the twenty-sixth day of January, A. D., 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the land to be sold, all and singular, the premises described in said mortgage deed, substantially as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the southerly side of Montvale avenue and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Montvale avenue and at land of Joanna F. Maguire; from thence the line runs easterly on and by said Montvale avenue one hundred seventy-eight and one-half (178½) feet to a passage way; thence turning the line runs southerly by said passage way and land formerly of Charles S. White about three hundred and fifty (350) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs westerly still by land formerly of Charles S. White about one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake at land formerly of John G. Flagg; thence turning the line runs northerly by land formerly of John G. Flagg, by land of Thomas T. Long, and by land of said Joanna F. Maguire about four hundred and three-tenths (400.3) feet to said Montvale avenue and point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Rebecca B. Fowle by Lewis W. Thompson by deed dated March 13, 1900, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and sewer or other assessments (if any.)

One hundred dollars cash to be paid at time and place of sale; balance in ten days.

MOSES P. PARKER, Trustee, Mortgagee.
CHESTER W. EATON, Attorney.
Wakefield, December 31, 1902.

THE ONE THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES

CABOT'S
Sulpho Napthol
LIQUID CLEANLINESS

For Lameness, Soreness, Inflamation, Irritation, Poisoned Wounds, Tender, Aching Feet.

Look for above Trade-Mark now blown in all our bottles. Take no Imitation or Substitute.

Special Bargains

— ON —

TUESDAY, Jan. 13.

We shall hold our Sale of Remnants, Odd Lots, and Short Lengths.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Compound Syrup

— OF —

Hypophosphites

counteracts the effects of excessive exertion during the holidays.

85c. Large Bottles.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
DRUGGIST,
301 Main St.

HAVE

You Visited

the largest and finest retail market in Boston? It is located at No. 105 Causeway St. opposite North Station and you can save money buying there your Meats, Groceries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit.

Bargains offering all the time.

Good Corn Beef	6c lb
Sirloin Steak	15 & 20c lb
Sirloin Roasts	15 & 20c lb
Fancy Legs Lamb	15c lb
Fancy Chickens	20c lb

All grades of coffee roasted and ground fresh every day. Complete Fish department. Reasonable purchases delivered free within 10 miles of Boston.

North Union Market,
105 CAUSEWAY ST.,
Opp. North Station, BOSTON

HAVE YOUR

Old Carpets

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

HARD WOOD.

Plenty of fine Hard Wood for sale at moderate prices.
Orders can be filled AT ONCE.
H. B. CLEWLEY,
131 Pleasant St.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
430 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

To Let.

A Tenement of six rooms at No. 4 Court street, $11.00 per month. E. H. RICHARDS, 25 Fairmount street.

FOR RENT.

Possession at Once.

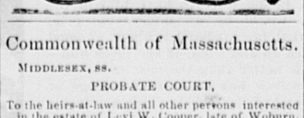
Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls.
Location: No. 16 Plympton street.
Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND,
403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
115 Main Street. WOBURN

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.



Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Griffin Place and George A. Day, executors of the will of said deceased, have presented to said Court their petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, legacies and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the sixth day of January, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Celia Callahan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Thomas J. Feeney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of January, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

COAL

Can be saved by using

OUTSIDE WINDOWS.

We have a large stock.

E. A. CARLISE, POPE & CO.
2A Sudbury St., Boston.
DOORS, WINDOWS and BLINDS

First National Bank of Woburn.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn will be held at the Banking Rooms, on **Tuesday, January 13, 1903**, at 4 45 o'clock, P. M., for the following purposes:

To amend that part of Section III of the Articles of Association which reads: "The Board of Directors shall consist of nine Stockholders," so that it will read: "The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than five nor more than nine Stockholders."

Also, to elect a Board of Directors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 12, 1902.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Arthur R. Gage, late of New York in the State of New York, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, and appointing William H. Dunbar of Cambridge, Mass., her agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

EUGENIE A. W. GAGE, Executrix.
Care Brandeis, Dunbar & Nutter,
220 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
December 30, 1902.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jane Sherburne, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Adm.
Woburn, Mass.

December 30th, 1902.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

"The nicest and pleasantest medicine I have used for indigestion and constipation is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Melard F. Craig, of Middlegrove, N. Y. "They work like a charm and do not gripe or have any unpleasant effect." For sale by all druggists.

For a bad taste in the mouth take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. Warranted to cure. For sale by all druggists.

Grave Charges to Meet.

The coal trade of Boston has grave charges to meet. The citizens may well be enraged over the disclosures made regarding demurrage charges on coal which was held in vessels in the harbor while the price of the commodity went higher and higher and the quantity delivered to consumers dwindled with successive applications of needy consumers for fuel.

Highway robbers are gentlemen compared with any dealers in coal who may be responsible for the present extortionate state of affairs. Thugs take chances when they hold up a citizen, for the citizen may have a weapon and pull the trigger first, but robbers of the type that would overcharge a buyer for a commodity which was within reach in ample quantity, pretending at the same time that there was no such available supply, not only take no chances as highwaymen take, but cannot so speedily be punished for the knavery of which they are guilty.

There have been times in the history of the world, and probably in the history of Boston, when smug extortionists of this type would have been subjected to mob violence upon the disclosure of such a state of affairs—*Practical Politics.*

Every Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Warranted.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. All druggists.

Civil Service.

During the year ending June 30, 1902, there were 14,983 persons appointed to positions in the U. S. Classified Civil Service in Massachusetts, which was 4,692 more than were ever before appointed in a single year. If you wish information about positions of this kind you can obtain it free by writing for the Civil Service announcement of the Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C. The Civil Service Commission will hold examinations to secure young men and women for these places during March and April, at Boston, Springfield and Worcester.

From 3,046 appointments during the first year of Mr. McKinley's administration, they have increased to nearly five times that number. President Roosevelt is a firm believer in the merit system, and as long as he is President these appointments will continue to increase.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL

Large audiences continue to throng the Boston Music Hall and the present week has been no exception to the general rule. The class of attractions booked at Music Hall are of the sort that meets with the approval of the public and none but the very best grade of attractions is presented. The Sunday night concerts, too, are instrumental in packing the theatre to the doors and the talent at these concerts is the very best obtainable. The attraction booked for next week, commencing on Monday afternoon, is that well known pastoral comedy of strong heart interest, entitled, "The Two Sisters." The scenes, incidents and characters of Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer's "The Two Sisters" are taken from real life.

Montvale.

The dedication of the Montvale Congregational church at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Jan. 4, 1903, is expected to be an occasion of lively interest to every Christian in the city. A large attendance is anticipated and an excellent order of exercises has been prepared. The invitation to attend is cordially extended to everybody, and it is hoped that everybody will come and enjoy the dedication exercises.

WINCHESTER.

Candlepin and oyster stews are all the go here this winter.

Our merchants complained of a poor Christmas trade. Sales were few and light.

Thoughts of aspirants for official positions are already beginning to turn towards Town Meeting, and some buttonholing by candidates has set in. A Selectman's berth seems to possess the strongest allurements, and my opinion is that there will be quite a spirited scramble for places on the Board. I think it will be best to fill the vacancies with new men altogether and get some fresh blood into the Board.

I am free to say, and it does me good to say it, that our former townsman, Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, is the biggest hearted man in this neck of timber. For 8 or 10 years he has been in the habit of sending a great supply of good things every Christmas to the poor people of Winchester, for which he has received their warmest benedictions. The first year the number of boxes sent was 15, but each year increased until this Christmas, when the number reached 171! They were great receptacles, holding bushels of the fat of the land, and carried joy and comfort to many a poor soul, to whom the "merry" holiday would have been a hollow mockery without them. Mr Lawson is a philanthropist of the right stamp. He does not blow his own trumpet, or herald his good deeds to the world, nor nail his banners of pride on the outer walls. He is modest, but generous to the core, and is never happier than when making others happy. Blessed be the big hearted "Tom" Lawson!

Like other cities and towns Winchester is mighty short on coal, and the times are trying indeed. Every namable thing that can be made to burn and throw out a little heat is being utilized, and still the people freeze. The situation is as cruel as the grave. And what makes it worse is the actual knowledge that there is a plenty of coal in Boston and those who have money enough can get all they want of it. This statement is true. Only a few days ago Thomas Quigley bought three tons in Boston at $18 per ton and on Monday of last week hauled it to this town. Anybody can buy coal in Boston in any quantity who has a plenty of cash, while at the same time the Metropolitan Coal Company swear that there is none there. The persistent lying and inhuman conduct of the coal dealers in Boston and vicinity are injuring the Universalist denomination very much by converting men and women to the good old Calvinistic belief in future punishment. The fact of the business is, the General Government ought to take this huge Octopus to do, and kill it. Socialism will do it, if nothing else can. It seems to me as though every man who has a thimbleful of coal to sell has become an inveterate liar.

Tommy's Trade.

Mother (who had been out for the day)—Tommy, did you take that medicine that I told you to when I was away?

Tommy—No, ma. Willie Jones came in, and he liked it so I exchanged it with him for a sour apple.—Punch.

TWILIGHT IN IRELAND.

It Is Different From That Seen In Any Other Country.

The interior of a typical Irish cabin is a sorry sight. The floor is of stone, uncovered except for a few rag mats. The furniture is of the poorest, and sometimes it is homemade; tables improvised from boxes, chairs from barrels, and the beds more like stalls for cattle, with their straw mattresses and bundle of rags for clothing. A slow, dull fire of peat gives a cheerless warmth to the room. What few dishes there are belonging to the family are arranged on the mantelpiece. Strips of bacon, dried cod and herbs hang from the ceiling.

After a frugal meal Pat will take his evening promenade. It is between supper time and going to bed that the Irish most enjoy themselves. An Irish twilight is different from any other; indeed, it is without a rival. It seems as if there the sun were loath to set, casting its rays over the Emerald Isle many hours after it had disappeared elsewhere. In that delicious moment, just before it finds its final resting place for the night, it is most enchanting. Over everything is an unspeakable spell of peace and quiet, and a warm glow casts into shadow unsightly objects and surrounds them with a mystic halo of golden light. It radiates into the hearts of Ireland's humblest inhabitants, and they sally forth, rich and poor alike, mingling in a throng of living, moving humanity.

London Theaters of Long Ago.

A writer in London Truth says that in the early part of the eighteenth century the London theaters opened at 6 o'clock, and as it was therefore difficult for playgoers to arrive punctually and obtain seats many of them sent footmen or hired men from the streets to secure places for them. These sat in the seats until those who had sent them came, and the custom prevailed until 1766, when the system now in force was adopted. "A footman used to be sent early to take places and keep them by the simple but effectual plan of sitting on them till his masters and mistresses arrived. Such a practice would now be considered an intolerable nuisance, but people in those days were much less particular, and appear to have thought nothing of sitting for an act or two cheek by jowl with a flunky or, worse, with a vagabond picked up in the street." An allusion to the custom occurs in Fielding's "Miss Lucy In Town," act 1, scene 2, and Pepys in his "Diary" occasionally mentions having hired a boy in the streets to occupy a seat for him.

Japan Once Joined to China.

Japan consists of a group of "festoon islands," forming a long curve, with its concavity toward the mainland, and many of their peculiarities are due to their upheaval by subterranean forces, of which they are still one of the most active seats. They were undoubtedly connected with China and with the land to the north of this at no very remote period, geologically speaking, and therefore, like Great Britain and Ireland, are scientifically classified as "recent continental islands." The proofs of this are twofold—first, they are connected with Asia by a submarine bank less than a hundred fathoms beneath the surface, and this is believed to be, as in all such cases, a submerged land tract; second, the animals of Japan are closely similar to those of China, the only plausible explanation of this being that formerly there was a land connection.

Queer Japanese Custom.

In some villages in Japan robbers are tried and convicted by ballot. Whenever a robbery is committed the ruler of the hamlet summons the entire male population and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name of the person they suspect as having committed the crime. The one receiving the largest number of ballots is declared duly "elected" and is accordingly hanged. This system, like all others, has its peculiar advantages. It insures the punishment of somebody for every robbery committed, whereas under the system in vogue in most civilized countries in nine cases out of ten no punishment is inflicted on anybody for the crime. Of course they may not "elect" the guilty person, but dispose of some other character equally bad.

Old Violins.

The old time viol was the first instrument of its kind and furnished the plan for the modern violin, which, however, is 700 years old. It is said that Charles II. introduced it into England. One of the finest makers of violins was Stradivarius of Cremona, who existed in the early part of the eighteenth century. Violins made by him are worth thousands of dollars now and are highly esteemed by collectors and performers.

His Lucky Draw.

Tenspot—You should have seen the pair Harker held last night.

Tray—I thought he had given up poker since his marriage?

Tenspot—He has. He was holding his twins.—Chicago News.

Natural.

Mrs. Hatterson—The ladies of the parish got up a baby show for the benefit of the hospital.

Mrs. Chatterson—Was it a success?

"Oh, a howling success!"—Smart Set.

Why He Grieves.

"She may have a temper, but she is interesting. Did she ever get over the death of her first husband?"

"Yes; but her second husband is inconsolable."—Portsmouth News.

Compensations.

When a man pays as he goes, he always gets a welcome back.—Philadelphia Record.

How They Do It.

Gossipy Man—The Joneses keep up a very imposing establishment.

Grocer—They do that, indeed, and my store's the one that's mostly been imposed on.—New York Times.

Quashed.

"William," asked the regular patron, "is this real pumpkin pie?"

"It's de punkest we got, sah," stiffly replied the austere waiter. — Chicago Tribune.

Riches Versus Luck.

Wig—Would you rather be born lucky or rich?

Wag—I'd rather be born rich. Then you don't have to be lucky.—Exchange.

His Oversight.

He—Why didn't you answer my letter asking you to marry me?

She—You didn't inclose a stamp.—Town and Country.

There are over 40,000 total abstainers in the British army.

Theaters in Japan are usually built of wood.

AN ALASKAN LANDSLIDE.

Rather Leisurely, but Eats Up Groves and Fills River Beds.

All the morning as we chopped spongy cottonwood, blew out our lungs over the fire and flipped water from the blankets a dull roar which we thought the river swelled by the rain was growing louder, louder. I said, "I guess a moraine choked pond on the glacier has broken through," and just then Jack stepped out from under the soaked tarpaulin.

"Look at that, Bebbie, look at that!" I heard him shouting. Outside he was pointing across the stream. A landslide was roaring down a gully from the very top of the Rainbow hills. It was a stupendous sight. We looked at it silently and then said, both at once, "I thought an avalanche was sudden." This thing wiggled like a huge snake down a sheer 3,000 feet of rock. The roar seemed forever to increase. Dust or smoke trailed from this thing, and enormous bowlders skipped solemnly from side to side of its path like pebbles. Water mingled with it, and when it reached the terrace it was a black stream, viscous and heavy.

Jack bet it wouldn't cross the half mile of flat to the river, but in a moment we saw bowlders shooting out over the terrace and aspen groves fall as if laid with a scythe. A cancerous fan ate out to the bank and gravely slopped over like lumpy paint, cutting deep channels down to the river.—Outing.

A Place For His Boy.

Sol Smith Russell, who saw humor in many commonplace happenings, used frequently to tell of meeting an old farmer at a railway station in a small New York town whose philosophy was particularly pat, even though his deductions were hardly complimentary to the actor, says the Chicago Tribune. Russell and his companion were awaiting the train when the old gentleman walked up, eyed the star a minute or two and asked:

"Be you the feller that cut up capers at Parker's hall last night?"

"My company and I gave a performance there last evening, yes," replied Russell politely.

"I thought so. I was there, and I had to laugh sometimes. I wanted to tell you about my boy. He's just your way—ain't no good for work. Won't stick to anything, but wants to play clown and crack jokes all the time. He's got a job at the hub factory, but all he does is to keep the men a-laughin' when they orter be workin'. You orter take him 'long with your troupe, for he's the derndest fool I ever seen!"

Stewed Apples.

To stew apples so each quarter is unbroken and so clear one can almost see through it is an art, and yet it is a simple thing to do if one only knows how. Peel tart apples very thin, cut them in quarters and remove the cores and seeds. As fast as you can peel and quarter them drop the apples in a saucepan in which you have already placed cold water to the depth of two inches. When the apples are all in, put the saucepan over a slow fire, cover it till the water reaches the boiling point, then remove the cover and let the apples simmer almost imperceptibly till you can pierce them easily with a broom splint; then sprinkle the sugar over them and let them just simmer until it is all melted. Remove the saucepan from the fire and let it stand where the apples will get cold before turning them into a dish for the table. —Green's Fruit Grower.

The Samovar.

While it is generally known that the samovar is a distinctly Russian article, the fact may not be so familiar that in the land of the czar the manufacture of samovars is a privilege of the government, and the imperial crest is found upon every genuine Russian tea urn. The reason given for the government's engaging in this manufacturing business is that the samovar may be within the purchasing power of the humblest peasant, and it is therefore found in the humblest as well as the most pretentious home in the land. The real article is always heated by charcoal, but returned travelers, and particularly Americans, find it more convenient to have their samovar adapted for spirit lamp heating when intended for use in their own homes.

Not Dutiable.

"Have you any articles of value with you?" asked the customs inspector.

"Nothing," answered the returning traveler, "except a wealthy grass widow whom I expect to marry as soon as I land."

"Well," mused the inspector, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "I guess you can take her through. Seems to me she will come under the classification of baled hay, and that is free."—Baltimore American.

Not In His Line.

"What is his status in this community, if I may ask?"

"He ain't got none that I ever heerd on. He run a grocery for awhile down to the Corners, but if he ever had any status there 'twa'n't kep' out in sight where anybody could see it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Rejected One.

"Let me see," remarks the ignorant personage. "Rime means frost, doesn't it?"

"Mine usually does," replied the unsuccessful poet absentmindedly.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Worth While.

She—I should like to know what good your college education did you?

He—Well, it taught me to owe a lot of money without being annoyed by it.—Life.

Johnny's Awful Predicament.

Johnny—I wish my folks would agree upon one thing and not keep me all the time in a worry.

Tommy—What have they been doing now?

Johnny—Mother won't let me stand on my head, and dad is all the time fussing because I wear my shoes out so fast.—Boston Transcript.

Grammatical.

Mr. Kallow—Er—beg pardon, Miss Snappe, but can I smoke?

Miss Snappe—I'm sure I don't know, but if you've never tried before please don't begin here.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Sides.

Doctor's Little Girl—Your papa owes my papa money.

Lawyer's Little Girl—That's nothing. Papa said he was glad to get off with his life.—Baltimore American.

The Main Thing.

Ted—Madge is the loveliest little thing you ever saw. Why, that girl is worth a million.

Ned—But has she got it?—New York Times.

A Bit of Diplomacy.

An American from Texas got into trouble with a gendarme in the City of Mexico during the Spanish-American war, when foreign and local sentiment was against the United States. The offense consisted largely in the fact that the stranger was an American, but he landed in jail nevertheless. Not wishing to see the Texan spend the night in jail, his friends sallied forth to obtain his release. First they visited the home of the American ambassador and found he was out of the city. Then they went to the home of the English minister and found him in bed. By dint of insistence they succeeded in getting into the house and were met on the staircase by the minister himself, arrayed in official pajamas. Carefully disguising the fact that their imprisoned friend was an American, they appealed for assistance. "Ah," said the minister cautiously, "your man is in jail, is he? But tell me, is he a British subject?" "Your excellency," said General Agremonte, who acted as spokesman, "the prisoner speaks English perfectly." "Ah," said the minister, "then the presumption is in his favor!" Half an hour later, thanks to the personal intervention of the British minister, the Texan was released from the Mexican jail.

The Tune Was Familiar.

An interesting anecdote is told of the old tune to which a well known song is now sung. The story runs that when the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt in 1799 the camp for awhile was near the pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing, and the natives of the desert had collected and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up a tune which we now hear under the name of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Instantly there were the wildest demonstrations of joy among the Bedouins. They embraced each other and shouted and danced in the delirium of their pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of their people. The tune had been taken to Europe from Africa in the eleventh century and had lived separately in both countries for over 700 years.

What Is Happiness?

Happiness is the greatest paradox in nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within. It is the revelation of the depths of the inner life as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness. It is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man has he may be dependent on others; what he is rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition; what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible. —William George Jordan.

Cheerfulness.

It is said there is nothing which diffuses itself more quickly in a family than the coolness, indifference and discontent which manifest themselves in the countenances of one of its members. This thought is not absolutely true. There are some things which communicate themselves with as much rapidity and more force. They are a bright smile, a frank and open manner, a cheerful face, a happy heart.—Selected.

A Mean Dig.

Maude—Mr. Willing asked me to accompany him to the opera tomorrow evening.

Clara—And you accepted the invitation?

"Certainly."

"Strange! He asked me also."

"There's nothing strange about it at all. I told him I wouldn't go unless he provided a chaperon."

His Own Crafty Way.

Fusilby—Human nature is a funny thing. It was said I had quit drinking, and everybody I met asked me to take something.

Glassby—And you couldn't accept? Poor fellow!

Fusilby—Oh, yes, I accepted every time. It was I who started the reformation story, you know.—Boston Transcript.

She "Hoped" For Their Happiness.

The Newly Wed—Edith did the hatefulest thing at our reception, and I'll never forgive her.

Cousin Jane—Why, what could it be?

The Newly Wed—She addressed Charles in the most pitying manner and said, "I hope you'll be happy." The way she uttered that word "hope" was positively unbearable.

She Wanted One Saved For Her.

Young Miss Wilgus—Where are you going, papa?

The Rev. Mr. Wilgus—To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of the country.

Young Miss Wilgus—Try and save a nice one for me, will you, papa dear?—Portsmouth News.

Commercially Expressed.

The father of ten daughters listened silently to the solemn words that united his eldest to a millionaire.

"There!" he murmured as the tying of the knot was successfully concluded. "That's 10 per cent off for cash!"

If there were no such word as fail, some dishonest man would soon invent it.—Chicago News.

Oblivion is the rule and fame the exception of humanity.—Rivarol.

Conspiracy.

"Squibob, you are still reporting for the Daily Bread, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Say, I am going to spend the evening with the daughter of old Professor Noett, and he doesn't like me a bit. I want you to help me through."

"Me? What can I do to help you?"

"Call on him in his study about 8 o'clock and ask him this question: 'Professor, to what do you attribute the decay of Darwinism?'"

"What good will that do?"

"He'll spend the whole evening arguing to prove that Darwinism isn't decaying."—Chicago Tribune.

Marks Time.

Nodd—Your baby isn't three months old yet, is he?

Todd—Oh, yes. To be exact, I have been awake now just ninety-six nights. —Life.

Nash, a writer of the sixteenth century, says, "If a hogge loseth an eye, he dyeth presently." Also, "Goats take breath not at the mouth and nose only, but at ye earse (ears) also."

You Can Be Proud

of firstclass jewelry when you own it. You can feel satisfied with a purchase that displays so much wisdom. Here you get jewelry that stands for excellence. The gems, the settings, the quality and the prices are worth considering.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ FINE REPAIRING in all its branches.

Thomas a Becket.

In 1538, when Henry VIII. rooted up Thomas a Becket's grave and erased his name from the scroll of saints, he also ordered that all pictures, stained glass windows and frescoes bearing upon the life of this saint should be destroyed. In some churches where St. Thomas was held in special honor the law was evaded by superimposing another picture over the forbidden one. On the north wall of the church at South Newington, near Banbury, England, there is a crudely executed fresco of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. From the effects of age and damp this fresco is gradually disappearing, and now through the colossal donkey on which our Lord is represented riding can be seen the figure of the murdered archbishop prone on the chancel steps. Gradually, possibly, the whole underlying fresco of the murder of St. Thomas at Canterbury will come into view, and it is evidently of far higher artistic merit than the hastily executed covering one.

Not of Our Killing.

When Senator Gallinger was practicing medicine in his New Hampshire home, he had a coachman who was a "character" worthy of the attention of any writer of fiction. On one occasion Dr. Gallinger was called professionally at a house next to a residence on which was displayed black crape as a sign of death. A passerby, noticing the crape and not knowing who had died there, supposed Dr. Gallinger was in the house and that his coachman could give the desired information. The coachman seemed to take the inquiry as a personal affront and bristled up in martial style.

"I don't know," he retorted promptly. "It's not of our killin'—it's not of our killin'."

Then he pulled his horse up so as to avoid any further suspicion that he was waiting for the doctor to come out of the house with the badge of mourning.—Washington Star.

Trollope Disagreed.

Although Anthony Trollope never smoked, he liked being with those who did. It soothed his nerves, he said, and sent him to sleep. On one occasion, when he had just returned to London from South Africa, he was talking at the Cosmopolitan club to Lord Carnavon, Lord Derby, Froude, the historian, Lord Wolseley and one or two others equally famous on the future of that country. In the midst of the discussion Trollope fell asleep, and after a quarter of an hour's doze he awoke, shaking himself together like the faithful, growling Newfoundland dog he so much resembled. Dissentient even in his unconsciousness, he spluttered forth: "I utterly disagree with every one of you. What is it you said?"

Rain and Plants.

Many persons must have noticed that the most diligent sprinkling of lawns and flower beds fails to impart to the grass and plants a vital stimulus equal to that which comes from a good shower of rain. A correspondent reminds us of the reason for the difference. It is because rain, falling from a great height through the air, brings with it a considerable quantity of carbonic acid, of nitrogenous particles and of other elements nutritious to plants which it has washed out of the atmosphere. So a sprinkler used from the top of a tall building might be slightly more effective than when employed at the surface of the ground.

How She Knew.

Apropos of the servant maid difficulty I heard a good story the other day. The wife of a very well known Irish official was in want of an under nurse, and among those who applied for the position was a good natured looking girl of about seventeen. "You tell me," said the official's wife, "that you are very fond of children. That is all very well in its way, but do you understand anything about the duties of a nursery? Have you any experience of children?" "Yis, mum," was the reply. "Sure I used to be a child wanst mesilf."—London Tatler.

Where the Typewriter Blundered.

Church—You know French, who keeps the restaurant?

Gotham—Oh yes.

"Well, he wants a new typewriter."

"What's the matter with that good looking one he had?"

"Oh, the other day he told her to write and get the price of frogs' legs, and she addressed the letter to the Hop Growers' association."—Exchange.

On Principle.

Bert (nervously)—I heard pa tell ma he was goin' to flog me on principle after prayers tonight. Where's principle, Billy?

Billy—I think it's somewhere at the back, Bert. The last time he flogged me on principle I had to sit sideways for more'n a fortnight.—London Tit-Bits.

The Two Classes.

Old Dr. Grimshaw (to medical student)—And now, remember that to a physician humanity is divided into two classes.

Student—And what are they, doctor?

Old Grimshaw—The poor whom he cures and the rich whom he doctors.

Just What Happened.

"Penelope," said the anxious mother, "tell me truly, did Charles kiss you last night?"

"There was a slight labial juxtaposition as Charles took his leave, mother, but I assure you it was only momentary and therefore innocuous."

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HER RED LETTER DAY

By NANCY VINCENT M'CLELLAND

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"Ten, twenty," the man at the cashier's window counted, "and the $5 that you wanted all in quarters, Miss Pemberton."

"Thank you," said Miss Pemberton absentmindedly. She folded up the crackling notes to fit her mouse colored pocketbook, regarding the two small piles of silver on the counter before her with a faint, amused smile. There was one mint used piece among them that glistened white and bright by the side of the tarnished faces of the others. It caught the girl's attention, and with a sudden impulse she separated it from its family and held it back eagerly to the cashier.

"Would you," she asked him, flushing slightly—"could you give me all new quarters like this? I have a particular reason for wanting them shiny and bright."

He acquiesced with ready good humor.

Miss Pemberton thanked him again, put the bright quarters into a little velvet chatelaine bag that hung at her side and said a cheery good morning as she went out of the bank. Her face was dimpling, and her step fell so light that the old man at the window pulsed with a throb of sympathy for her youth, her prettiness and her girlish enthusiasm.

It was Easter Monday. Although spring was in the sunshine, sullen whiffs of winter still lingered in the shadows and lurked around the corners. A blooming pink rose nodded airy greetings from Miss Pemberton's golden head in spite of the fact that her hands were hidden in a sable skin.

"Lady, buy a pa-per?"

It was a small professional whine that was pattering along by her side.

Miss Pemberton looked down, and another one of her irrepressible smiles cropped out in the corners of her face.

"No," she said discouragingly, making a very apparent effort to be severe; "I can't buy papers from any one who asks me like that. Some time if you come up to me and say in a cheerful, honest voice, 'Buy a paper, lady?'"—her own voice was bubbling over with mirth—"why, very probably I shall get one from you, but so long as you"—

The boy jumped ahead of her, whisked off his cap, straightened up and chirped out such a brisk imitation of her own tones that she gurgled with delight.

"Buy a paper, lady?" he grinned, his teeth flashing in appreciation of the maneuver.

Miss Pemberton stopped and put one of her clean quarters into his grimy hand.

"Yes," she said, laughing; "I shall have to get one now, and you may keep the change."

"Hully gee!" exclaimed the youngster, standing stock still where she left him and staring after the slight figure with a News tucked under its arm. "Don't have to sell no more papers today 'less I wants to! That's what I calls bein' a millionaire!"

It was really, however, the mendicants whom she had meant to favor that morning. She knew them all and had pitied them a score of times—those miserable creatures who haunted the same street places day after day. She knew that the next one she met would be an old man and his wife, who stood there arm in arm through every change of weather. A little soberly she went up to the old couple and laid a shining quarter in each of the outstretched hands.

As she escaped from their peering eyes and fervent blessings she encountered a friend. "Good morning," she bowed.

But Mrs. Harrower was not to be put off with such a cursory greeting. She was a member of the Associated Bureau of Charities, and she had seen Miss Pemberton almsgiving.

"My dear," she said rebukingly, detaining the girl in the middle of the sidewalk, "you really oughtn't to waste your money like that."

"I suppose not," laughed Miss Pemberton.

"They are not deserving; truly not," her friend insisted. "After the Italian woman farther down street, who sits all day with a drugged child on her knee, they are the greatest frauds in the city."

"I suppose so," said Miss Pemberton again, aloud. To herself she thought wickedly, "What would she say if she knew it was 50 cents?"

Mrs. Harrower spoke very seriously.

"It is just such as you that make the trouble," she said. "You give indiscreetly. You are encouragers of pauperism and crime."

All Miss Pemberton's dimples broke out rebelliously. She looked very unrepentant.

"But, you see," she cried merrily, stretching her hand to the other woman in farewell—"you see, you don't understand. I'm not normally such a wicked person. Today it's different. I'll tell you about it some time. Goodby!"

She was gone with a flash of a smile that showed thorough enjoyment of the situation. It lasted until she stood in front of the Italian woman with the drugged child on her knees and let another of the new quarters fall with a soft, deliberate thud into the baby's lap.

The little black violet vender, who never by chance has a flower less than forty-eight hours old; the patriotic musician who bestirs the feet of the passing throng to keep time with the cornet, the legless man who sits on a small platform and wheels himself incessantly up and down the sidewalk and the blind woman who sings plaintive English ballads the day long became, all of them, Miss Pemberton's beneficiaries. As her velvet purse gradually emptied itself into their hands her face grew fuller of pleasure. It was a sunburst of a face when Barton met it at Twelfth street.

"May I walk up with you?" he asked, as he released her hand, in the tone of a man who is sure of his answer.

"Indeed, yes," she said happily. "What are you doing?"

"Going uptown for lunch. And you?"

"I? Oh, I," said Miss Pemberton, laughing up at him—"I have been celebrating, Barton. Don't you know, I always said that on the day when—the day"—

"The day," suggested Barton.

"I should get a lot of small money," continued Miss Pemberton, acknowledging his assistance with only an instant's heightened color, "and go shopping and give a coin to every beggar I met? Don't you remember? Well, that's what I have been doing this morning."

He looked down at her indulgently.

"Foolish child!" he smiled.

"I met Mrs. Harrower," the girl bubbled, "and she called me worse than that—encourager of pauperism and crime. Am I really such a dreadful thing, Barton?"

"You know what I think you are," answered the man, and for a moment she was strangely silent.

They had about reached the corner of Broad street when Miss Pemberton made a hurried dash away from him toward an old negro who was standing on the curb, tapping it with his cane and waiting for a kindly hand to guide him across the street. Her quarter tinkled into his tin cup just as some person took his arm on the other side, and she went back to Barton with a look of contentment on her face.

"There," she said, "I have only one left now."

Barton, without making reply, smiled over her head and bowed to somebody.

"If you please, Lady Bountiful," said a courteous voice behind her, "can't you spare a bit for another old man?"

Miss Pemberton turned, laughed and put her hand into the one that was held out to her.

"You shall have it for a lucky piece," she answered. "It's the very last one of them."

"What does all this mean?" demanded the old friend who stood there, looking at the silver she had left on his palm. "Why this sudden welling out of human kindness and human help?"

They all laughed.

"You see, it's a celebration," explained the girl hesitatingly.

"Yes," supplemented Barton, "whether you know it or not, old friend, today is a great day."

The two young people looked at one another, and Miss Pemberton's cheeks went as pink as the rose in her hat.

"Ah," said the old friend with a glimmer of comprehension. "How stupid I am! Barton, my boy"—there was a sterling ring of pleasure in his voice and he took the young fellow's hand in a hearty grip—"I truly congratulate you. I don't know of any two people in the world who are better suited to each other"—

Miss Pemberton glanced around consciously at the passersby.

"Hush!" she said in pretty confusion. "It isn't to be announced until the dinner tonight."

A Frolicsome Pheasant.

One season the keeper of an English park made a pet of a young cock, which became so completely tamed that even after taking up his abode in the cover he would, at the familiar call, cautiously emerge, compare the general appearance of the man with the voice and, being satisfied as to his identity, walk quickly toward him ready for the usual frolic. The keeper would imitate that peculiar whirring sound of the bird and make a sidewise lunge. At the same time the young pheasant would raise his wings and dart forward and backward before his advancing and retreating opponent and, watching his chance, dive at the keeper's hat and knock it upon the ground, then, turning swiftly, make for the cover, his vanishing figure presenting a ridiculous appearance of inward and stifled laughter.

This same cock, which was rather remarkable for the unusual expanse of white round his neck, afforded the keeper much amusement one day in a conversation with the cowman, who wanted to know if all that white was "natural." "No," Taylor replied, taking advantage of the other's ignorance; "I catch him every Saturday night and change his collar." "There," exclaimed the exultant cowman. "I told my wife it couldn't grow that way!"—Century.

Generalship and Book Knowledge.

The greatest soldier that ever lived—Alexander of Macedon—though he slept with Homer under his pillow, had probably never seen a book on military art, and though Von Moltke was a student, we may be permitted to doubt if Marlborough ever was. He read only Shakespeare zealously.

Certainly in our time no able man who wanted a chief for any great undertaking of any kind would dream of asking the limits of his reading or would be able to avoid a silent prejudice against a candidate, partly unreasonable, but partly also the result of a traditionary experience, if he knew that he was in any special degree a student of books. He would think him a man apt to be misled. Indeed, in one great condition of efficiency, perhaps in practice the greatest of all conditions, we should assign to unread men—we do not mean uneducated men, but men who never voluntarily open books—a definite superiority. They are apt to choose men better. Soldiers who do not read make no mistake about their general.—London Spectator.

A Complicated Case.

A country "squire" is often called upon to settle questions which tax both his knowledge and his ingenuity. One such matter was presented to Squire Prescott of Banbury.

"Square," said a solemn faced man, stopping the lawyer one day as he was leaving the postoffice, "there's a point I want you should settle, and whatever you say I'll abide by it, whether you think as I expect you will or not."

"Well, let's hear what it is," said Squire Prescott good naturedly.

"It's just like this," said the man, stepping closer and speaking in a lower tone. "Hen Rogers wants to trade farms with me, but we can't quite agree on terms. His cow pasture is better than mine, but I've got twice as many blueberry bushes as he has; his corn is all started, and mine isn't, but I've got screens to five windows and two doors; there's less stones in his meadow land than there is in mine, but there's more bog.

"Now, I won't tell you which is which, but one of us thinks Hen's collie dog had ought to be throwed into the barter, and the other one thinks that my heifer would just about even up. Now, what should you say was the fair thing?"—Youth's Companion.

A Breach of Etiquette.

"Am I to understand that you were discharged from the army for a mere breach of etiquette?" queried the interested friend.

"Yes, sir," boldly asserted Colonel Blupher.

"What was it?"

"Turning my back to the enemy."—Philadelphia Record.

Use It.

One of the best pieces of advice for a safe journey through life I saw on a sign at a railroad crossing. The sign read, "Stop! Look! Listen!"—Baltimore American.

Raising His Salary.

"You told me last week that you would try to raise my salary," said Briggs.

"Oh, yes," replied his employer. "Well, I did. I raised it after some trouble. Believe me, I had a very hard time raising it this week."

NESTING WOOD DUCKS.

The Courtship Period Is Followed by a Very Prosaic Married Life.

When a pair of wood ducks find water and a hollow tree to suit, little time is lost in preparing the nest. This task and the covering of the eggs are performed by the female, for, to the best of my knowledge, the male does little more than sit around on handy limbs and look pretty. During the period of nest building and while the duck is laying he is the beau ideal of a handsome and loving cavalier, ever attentive and seemingly most anxious as to her whereabouts should she happen to get out of his sight. But with the waning of the honeymoon he seems to feel rather bored with the whole business, and gradually he gets clubby—i. e., wanders from his own fireside and hunts up another drake or two to help him loaf away the summer. The busy little duck keeps her own counsel and "sits tight" on the dozen or more highly polished ivorylike eggs crowded together in a bed of soft decayed wood and down from her breast.

Quite frequently the nest is at the bottom of a hollow several feet deep, and no doubt the strong, hooked claws of the wood duck are a special provision for the oft repeated climbing out of the hollow.—Edwyn Sandys in Outing.

Faithful to the Last.

In many Scotch families the old manservant is a permanent institution. He enters the service of a family when he is a boy, sticks to his place and resigns only when the infirmities of age are upon him. Naturally he grows in time to claim as rights what were at first granted him as favors and if he is opposed asserts himself with a spirit of independence. An English paper tells a story illustrative of this.

A lady's coachman, a crusty old fellow, who had been in the service of the family in her father's time, gave her great trouble and annoyance on several occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length his conduct became unbearable, and she determined to dismiss him. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command:

"I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amusement for a minute, and then the characteristic "loyalty" came to the surface.

"Na, na, my lady," he said. "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized, I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral."

A School of Poisoners.

A merciless school of poisoners once flourished in Venice. During the fifteenth century even the government of the state used poison without any disguise as a weapon. A body called "the council of ten" was appointed to determine who should be dispatched, and they dealt with the lives of princes, kings and popes as one would deal with superfluous trees in a wood. A curious document is still extant in which the proceedings of this council are recorded. It shows that one John of Raguba prepared a selection of poisons and scale of fees. The fee varied with the importance of the victim and the length of the journey to be made for his dispatch. For poisoning the Duke of Milan he charged 60 ducats, for the pope 100 ducats, for the king of Spain 150 ducats, for the "great sultan" 500 ducats.

The Other Side.

An author who illustrates his own novels has submitted to an interview.

"You find that it pays, don't you?"

"You bet—in lots of ways. For instance, I get paid for the story?"

"Yes."

"Then the illustrations of the author of a book are worth double those of the ordinary artists?"

"Of course."

"Then some fool of a rich fellow comes along and offers a fabulous sum for the original drawings and wants an introduction to you and invites you to dine with him, and your fortune is made and your future is safe! It's a great scheme, I tell you, and authors are fools who don't make the most of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Choice of a Husband.

"What a lucky girl you are, Liddy, to be able to choose between two such handsome and stylish young gentlemen? Have you made up your mind which is to be your husband?"

"To tell the truth, I'm in a bit of a fix. If I desire to wear my cream colored dress at the wedding, I shall take Alphonse, as he is dark complexioned, you know; but if I decide to go in my blue dress I rather think fair Joseph will make the better match of the two."

Fierce Indeed.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the north pole?"

"Polecats!" shouted the boy at the foot of the class.—Philadelphia Press.

To Get a Divorce.

When "love, cherish and obey" and "sickness, poverty and death" are left out of the marriage ritual, what do the happy pair "promise" themselves—merely to keep the peace?—Boston Herald.

Feed Him.

If you want to win the gratitude of a dog, feed him. As to men, the material difference is the quality of the food.—Baltimore News.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Charles Lamb.

Waited Twenty Years For a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '72, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper paster on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement, but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

Our Cooks.

"I believe," said the young physician, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."

"That's right," rejoined the old doctor, "and good cooks supply us with the other half."—Chicago News.

Dolly's Explanation.

"Mother, what are twins?" asked little Bobbie.

"I know," chimed in Dolly. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three babies is triplets, four is quadrupeds, and five is centipeds."

Left Eyed People.

The man who spends half his time trying to classify people said he never saw so many left eyed passengers in one car.

"What do you mean by left eyed passengers?" asked his companion.

"People who use their left eye more than their right," was the reply. "The species is not common, and of course none but a student in ocular science would be able to detect offhand the few whom we do meet. A left handed person advertises his peculiarity at once; not so the left eyed man. As a rule it takes an oculist to determine which eye has been used most, but there are certain peculiarities of the pupil and lid that may be taken as pretty sure signs by the trained observer.

"Left eyed people are made, not born. Most of us have been blessed by nature with eyes of equal visual power, but the attitude we strike when reading or writing causes us to exercise one eye more than the other, and the first thing we know we are right or left eyed. This is a one sidedness that should always be taken into consideration when buying glasses."—New York Times.

A Collector's Prayer.

So deeply passionate is Mr. Hodgkin's love for the rare and the curious that one thinks of the Thomas Hearne mentioned by him, who in all simplicity of heart thanked God for his success in collecting.

"O most gracious and merciful Lord God," writes this devoutest of old bucks, "wonderful in thy providence, I return humble thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy providence, and one act of yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with three old manuscripts, for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue the same protection to me a poor, helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake."

The prayer is extant and may be read at the Bodleian, where Hearne was assistant librarian.—London Chronicle.

Balzac's Passwords.

It was not easy to make one's way into Balzac's house at Chaillot, Rue des Batailles, for it was guarded like the garden of the Hesperides. Two or three passwords were necessary, which were changed frequently for fear they should become known. I remember a few. To the porter we said, "The plum season has come," on which he allowed us to cross the threshold. To the servant who rushed to the staircase when the bell rang it was necessary to murmur, "I bring some brussels lace," and if you assured him that "Mme. Bertrand was quite well" you were admitted forthwith. This nonsense amused Balzac immensely, and it was perhaps necessary to keep out bores and other visitors still more disagreeable.—Miss Wormley's "Memoir of Balzac."

A Story of Bishop Williams.

It is told of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, for many years presiding bishop of the Episcopal church in America, who lived all his life a bachelor, that he was talking one day with a young man from the west about a tax a western state was trying to impose on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent for every ten years of bachelorhood.

"Why, bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about $100 a year."

"Well," said the bishop quietly and in his old time vernacular, "it's wuth it."

His Part.

Little Jack—What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?

Ma—Oh, that is only his way of saying that he 's the head of the house.

Little Jack—Then, if pa is the captain, what are you?

Ma—Well, I suppose I am the pilot.

Little Jack—Oh, yes, and then I must be the compass?

Ma—The compass! Why the compass?

Little Jack—Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know.

Needed Them All.

A well known authoress was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit.

"It is time now," he said pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course; beauty, grace"—

"Yes," said his fair listener sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

Prophetic.

Henry W. Grady less than a month before his death at the early age of thirty-nine remarked to a friend: "Imagine me as an old man! Picture me baldheaded, half blind, toothless and leaning on a cane! It can never be. It is too ridiculous. A man with my riotous blood, tremendous energy and restless activity must die young!"

Shirt Sleeves to Shirt Sleeves.

Oliver Wendell Holmes counted only three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves. A daughter of Tolstoi in an interview with Henry Norman expressed the same idea in these words: "No Russian ever 'founds a family,' as you say. A man makes his fortune; his son lavishes it; his son disperses it."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 4.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvi, 22-34. Memory Verses, 29-32—Golden Text, Acts xvi, 31—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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22-24. And the multitude rose up together against them, and the magistrates rent off their clothes and commanded to beat them.

Our last lesson in this book, six months ago, left the messengers of the Lord rejoicing in their welcome to the home of Lydia, who had just opened her heart to receive the Lord Jesus. The public confession by baptism of herself and her household caused joy in heaven as well as on earth (Luke xv, 7, 10). This was too much for the adversary, so he begins a special work of opposition through the damsel and the rulers of the city, which resulted in the beating and imprisonment of Paul and Silas.

25. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them.

When Saul of Tarsus first became a disciple of the Lord Jesus, he was told that he must suffer for His sake, even as the Lord taught His disciples while with them that the world would hate them and they must not be offended if the religious Jews should put them out of the synagogue and kill them (Acts ix, 16; John xv, 18; xvi, 1, 2). Their bleeding bodies, their feet in the stocks and the darkness and loathsomeness of the inner prison do not separate them from the love of God nor break their communion with Him. They are filled with prayer and praise, according to Ps. xxxiv, 1, and, like Daniel and his friends, they are victors through the presence of Christ with them.

26. Immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's hands were loosed.

Their songs were heard in heaven as well as on earth and, though they had no influence in the city, see the power they had in heaven—a quaking earth, foundation walls shaking, prison doors open, prisoners' bonds loosed by the Master of these men who felt all that was done to them as done to Himself and part of whose mission was to give deliverance to captives and opened prisons to those who were bound (Isa. lxi, 1).

27, 28. Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.

While the righteous were suffering the ungodly were in health and asleep, but if the ungodly had slept into eternity how fearful their condition! See and believe Luke xvi, 22, 23; Rev. xiv, 9-11; Job xxxvi, 18. What a mercy to awaken such ere it be too late! The jailer, in his blindness, not knowing of the hereafter, would have madly rushed into it and have found himself in hopeless despair had not Paul returned good for evil and kindly cried to him.

29, 30. Then he called for a light and sprang in and came trembling and fell down before Paul and Silas and brought them out and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

This is the work of the Holy Spirit whom Jesus sent from the Father and of whom He said, When He is come, He will convince of sin, of righteousness and of judgment (John xvi, 8). The jailer had never had to do with prisoners like these nor had he ever met with kindness in return for such treatment as he had given to these two men. He saw in them those who had power that was not of earth; he saw that they were his friends, for men whom he had treated as he had these might naturally have let him take his life and been glad of it, but they had begged him not to harm himself. He has been powerfully wrought upon for his soul's good; he sees his danger and turns to those in whom he had seen the supernatural. See in Job xxxiii, 18, 29, 30, and the context how much God does to save a soul and consider the sorrows of Jesus and what it cost Him to save us.

31, 32. And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord and to all that were in his house.

God's way of salvation is, believe, receive, behold, take—it is all fully prepared and provided in Christ, and the invitation to all is, Come—come now, with the assurance that no one who comes shall ever be turned away (Isa. i, 18; lv, 1; Matt. xxii, 4; John i, 12, 29; vi, 37; Rev. xxii, 17). Without anything whatever on our part but a sense of our need, He asks us to accept the gift of eternal life, this life being in His Son, His unspeakable gift (Rom. vi, 23; I John v, 11; II Cor. ix, 15). The sinner is not asked to do a single thing but confess himself a sinner and accept that which God has provided.

33, 34. When he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.

Being saved by grace, he at once begins to work, for we are saved in order to work. See carefully Eph. ii, 8-10; Tit. iii, 5, 8. Having become a child of God, he begins at once to confess it by baptism and manifest it by kindness. The same hour he washed their stripes, took them into his own house and cared for them. He became at once a member of the church, the body of Christ, a temple of the Holy Ghost, and, having turned to God from idols, he began to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven (I Thess. i, 9, 10). Faith in Christ, receiving Christ, brings salvation, and then the love of Christ constrains to good works. He is at once filled with joy and peace in believing (Rom. xv, 13), and notice that his household is with him in this. God loves to save households. Think of Lydia, of Noah, of Rahab and their households. Plead those instances with God and trust Him for your household.

Nutritious Value of Oysters.

The popular belief that the oyster is a most nutritious article of diet does not rest upon any scientific basis. The oyster as a food could not satisfy the demands of the human body. While the oyster, when not stewed, is very palatable, wholesome and easily assimilated by weak, impaired stomachs, it cannot be contended for a moment that it contains such elements and nutrition as may be found in beans, rice or potatoes. There is very little, if any, fatmaking or muscle building material in the oyster. Its composition is largely nitrogenous, and, being rich in phosphates, it is generally regarded as an excellent food for the brain, but a man reduced to an exclusive diet of oysters would soon find himself deficient in adipose tissue and in those elements that go to make up physical force and vitality in the human body.

So He Gets Around.

Ethel—Gracious, Mabel, why do you lace so awfully whenever Cholly Lovsik comes around?

Mabel—Oh, the poor fellow's arm is so short.—Smart Set.

SPOILING A SCENE.

An Incident That Ended Mary Anderson's Straining After Realism.

Did you ever hear Mary Anderson's pet story of how she was cured of her love of realism?

In a big drama in which this great actress once took part the heroine in a scene of intense emotion is made to exclaim, "Hark, I hear the wheels of carriages!"

Now, it was easy enough to obtain the effect of wheels on gravel, but no resource of the stage mechanism was adequate to imitate the stamping of the feet of horses as they were drawn up at the door. Every device was exhausted when a bright idea occurred to the actress herself. It was that a donkey should be hired to trot up and down behind the scenes on gravel laid for the occasion. This was done, and at rehearsal all went well. The illusion was perfect.

The first night came. The heroine gave the cue. The wheels were heard, but they stopped, and the rest was silence. A pause, and again the actress spoke her words. A terrible scuffling began and then "Hee-haw, hee-haw," in stentorian tones from the back of the stage as the indignant donkey protested vigorously against his ill treatment by energetic carpenters and supers. It was one of the most serious situations of the play, yet audience and actors joined in paroxysms of mirth until the tears were streaming down their cheeks.

A Bold Scotchman.

The late czar of Russia was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg, and the Prince of Wales and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Macintosh, a well known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough spoken Scotchmen who didn't know fear of God or man.

In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar, "You've revoked." Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales kicked the Scotchman under the table, and the czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment: "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James persisted, and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong, whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the czar, "I dare say you've often revoked, your majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."

Big Trees of Florida.

It is difficult even to guess at the age of the ancient live oaks, but some of them must number centuries, and the oldest and greatest of them all is a monarch of the forest, with its outer branches sweeping the ground in a circle 120 feet across, with limbs as great as ordinary trunks of trees and bearing a garden of aerial ferns and air plants upon their bark. This venerable tree is supposed to be the largest live oak in Florida. Enormous grapevine trunks rise sinuously from the ground and lose themselves amid the quarter acre of foliage that crowns this tree. The saplings that once gave them support have disappeared long years ago, their only record being the angles and curves of grapevine stem to which they lent their transient aid to climbing skyward.—Country Life In America.

So Easy Too.

Suppose your wife—it is a wild supposition of course, but let us just imagine it for once—set up her own judgment against yours in some vital matter. Try this way out of the difficulty. Say to her:

"My dear, you know that my judgment is above criticism, for I had the inspired wisdom to select you from among the many, but you, on the other hand, cannot place absolute reliance upon your judgment if, after accepting me, you find yourself wavering as to your confidence in my ability to direct our ways."

You will readily see that a wife in wisdom cannot protest against such a diplomatic assertion of domestic leadership.

A Clever Cat.

A young lady bookkeeper has been in the habit for some time of giving the office cat a piece of meat for its lunch every day. Precaution is taken to lay a piece of paper under the meat to avoid greasing the floor. The other day at lunch hour, when there was no meat, pussy begged for some in her most intelligent fashion and at last, going to the wastebasket, dragged forth her regular paper tablecloth and laid it properly for the meat.

His Long Wait.

"Grandpa, how old are you?"

"I am eighty-seven years old, my little dear."

"Then you were born eighty years before I was?"

"Yes, my little girl."

"What a long time you had alone waiting for me!"—Current Literature.

Reasonable Explanation.

Customer—You charged me $14 for this one garment? I think that's pretty high.

Tailor—Well, the bill, as I made it out at first, was for $13, but that is such an unlucky number I thought you'd rather pay a dollar more.—Chicago Tribune.

Kindness Brought Tears.

Mother—Oh, you cruel boy! You are making your brother cry.

Algernon—No, mummy; I'm not. I'm only sharing my cod liver oil with him, wot you said was so nice.—Washington Star.

Some of the people who think they were born to command do not discover their mistake until they get married.—Puck.

Rossini's Memory.

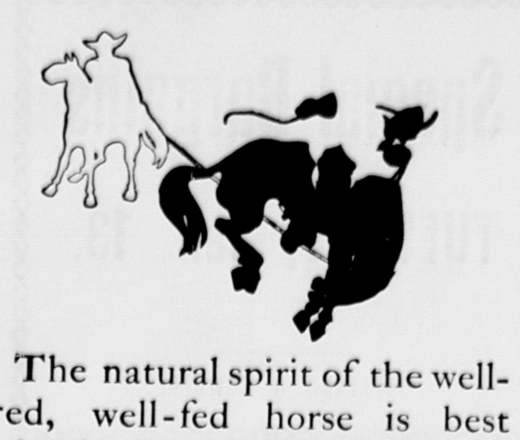
The composer of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was blessed with a not very retentive memory, especially for names of persons introduced to him, a forgetfulness which was frequently the cause of much merriment whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough and at once greeted him. "Ah, my dear Mr. ——," but he could progress no further. To convince him that he had not forgotten him Rossini commenced whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart" recognized and would as readily have heard as his less musical surname.

Plenty of Proof.

Alice—What makes you think your new photographs are so horrid?

Gladys—All my girl friends ask for one, but my male friends don't.

Some men start wrong and are late at every station all through life.—Atchison Globe.



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WISDOM OF THE WIDOW.

Views of a Man Who Does Not Agree With Tony Weller.

The man who marries a girl just out of school has need of much shrewdness, tact and fortitude, for the first year of matrimony will produce a violent revolution in her mind. As she learns to know her husband—she who has never seen him except when he had his best coat on—she will deem him a brute and will be disappointed and disgusted, for she will compare him with that impossible ideal of manhood which every girl has in her mind and of which he, of course, falls short. But with experience will come wisdom. In time she will understand that her girlhood's ideal, if she were to have him in the flesh, would be an unbearable prig, and that her husband is about as good as men go and even—if she loves him—a little better than the next man.

A widow has all this knowledge of men and of the world, which a spinster lacks. A man talks to a widow freely as to one who has found him out. She is expert in the arts of pleasing him, and if a bright young widow sets her cap for a man he can escape her only by flight. A widow has no illusions and no ideals. She is well trained and used to going double, while the spinster is an unbroken filly and is bound to kick up a good deal when she first feels a tug at the snaffle.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Fashionable Life In Italy.

The fashionable season in Italy, says Luigi Villari in "Italian Life In Town and Country," is from Christmas to Easter, the time generally known as the carnival. At Naples, Messina and some other places there is also a summer season. Commenting on the peculiarities of life among the upper classes, Mr. Villari says:

"Italians, even in the grandest establishments, do not wear evening dress for dinner unless there is a party. A black coat is enough for ordinary purposes. A few men who wish to be particularly fashionable wear a smoking coat with a black tie, which garment is sufficient for all save very large dinner parties and balls. On the other hand, there are occasions when a man dons his dress clothes by day. It is de rigueur at court functions, even in mornings, and at weddings. Ladies wear hats at the theaters except on gala nights. They display more jewelry by day than English ladies. The Italian aristocracy have magnificent jewels, and even in quite small towns, where there is no great wealth, the old families can make a fine display. The tall hat is only necessary at marriages, funerals and at court. Young men of fashion wear it also when paying calls during the season. Among the bourgeoisie evening clothes are hardly ever worn at all."

Two Clever Statesmen.

One crisis in Lord Palmerston's life illustrates the absolute good humor which may prevail even when political enmity is at its worst. Lord Derby had made an attack upon him in the upper house with such energy and eloquence that the odds against him seemed overwhelming. But he defended himself and his policy from the dusk of one day to the dawn of another with such tact, dexterity and force of appeal to the national sense of honor that he was acquitted of all blame by a majority of fourscore.

Next day in passing through the corridor leading from an anteroom to the upper house one swing door opened to his hand and at the same moment the other to that of Lord Derby. They were opponents, but they were also manly and sweet natured men. They smiled.

"I was just thinking," said Palmerston, "what a clever fellow he was who so nearly put me in a hole!"

"Ah," was the rejoinder, "but nothing like the cleverness of the fellow who got you out of it!"

A Touch of Sarcasm.

Mr. Skinflint (on receiving a deputation from his employees)—Well, what's the matter now?

Clerk (spokesman)—We want to be paid every week instead of every month.

"Ugh! You get all that's due to you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And promptly to a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you want to be paid weekly instead of monthly?"

"Please, sir, it's so we won't be gettin' the lumbago carryin' home our wages."—London Answers.

To Market on Stilts.

An interesting and picturesque custom in southwestern France is that of going to market on stilts. Groups of young men and women mounted on high stilts may be seen daily crossing the marshy plains known as "the Landes." "The Landes" are cut up into small ditches, pools and hummocks and stilts are in consequence almost necessary to those who desire to traverse them.

His Insomnia Completely Cured.

"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia."

"Yes, I'm completely cured."

"It must be a great relief!"

"Relief! I should say it was! Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOT "ROGERS" ONLY—BUT "1847 Rogers Bros."

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"Silver Plate that Wears."

MIXED THE LETTERS.

Serious Result of a Fool Man Trying to Be Facetious.

A well known citizen of Clay Center had been invited to an evening party. He wanted to go, but his wife declared that she had no gown suitable for the occasion and asked him to send "regrets" to their hostess. The man went down to his office and penned this facetious note of declination:

"We regret that your kind invitation must be declined for all the conventional reasons, but the real reason is that half the family has nothing to wear. My wife's latest dress is over three weeks old, and her hat is twelve hours out of date. You will appreciate the hopelessness of the occasion and excuse us."

He thought this pretty good, and he determined to write a note to his wife also explaining that he would not be at home for an early dinner, as she had asked him. He said in this note:

"I have turned down your invitation because I am going out to another evening party where the guests are not expected to wear anything of importance. Sorry I won't be there to kiss you good night."

And then the fool man carelessly sent his wife's note to the hostess and the hostess' note to his wife.—Clay Center Times.

"Mercuriale Swords."

When was it usual to insert running mercury in the backs of swords?

This was a comparatively common practice among the Italian, French and Spanish swordmakers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it was more of a fancy than anything else, for it never came into general use. It was not, of course, used for rapiers or the lighter kind of swords, but for the heavier cutting swords.

The method was to cast the blade rather broader at the back than usual, with a hollow running down it. This was half filled with quicksilver and sealed up. The idea was that when a blow was struck with such a sword the quicksilver would fly to the point and so increase the weight of the blow. This theoretical advantage, however, did not at all counterbalance the general clumsiness of the weapon and its unhandiness in guarding, and so the mercuriale swords, as they were called, from which their ingenious inventor hoped so much, were rather military curiosities than practical successes.—London Answers.

Something to Be Thankful For.

A Scotchman who has a keen appreciation of the strong characteristics of his countrymen delights in the story of a druggist known both for his thrift and his philosophy.

Once he was aroused from a deep sleep by the ringing of his night bell. He went down to his little shop and sold a dose of rather nauseous medicine to a distressed customer.

"What profit do you make out o' that?" grumbled his wife.

"A ha'penny," was the cheerful answer.

"And for that bit o' money you'll lie awake maybe an hour," she said impatiently.

"Never grumble o'er that, woman," was his placid answer. "The dose will keep him awake all night. We must thank heaven we ha' the profit and none o' the pain o' this transaction."

A Primitive Clock.

A naturalist, while visiting Great Sangir, one of those islands of the Indian ocean known as the Celebes, or Spice islands, found a curious time recorder lodged at the house of a rajah. Two bottles were firmly lashed together and fixed in a wooden frame. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 5.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY–To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.30, A. M., P. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.30, 8.26, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.26, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.26, A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, A. M., 6.42, P. M.

†Except Weirs.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.35, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.33 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agen

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returnin .

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12 25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M, and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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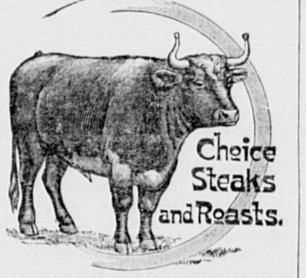

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Dec. 13, 1902, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45 A. M. 6 A. M. (to Winchester only), and every 15 minutes thereafter until 9 00 A. M.; and then every half hour until 1 00 P. M; then every 15 minutes until 7 30 P M; then every half hour until 11.00 and 11.30 P M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 45 A. M. and every 15 minutes until 10.45; then every half hour until 2.00 P. M.; then every 15 minutes until 8 30 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.45; then 12 30 A. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 7 00 A. M and every half hour until 1 30; then every 15 minutes 9 00 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.00: then 11.30 P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 00 A. M; every half hour to 2 30 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.00 P. M; every half hour to 12.00; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 15 minute to, and 15 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11 45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12 03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M, and half hourly till 10.0 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. to Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6 15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12 25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7 33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7 45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8 00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M.. half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8 25 A. M., half hourly till 10 25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.

Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses' can be furnished with the best by calling on **Mrs. M. JENNINGS** 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estate in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

For Mrs. Tillinghast's Accommodation

By H. Faber Osterheld

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Edyth was sitting in one of the comfortable chairs of a parlor car as the train pulled out of the New Haven station. She was regretting the short halt there when a newcomer, who had planted his traps on the floor near the large armchair facing her, bowed. Edyth thought it was an apology for having upset her valise with his golf sticks and returned the salutation.

The one second sufficed to show her it was the same jolly, broad shouldered chap she had seen on the platform with a crowd of Yale boys. They both bent to pick up her valise when she heard him say, while his eyes twinkled with suppressed fun:

"I'm going to talk to you until your station comes, so you'd better make believe you know me."

Edyth looked up indignantly, but she could detect no disrespect in his face, just pure rollicking college boy fun, ready for a lark.

"Suppose I don't want to talk to you?" she challenged.

"You needn't, just as long as you'll let me talk to you. I've worked like a nigger the whole term, and I can't waste a moment beginning to have a bully time."

"What would the people on the car think if they knew I've never seen you before?" she demanded.

"They won't know if you smile at me and go right on chatting," he assured her.

"But you know it isn't proper, and I promised Miss Stanton to be cautious if she let me go alone." She smiled bewitchingly and began to page in her book.

"That old lady opposite is growing suspicious on account of your book." He leaned forward in his armchair and contemplated her with joy.

"Who is Miss Stanton?"

"Our teacher of mathematics. She usually chaperones me, but I made her see there was no occasion"—

"Not the least in the world," he said fervently, setting his tie.

"I'm beginning to think she had better have come! I think I'd best whirl my chair around. I've misgivings!"

"You can't. It's stationary," he exulted.

"I might change my seat," she began.

"I might, too," he threatened.

"No room."

"The chair has comfortable arms," he said suggestively.

"The old lady," reminded Edyth.

"Better stay then," he advised.

"Now, Harry wouldn't have forced himself upon"—

"Who's Harry?" he interrupted.

"He is at Harvard," murmured Edyth.

"We beat Harvard badly last Thanksgiving," he mused.

"Were you at Yale last Thanksgiving?" she queried innocently.

"Senior!" He looked hurt.

"Ah! So is Harry," she replied.

"On the team?" he demanded.

"No," she admitted unwillingly.

"Shortstop," he announced and drew himself up proudly.

"Harry is in a senior society," she began.

He smiled in a superior fashion and touched the golden wolf's head on his waistcoat.

"Well, all the same, he wouldn't have talked to me," she said in a tone of reproof, "and," she added, "I like his name."

"Burton sounds less frivolous."

"Awfully long," she demurred.

"Burt for short," he volunteered.

"I like Burt, too," she admitted.

"Yale blue would be becoming to you." He pulled out a blue silk scarf.

"So's red," she protested.

"Too like your hair. Let's try blue." And he handed her the scarf. She glanced at the old lady and stealthily held the scarf near her face.

"It's enchanting—the only right color," he beamed upon her.

"To speak of my hair as red!" she began. "You're the only single man"—

"I know, but I'm willing to change."

"What, the hair?" She bent over the glass and patted her pompadour into shape.

"No," he too hastily contradicted.

"Harry says it's pretty."

"I'd like to put Harry off the earth," he said emphatically.

"Then I couldn't wear blue. It would have to be black." She gave a little sigh.

"Black for Harry? Absurd!" he scorned.

"As I said before, you're the only single man"—

"And I told you before," he interrupted, "I'm eager to have you alter that."

"I think I was just at that point in my story," she said thoughtfully, picking up her book.

"Don't read or I'll change my seat, with all my traps, and the people will think we've had a quarrel."

"Then I won't talk to you any more." Edyth leaned far back in her chair and looked out of the window.

"I'll keep right on, and people will soon see something is wrong," he threatened. He tied his shoestring, and Edyth saw the very sole of his boot chuckle.

"Naturally it isn't proper for a very young lady to speak to a total stranger."

"I was seventeen last February."

"But you don't know anything about me!" he censured severely.

"I know your name is Burt." Edyth lingered over the name and smiled up at him.

"Sign of knowing one pretty well."

"I confessed about one named Harry," she admitted coyly.

"Yes, about one." He nodded his head.

"About the only Harry," she put in as an afterthought.

The conductor had walked through the train, calling out the next station. Neither of them observed him. They were both engrossed in studying out the initials of her traveling bag. The train was pulling into the station when Edyth accidentally looked out and recognized Mrs. Tillinghast. She snatched her small satchel and rushed from the train. Mrs. Tillinghast was looking anxiously at the forward car when Edyth touched her arm.

"Mercy, child, I feared you had not come!" she exclaimed in a tone of relief. Suddenly she extended her hand to greet some one else. Edyth turned, and her face assumed a perfectly rigid expression.

"Edyth, let me present Mr. Burton Gilmore—Miss Edyth Lawton!"

Her sin had found her out. This young fellow probably lived near the Tillinghasts and would some time or other disclose her whole disgraceful proceeding. She bowed mutely and frigidly.

"Why, you must have come on the same train!" Mrs. Tillinghast exclaimed. Edyth's face burned.

"Why, yes; pity we didn't know," Gilmore remarked chivalrously.

"He looked too nice not to be a gentleman," thought Edyth.

"Now, look here, both of you," said Mrs. Tillinghast as she led the way to the carriage. "I have all the rest of my house party assembled, and I find three couples can't abide each other."

A light began to break in upon Edyth. Her face was dimpling—enchanting, Gilmore thought.

"I'm so upset about your brother Harry not being able to come. I have a girl here who is so interested in Harvard," Mrs. Tillinghast explained.

Gilmore winked furtively at Edyth. "I'm awfully sorry, too," he said, stowing in the luggage. "I've heard lots about him lately."

As they sped up the drive Mrs. Tillinghast went on with her troubles. "I'm reduced to a stage of idiocy almost by getting the wrong people together. If you two are going to make it hard for me by deciding to be uncongenial, there's nothing in the world left for me to do but to jump off a dock."

Gilmore looked beseechingly at the girl.

"I won't make it hard for you, dear Mrs. Tillinghast," said Edyth, rubbing her head caressingly against her hostess' shoulder. But she smiled at Gilmore.

And they didn't.

Betting on a Certainty.

Peter Schemm, says the Philadelphia Times, was fond of telling the story of a German typesetter who had been boasting of his capacity for lager.

"Youse Dutchman," he was told by a bartender, "don't drink as much beer as people says youse do!"

"Of course not," chipped in one of the customers. "And I'll bet you, Dutchy, you can't drink a bucketful."

The German was lost in thought for a moment and then hurriedly rushed from the saloon, while the others roared with laughter. His boasting was still the topic of conversation when he returned, five minutes later, and calmly said:

"I'll take that bet."

The money was posted, a bar bucket holding five quarts was filled and the German promptly drank the beer and took the $5. Nobody questioned that he had won fairly, but one of the onlookers asked:

"Say, what did you leave the saloon for that time?"

"Why," he said as he winked with the air of a man who was far too smart for his fellows, "I yust went down to Schmidt's and drank a bucket to see if I vould be safe in taking dot bet."

The Great Vidocq.

Vidocq, the great French detective, was born in Arras in 1775. He began life as a baker and early became the terror of his companions by his athletic frame and violent disposition. At the same time he was a notorious thief, and after many disgraceful adventures he enlisted in the army. In 1796 he returned to Paris with some money, which, however, he soon squandered. Next he was sentenced at Lille to eight years' hard labor for forgery, but repeatedly escaped, and in 1808 he became connected with the Paris police as a detective.

His previous career enabled him to render important services, and he was appointed chief of the safety brigade, chiefly composed of reprieved convicts, which purged Paris of the many dangerous classes. In 1818 he received a full pardon, and his connection with this service lasted until about 1828, when he settled at St. Mande as a paper manufacturer. Soon after the revolution of 1830 he became a political detective, but with little success. In 1848 he was again employed under the republican government, but he died penniless in 1857.

Her Apology.

The local singer was resenting mildly to the hostess the large amount of praise which her guests was bestowing upon the visiting vocalist.

"They didn't applaud me that way," he complained.

"Oh, well, you know," she said apologetically and sympathetically, "he is a visitor whom we don't hear often, while we think of you as the Bible says, 'The poor we have with us always.'"

Then she was very much hurt because he refused to accept her apology and left the house in a huff.

Sails the Heights.

Miss Nuritch—Yes, indeed, he was real attentive to me, and he's a nobleman too.

Miss Ascum—May Outwit met him, too, and she declares he's an actor.

Miss Nuritch—Not at all. He assured me he was a lord admiral of the Swiss navy.—Philadelphia Record.

It Is Curious.

"It's curious," said Uncle Eben. "Nobody wouldn't think of tryin' to play de banjo wifout takin' a few lessons, but ev'rybody thinks he could step in an' run de gov'ment wifout no practice whatever."—Washington Star.

All Right Anyway.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite?

Fannie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes prop look graceful.

QUEEREST OF LAWSUITS.

A Highwayman Sued His Partner For His Share of Spoils.

Perhaps the most remarkable suit ever brought is on the records of the court of the exchequer in England. It was filed on Oct. 3, 1725, and it sets forth very clearly that John Everit and Joseph Williams were highway robbers.

In its succinct legal phrases the complaint says that the men formed a partnership for the purpose of carrying on business as highwaymen. It was mighty profitable, as was shown by the fact that Everit sued Williams for the equivalent of $5,000, "being for moneys wrongfully appropriated to defendant's private purse."

This was the amount in dispute after the partnership had lasted only a year. Then Everit claimed that he discovered that his partner had not made a fair division of the spoils.

The action was adjudged to be a gross contempt of court, and the plaintiff was ordered to pay all costs, while the solicitors who served the writ were fined. One of the solicitors, a man named Wreathcock, refused to pay the fine and was sent to prison for six months. Both plaintiff and defendant to the action were subsequently hanged, one at Tyburn and the other at Maidstone.

Trivial Causes of Wars.

History records one war that was caused by a glass of water—the war of the Spanish succession. A lady, Mrs. Masham, a celebrated court beauty, was carrying a glass of water when she was obstructed by the Marquis de Torey. A slight scuffle ensued, and the water was spilled. The marquis lost his temper, and bad feeling ensued between the English and French courts, with the ultimate result that war was declared. The campaign cost France many severe battles—viz, Blenheim, 1704; Ramillies, 1707; Audenardi, 1708, and Malplaquit, 1709.

Fully as absurd in its origin was the war that took place during the commonwealth of Modena. A soldier stole a bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. Although the value of the article did not exceed a few pennies, the incident was the signal for a fierce and prolonged war. Henry, the king of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to retain the bucket, and in one of the subsequent battles he was made a prisoner. The bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena.

Uncle Isrul's Foresight.

Uncle Isrul Trask was one of those thrifty Yankees who, his neighbors averred, would squeeze a dollar "till the eagle on it hollered" before allowing it to leave his pocket. He was a shopkeeper in a small way, but his business had not proved in the long run so profitable as his several matrimonial ventures, which had been three times celebrated. Soon after the last event of the kind had been solemnized, one of his intimates rallied him with:

"Well, Uncle Isrul, heard's how you'd be'n an' done it ag'in. How'd you make out this time? Pooty well, as usual, hey?"

"Well, neighbor," drawled Uncle Isrul, in his soft and saintly way, "I did pooty well, 's you may say, pooty well. Ye-es, Hetty's a godly woman, neighbor; a godly woman—with a leetle prop'ty!"—New York Times.

How Fruits Act.

The Medicine Brief thus summarizes the various uses of fruit in relieving diseased conditions of the body. The list is worth keeping. Under the category of laxatives, oranges, figs, tamarinds, prunes, mulberries, dates, nectarines and plums may be included. Pomegranates, cranberries, blackberries, sumac berries, dewberries, raspberries, barberries, quinces, pears, wild cherries and medlars are astringent. Grapes, peaches, strawberries, whortleberries, prickly pears, black currants and melon seeds are diuretics. Gooseberries, red and white currants, pumpkins and melons are refrigerants. Lemons, limes and apples are stomach sedatives.

The Gardener Bird.

The highest development of the decorative instinct in animals is found in the gardener bird (amblyornis). This plain looking native of New Guinea builds its nest on the ground, spreads moss before it and over this green carpet scatters bright berries, flowers and insects. As the flowers wither they are replaced by fresh ones. The whole establishment serves only as a sort of pleasure resort.

A Sensitive Point.

"Isn't it a great satisfaction to be able to assist those who call on you for help in the struggle of life?"

"It would be," answered Mr. Gumrox, "if you could be sure some of your beneficiaries weren't laughing at you behind your back and calling you an easy mark."—Washington Star.

Progressive.

"Are you having a pleasant time?" asked a lady of a little miss at a fashionable children's party.

"Delightful, thanks."

"And will your papa and mamma come later?"

"Oh, dear, no; papa and mamma and I don't belong to the same set."

Does It Himself.

"They say some blind people can actually distinguish colors by the sense of touch."

"That's nothing; there are times when I feel blue myself."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

It Stopped.

A.—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?

B.—Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?

The Spitting Snake.

A snake found in Africa is called the spitting snake by the Boers. It is between two and three feet long and is especially bold and active, readily attacking every one who approaches it. In confinement it is very savage, opening its mouth and erecting its fangs, from which the poison may be often observed to drop and even sometimes to be forcibly ejected; whence the name given it by the Boers.

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Lowest Prices in Boston in
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— AND —
Window Shades.
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A "Tip" For the Waiter.

"Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter.

The patron nodded, but still the waiter hovered near.

"Steak cooked to suit you, sir?" he asked again presently.

Again the patron nodded.

"Potatoes the way you like 'em sir?"

"Yes."

Another period of silence.

"I hope the service is satisfactory, sir."

"Are you bidding for a tip?" demanded the patron.

"Well, sir, of course we get tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so"—

"So you'd like a tip now, to be sure of it? Well, I'll give you one."

"Yes, sir."

"Here is the tip: I have a large, strident voice that I am capable of using. If anything is wrong, I'll let out a roar you can hear in the kitchen. If you don't hear it, you can know I am dining in peace and comfort, for it's no fun to have to pass verbal judgment on every mouthful I eat."

"But the tip?"

"That's the tip, and a mighty good one it is too."—Chicago Post.

The Origin of Johnnycake.

No doubt many others besides the writer may have wondered how johnnycake came to be thus named. When a child, I settled it for myself by imagining John Smith, whom Pocahontas saved, had something to do with it. The cake, being made of Indian meal, became thus associated in my mind with the historical name. A writer in the Housekeeper says:

In tracing the term we find ourselves at a time antedating by many years steam cars and hotels on wheels, in an age when mankind depended entirely upon his four footed companions for transportation and had only saddlebags in which to carry his luggage. Taverns were few and far apart, and a lunch was always acceptable. Cornmeal, forming so large a part of the dietary in those days, held a chief place in making up the lunch. Wet with water and a little salt added, it was baked in a shape that stored away in the saddlebags nicely and was called journey cake. This is the origin of our modern, unconventional johnnycake.

Grounds For Divorce.

A Salem (Mass.) man who sought a divorce proved, according to a Boston paper, that his wife tore the sign from his store, put into his tea something that made him vomit, threw his clothes downstairs, filled his shoes, with cold water, put swill in his overcoat pocket, threw water over him as he went downstairs, put pepper in his bed, made him sleep in an attic, wouldn't do his washing, wouldn't mend his clothes, made him darn his socks and sew buttons on his shirts, spat on his toast when he was getting his breakfast, rocked in a squeaky chair for hours at a time to annoy him, put grease on his Sunday clothes, wouldn't let him have a fire on the coldest evenings so that he often had to go to bed at 7 p. m. to keep warm, and finally "she rubbed a butcher knife over his neck and threatened to blow out his brains."

The Worm Turned.

He loved her devotedly. He was also bowlegged. Both facts gave him pain at times.

He passed it by with a rueful smile when she merrily said that his affliction gave him such an arch look and that, after all, he was a pretty good sort when you got on to his curves. He bore it patiently when she referred to his walk as parenthetical progress. But he rebelled and broke the engagement when she called her pet dog through the wicket formed by his legs.

"I may not be so over ornamental," said he, "but I emphatically object to being made useful so unseasonably early in the game!"—Smart Set.

A Quick Witted Waiter.

During mosquito season a party of diners seated themselves at table in an outdoor restaurant, and a man of the party took the bill of fare and began to study it. A mosquito lighted upon it and instantly lost its life by a quick blow from the man, its little carcass remaining on the bill. Pointing to it, the man said to the waiter:

"Do you serve those on toast?" And the waiter promptly replied:

"They're on the bill, sir!"—New York Times.

Carried.

Miss Frontpew—Is it true that the new tenor in our choir was arrested at Mrs. Goldmore's reception for forgeries he had committed in the south?

Mrs. Highchurch—Yes. He had just finished singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" in a way that brought a tear to every eye when the Richmond sheriff came in with requisition papers for him.

Out of Harmony.

"She didn't read the book?"

"No; the cover design didn't harmonize with any of her house gowns."—Detroit Free Press.

Two Remarkable Epitaphs.

The two most remarkable epitaphs in the United States are those of Daniel Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, and of Hank Monk, Horace Greeley's stage driver. The former reads as follows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who was born in Sorrow and Borrowed little from nature except his name and his love to mankind and his hatred for redskins. Who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot, who through a long life never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in Jeff Morris' saloon, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow."

Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest hearted and best known stage driver in the west, who was kind to all and brought ill to none. He lived in a strange era and was a hero, and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on the golden streets."

Ancient Football.

Philip Stubbes wrote in 1583 in his book on "The Anatomie of Abuses:"

"For as concerning football I protest unto you it may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation; a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sporte of pastyme. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his Adverserie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out—fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth."

Chinese Justice.

The China Times relates an extraordinary case of Chinese "justice."

A Mr. Jen was betrothed to Miss Han and paid his money to the woman's parents. Then he called on the parents to have the contract fulfilled and was told that the promised one was the bride of another.

Having paid his money he considered he was entitled to the girl and went to her husband's house to carry her off, but she was not at home. He then laid his case before the magistrate.

The girl was arrested and sentenced to be "kua-ed," the magistrate arguing, "If you are so wicked at twenty years of age, at the age of eighty you will be a menace to the Celestial empire."

The process of kua-ing is very similar to the ling-chih, or slicing to death punishment.

The Population of the Moon.

There is plenty of authority for believing that there is a man in the moon. In fact, there is authority for believing that there are women and other animals there. Dante declares that Cain was banished to the moon and that he can be seen there at any time. Chaucer declares that the man in the moon was guilty of larceny and that he carries a thorn bush. Shakespeare loads him with thorns and gives him a dog. According to the general version, he was banished there for gathering sticks on Sunday, and the Germans have amplified this theory by giving him a woman who had been caught churning butter on Sunday.

A Cheeky Customer.

"I had a unique but tantalizing experience the other day," said a clerk who works in a hair store. "A man came into our place and asked to look at some false beards. Of course he was accommodated, and he spent over an hour going over the lot, trying them on and examining himself in a glass. He took up my time, and after he had examined everything in that line in the store he thanked me and said he was considering whether to raise a beard or not and wished to see how he would look in the different styles."

A Witty Retort.

As is generally the case with people who have nothing to say worth hearing, a conceited drummer talked a great deal, to the evident disgust of a number of his drummer friends who were dining at a country hotel. When cheese was served, it was of a decided "lively" brand, much to the delight of the irrepressible. He attacked it with great gusto, remarking, "I'm like Samson, slaying them by the thousand!"

"Yes," replied a quick witted diner at the end of the table, "and with the same weapon too!"

An Alternative.

"Now, then," said the professor of logic, "give us an idea of your knowledge of the question in plain words."

"Why—er—I'm afraid," stammered the student, "that I can't just exactly"—

"Perhaps then you may give us an idea of your ignorance of it in any old words."—Philadelphia Press.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1903.

NEW CITY ADMINISTRATION

The new City Government took hold of the reins last Monday evening in a way to inspire public confidence in their ability and determination to do a good year's work. The Aldermen, or a majority of them, at least, are capable business men, and have, without doubt, as full and accurate a comprehension of the needs of the city, and how to meet them, as any like number in this community. That they will bend their energies to the promotion of the best interests of the people at large nobody questions. In addition to good working capacity the Board is composed of citizens of integrity, which is a consideration of no small importance in these days of municipal turpitude and evil deeds.

Mayor Feeney continues to fill the Chair with the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens and City Council. He knows what the city wants and can be depended on to use his best endeavors to meet them. He was handicapped to a considerable extent last year, and yet no complaints were heard against his administration. He made a record as Mayor that neither he, or anybody else, need fear to have exposed to public view or critical examination.

It looks as though there would be no bribery cases, or matters of that sort, in this year's Council.

THE INAUGURATION.

The exercises with which the new City Administration was ushered in took place at the Council Chamber, City Hall, at 3 30 Monday afternoon, Jan. 5, 1903. They were brief and simple.

Rev. Henry A. Walsh offered prayer, and then Mayor Feeney proceeded with his Inaugural Address, the delivery of which consumed a dozen or 15 minutes. The Chamber was well filled with interested spectators.

The Address was a purely business document, free from verbiage and flights of fancy. In addition to a clear statement of the financial condition of the city it contained suggestions and recommendations everyone of which was wise and practical. It was a model Address. It is printed elsewhere in the JOURNAL.

THE ORGANIZATION.

Immediately after the close of Mayor Feeney's Inaugural Address on Monday afternoon, Jan. 5, the Aldermen-elect for 1903 proceeded to organize.

John W. Johnson, Esq., was elected President of the new Board by a vote of 10, to 3 for Ald. Brady, and 2 for Capt. J. P. Crane. Capt. Crane was not a candidate for the office.

Reelections of City Officers took place as follows: John Lynch, Clerk of Committees; John H. Finn, City Clerk; John C. Buck, City Treasurer; John G. Maguire, City Collector; Daniel J. McColgan, City Auditor.

There was no contest worthy of the name anywhere along the line.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Members-elect of the Massachusetts Legislature of 1903 met and organized day before yesterday speedily and without fuss. Messrs. Cottle and Aldrich, Representatives of this District, were on hand and participated in the proceedings.

☞ We are unable to report in this issue of the JOURNAL any material change of a favorable character in the coal situation. It has become the settled conviction of the public, based on reliable reports, that it is no longer a question of coal, but the length of time the speculators will be able to maintain the present outrageous prices and continue to rob the people. That there is a plenty of coal, hard and soft, at the principal Eastern distributing points, is a settled fact, but at some of them, particularly in Boston, the combination of dealers have thus far been able to keep prices at prohibitive figures, and are still doing so. Their reasons are many and conflicting, but they still hold their grip, and the real question is, how long can they do so? On this point manyopinions are expressed, but the prevailing sentiment seems to be that the sufferers must grin and bear it some time longer.

☞ Mr. Albert P. Barrett was satisfied with the result of the election for City Auditor last Monday. He was not a candidate. He asked no Alderman for his vote. And yet, to show their regard for an old soldier of the Civil War, and appreciation of true merit, Ald Ellis, Crane, York, and Linscott voluntarily cast their votes for him.

☞ Some people thought that Mr. Elisha F. Hayward was a bona fide candidate for the office of City Treasurer. Such was not the case. He had a purpose in announcing himself as such, which was fully answered, and he was satisfied.

☞ Before the organization the JOURNAL predicted that Ald. John W. Johnson would be elected President of the new Council, and the then city officers would be reelected. As usual, the JOURNAL was right.

☞ Congratulations are hereby offered by the JOURNAL to Mr. John Lynch on his reelection to the office of Clerk of the Committees of the new City Concil.

☞ In his Inaugural, Mayor Feeney came out strong in favor of a new High School building. Which showed his good sense.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Hammond & Son—Business.

— The days have stretched out 11 minutes.

— Jan. 9, wind N. W.; temp. at 6 a. m, 5 above; clear.

— Towanda Club will give their Ladies Night on Jan. 23.

— The schools resumed operations last Monday morning in fine feather.

— New modern cars are soon to be placed on the Woburn & Stoneham line.

— The South End Social Club are to hold their fifth annual assembly this evening.

— Judge Maguire is said to be in the coal business, too, to the extent of a carload.

— Hartshorn, the livery keeper, says sleighing is capital. If it would only stay good!

— On Jan. 19, Crystal Fount Mutual Relief Association will hold their annual meeting.

— Mr. David Cuneo, the fruiterer, has moved into a new store in the Johnson building.

— Women's best quality storm burbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's.

— The officers of the K. of C. were installed last Tuesday evening by District Deputy Daley.

— Willis J. Buckman is selling the best of butter at prices that bring it within the reach of all.

— The High School fire escape is nearing completion. Ald. W. S. York is superintending the work.

— President Johnson of the Council will announce his Committees at the regular meeting on Jan. 19.

— Last Sunday was a prime one as to weather. The sun shone brightly and the temperature was about 40.

— The wedding of Mr. Adam Bustead and Miss Sarah M. Sweetin on Jan. 1, was a quiet, but pleasant affair.

— Mr. Charlie A. Jones is one of the men of money and enterprise to draw coal from the Pennsylvania mines.

— Last week William R. Sawyer caught 41 pickerel through the ice from the old Middlesex canal. It was a big haul.

— Towanda Club will hold a Ladies Night on Jan. 23. Some firstclass Boston talent are to give the entertainment.

— Next Sunday evening "The Nativity" is to be presented at the Auditorium for the benefit of St. Charles church.

— Donations will be recieved any time through the month, at the Home for Aged Women. Mary E. Conn, Secretary.

— At a meeting of the Walnut Hill Reading Club recently held each member received a pretty souvenir from Mrs. F. W. Clemson.

— The alarm from box 61 at 7.10 last Saturday evening was for a fire in an electric car at the corner of Salem and Main streets.

— Mrs. E. F. Hayward is substituting for Miss Kenney of the business department of the High School who is laid up with sickness this week.

— The Board of Public Works held a meeting last evening. The nomination of John C. Andrews for Water Registrar was to come up for action.

— Haggerty's *Times* had a fine portrait of President Johnson of the City Council last Wednesday evening. Haggerty is nothing, if not enterprising.

— Mayor Feeney's ideas concerning a new High School building, as set forth in his Inaugural, seems to meet with the general approbation of the public.

— The annual Week of Prayer, appointed by the Christian Alliance, began last Sunday, Jan. 4, and closes next Sunday. It is observed all over the world.

— There has been considerable snow here this winter, but it has come by fits and starts and scant quantities at a time, so that it has really afforded but little sleighing.

— Master Arthur Jones, son of Mr. Charlie A. Jones, is improving in health right along. During three days last week his recovery was considered extremely doubtful.

— The amount of wood that is brought for private consumption beats all creation. Big loads of it are passing up and down the streets from morning till night.

— The engagement is announced of Miss Marguerite E. Hammond daughter of Mrs. J. R. Hammond of No. 10 Park street, Woburn, to Mr. Henry F. Weber of West Roxbury, Mass.

— The Woman's Club, Mrs. E. F. Hayward, President; Mrs. Thomas Heartz, Treasurer; and Miss Grace L. Norris, Secretary; are to hold a Guest Night on Friday evening, Jan. 16.

— Albert K. Peck of Boston is to give the next lecture in the Burbeen Course. His subject will be "The Yellowstone Park," finely illustrated. He has lectured in the Course before, and was liked.

— At the annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School the other day Mr. D. H. Richards was elected its Treasurer for the 31st consecutive year. He ought to be familiar with the business by this time.

— Elaborate preparations are underway for the "Gentlemen's Night" of the Woman's Club, which is to be held a week from this evening, Jan. 16. It is expected to be a swell affair of the first magnitude.

— The play called "The Nativity" is to be given in the Auditorium on Sunday evening, Jan. 11, in aid of St. Charles church. It is to be presented in splendid shape, and should be witnessed by everybody.

— It is thought that the drama "Nativity" will draw a full house at the Auditorium next Sunday evening. It is to be presented for the benefit of St. Charles Church, and is said to be intensely interesting.

— A carload of hard coal, purchased by Mr. E. F. Hayward at the Pennsylvania mines, arrived in this city last week, and was quickly gobbled up by a shivering and suffering community. There was 24 tons of it.

— The amount expended on highways in this city in 1902 was $21,426.-48, and Com. Kelley can show value received for every dollar of it. The city roads were never in such condition as at the present time.

— The widow of the late John O'Donnell has received from the Order of United Workmen $2,000, being the amount of her husband's insurance. Mr. Henry F. Davis, Treasurer, paid Mrs. O'Donnell the amount last week.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

Oldest, and Largest. Carpet. House in New England

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN

Wilton and Brussels Carpets
Oriental and Domestic Rugs
Upholstery Fabrics

We have the largest stock in Boston, and show an endless variety of all grades of carpets and draperies. Prices always moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

Pray Building, Washington St., opp. Boylston

Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale

Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.

— AT —

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

— George Durward is sailing right along and doing the fair thing by the public.

— The public get along quite comfortably with the present abreviated Library privileges.

— A reliable gentleman informs us that the Woman's Club Gentlemen's Night is to be a hightoned affair.

— The weather yesterday was good enough for anybody, and only the most hypercritical could find fault with it.

— Ellis and Hayward received another carload of hard coal yesterday. They are keeping a good many people out of their coal troubles.

— The West End cars from Medford to Sullivan Square do not wait for the North Woburn cars, and there is where the trouble from congestion comes in.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the New England Woman's Press Association at their meeting on Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1903, at the Vendome, Boston.

— The American Hide & Leather Co. continue to supply their employees with soft coal at cost, as for months past. This fact knocks out the old familiar saw about corporations having no souls.

— The Federation Meeting of Women's Clubs will be held in the Unitarian Building at Watertown, January 14, 1903. Tickets admitting members of the Woburn Woman's Club may be had on application to the Corresponding Clerk.

— The Boston Poultry Association are to hold their 8th annual exhibition in Mechanics Building, Huntington Avenue, Boston, from Jan. 13 to 17, inclusive. A notice of it appears in another column of this issue of the JOURNAL.

— Joseph W. Huntley & Co, have sold out their drugstore business and retired. The new proprietors will occupy the Huntley store. Mr. Joseph W. Huntley goes West in a few weeks, but has not decided just where he will locate out there.

— Class '03 of the Woburn High School had rather unfavorable weather for their entertainment and dance last Wednesday night, but the report is that the fine affair was a complete success. There is no such word as fail in the vocabulary of the W. H. S. Class ,03.

— More damage was done here by the little tornado last Saturday morning than was first reported. Many trees were blown down, skylights hurled from their fastenings, telegraph poles prostrated, and some small outbuildings moved from their foundations.

— At a meeting of the School Board held last Monday evening Herbert S. Riley, Esq, was reelected Chairman; Thomas Emerson, Secretary; Ethel M. Bryant, Sec. pro tem. The rules of 1902 were adopted. Ordered that 200 copies of the School Directory be printed.

— Mrs. Heartz, Treasurer of the Woman's Club, will be in the First Congregational church parlor from two to five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, January 14, when all Club members who wish tickets for Gentlemen's Night will have a final opportunity to obtain them.

— The Woburn JOURNAL says that there is no likelihood that the celebrated bribery case will ever get beyond a pigeon hole in the District Attorney's desk. It was a farcical proceeding from beginning to end that has greatly injured the reputation of that city.—*Winchester Star.*

— Supt. Curly has resigned from the North Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway and returned to his old position at Chelsea. He objected to coming to the N. W. in the first place, but finally consented to accept its management temporarily. He is a good street railroad man.

— A written agreement will soon be put in circulation pledging the business men of this city to close their stores and shops on Friday evening of each week in addition to Monday and Wednesday evenings as at present. It is a move in the right direction, and nearly all the merchants, etc, are favorably disposed toward it.

— Frozen pudding is staple goods at all well regulated public and private functions, and the tiptop article is always to be found at Crawford's. It is the real thing. Crawford's icecream and sherbet also beats the world for quality. The fact is, Crawford's confectionery store leads the procession.

— The neatest and handiest calendar for 1903 is the one issued by The Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, with which Mr. Bryan McSweeney of this city is locally connected, and to whom we are indebted for one. It is compact, and besides being an excellent calendar, it is a complete memorandum book, and valuable on that account.

— The Robbins Drug Company are the successors of J. W. Huntley & Co. in Mechanics Building, and have engaged Mr. William E. McLaughlin as manager of the establishment. He was with Gordon Parker when proprietor of the store; later with Huntley & Co.; and is a thoroughly educated pharmacist and popular young man. Success to the new firm, say we.

— Yesterday was the 88th anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans fought on Jan. 8, 1815, after the declaration of peace in the "War of '12," when General Andrew Jackson won immortal honors by defeating the English, and for which he was canonized by the Democratic Party and made President of the United States of America. He is still voted for every year by some of that Party.

— Major Ambrose Bancroft attended the monthly social and banquet of the Military Order of Legion of Honor at the American House, Boston, last Wednesday evening and enjoyed it. The Woburn members of the Order, which is organized on the plan of the Military Order of Cincinnati, are Hon. E. D. Hayden, Major Ambrose Bancroft, Capt. John E. Tidd, Capt. John P. Crane, and possibly others.

— Innitou Canoe Club officers for 1903: Commodore, Wm. W. Crosby; Vice-Commodore, Fred E. Leathe; Secretary, Willard K. Fowle; Treasurer, Frank H. Sawyer; Board of Directors, William W. Crosby, Fred E. Leathe, Willard K. Fowle, Frank H. Sawyer, Edward T. Brigham, Fred T. Hovey, Clifton G. Buchanan; Board of Trustees, William W. Crosby, Chas. M. Howe, Frank H. Sawyer.

— It is to be deeply lamented that Mr. William T. Kendall, one of the Republican leaders of Ward 5, and a most excellent and highly deserving citizen, should have been omitted from the list when the City Council made up their jewels last Monday. He asked for no City Hall berth, nor wanted any; but this did not relieve the Council from the charge of wanton disregard of the claims of true merit.

— The result of the election of city officers last Monday evening by the new Council was a painful surprise to the JOURNAL, in this, that the name of our excellent friend, Mr. Jacob A. Ham, did not appear among the chosen ones. On tne score of the pure and unadulterated character of his democracy he was entitled to the highest seat in the synagogue; but, as far as we can learn, he did not receive so much as an "honorable mention" But politics is politics.

— The officers of the Uitarian Sunday School were elected on Sunday, Jan. 4, in the vestry at half-past twelve for the year 1903: Superintendent, Mr. Herbert B. Dow; Assistant, Miss Helen Cook; Treasurer, (for 31st Term) D. Hammond Richards; Secretary, Miss Ethel Dow; Librarian, Henry P. Harrington; Director of Music, Mrs. Annie M. Lewis; Directors, Mrs. Henry C. Parker, Miss Florence F. Ferguson, Miss Helen Ramsdell, Mr. Fred E. Leathe, Mr. Edward Johnson.

— In sending advance pay for his subscription to the JOURNAL on Jan. 1, 1903—and he is always among the first to do so—Mr. Samuel H. Leathe of St. Louis, Missouri, added quite a nice sum as his "contribution to the cause of No License reform in Woburn, which I hope to see permanently established" It is to Mr. Leathe's credit that he still retains a lively interest in the prosperity and good name of his native town We assure him that his contribution will be put where it will do the most good.

— C. M. Strout & Co. now have those Oil Heaters for which there have been so many inquires.

— Mr. A. H. Robinson, who was employed by Mr. Fred A. Hartwell for 16 years, up to the time of Bulfinch's purchase, will open a first class market at North Woburn on next Thursday, Jan. 15. He goes there at the solicitation of the people of Ward 6, who have known him many years and like him to do business with. It is Mr. Robinson's purpose to keep an establishment as complete in every particular as any in Woburn, and he knows how to do it, for he was about the same as born and raised in a Boston provision market. North Woburn is an excellent field for a No. 1 store of the kind, and Robinson will fill it. He will have telephone connections.

— Like ice on New England ponds in March the big coal combination of Boston and vicinity is beginning to break up along the edges. Large shipments from the Pennsylvania mines by private parties, at reasonable prices, are what is doing the business for the dealers, and driving them into their holes. It is being demonstrated every day that there is no great scarcity of coal; a plenty of it can be had; and it has now come to a question of prices. The combine are doing all they possibly can, and resorting to all sorts of subterfuges, to keep them up and rob the people; but the thing is breaking up around the edges, and the trouble will soon be over.

— A tremendous wind blew here from 7 to 8 last Saturday morning, and did some damage. It blew with such force, and buildings rocked and trembled to such an extent, that many persons were frightened, fearing that a real tornado had come to visit our town. The High Schoolhouse lost a chimney; the Dr. Dodge house, next to the National Bank, also lost one; a large elm on the east side of the Common was blown down, or at least, half of it was; the streets were strewn with limbs of trees; panes of glass were broken; and, on the whole, it turned out to be quite a respectable hurricane. Nobody was hurt, however, and matters and things soon resumed their normal condition.

— We received a call from Mr. Wallace T. Conn, youngest son of the late Mr. George H. Conn, yesterday morning. He is here on a vacation visit to his mother and other relatives, former associates, and friends. Mr. Conn is Superintendent of the mines of the Intercolonial Copper Company at Dorchester, New Brunswick, where he is located, and prospering. He engaged with the Company last fall as chemist at the mines, but was soon promoted to the management of them, for which responsible position he is well qualified. The Company are largely a New England concern, and the heft of the mines is owned by Boston and other New England people. The capital authorized is $2,500,000. We were glad to see Mr. Conn.

City Council.

The new Council held a meeting on Monday evening after the organization.

The city officers, as stated elsewhere in the JOURNAL, were elected.

On motion of Ald. McHugh the evenings for holding regular sessions was changed to first and third Monday of each month, instead of Thursday. This was a sensible change and one the public will heartily approve of. Ald. Brady opposed Ald. McHugh's motion, but was turned down by the Council.

The City Treasurer was authorized to hire $120,000 in anticipation of taxes.

The Rules of 1902 adopted, except as to the nights for regular meetings.

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Fergus Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep which she had not done for several days The son was so much pleased with the relief it gave his mother that he has since recommended it to many others. For sale by all druggists.

Woman's Club.

The Club meeting on Friday, January 2, was in charge of the Current Events Committee of which Mrs. Joseph F. Winn is Chairman. Two songs were rendered by Mrs. H. C. Parker with Annie M. S. Lewis accompaniest. The teachers of the public schools were guests of the Club. Senorita Carolina H. Huidobro a native of Chili lectured. Subject: "Typical Life in Chili." She explained the relations between the contending countries in the Venezuela matter. Her views of the Munroe Doctrine were not flattering to the United States; she felt that it had been remiss in its enforcement in the case of Venezuela.

It appeared from her statement that there was over forty-five million Spanish speaking people in South America mainly of Catholic faith and very dèvout.

As a result of her observation in the United States she claims that the public schools in Chili are far superior to ours, in that there is less waste of time and energy in the pursuit of studies for which children have no aptitude. Thus a pupil is not compelled to draw, or paint or sing when he cannot; and in the study of history pupils are encouraged to spend their time in the story of real events and how occasions affected the country rather than to the dates of battles in the French and Indian wars and other immaterial facts. She said if you asked a Boston child who Mary Stewart or Queen Louise was, they would stare at you in wonderment; but if you asked the date of the battle of Saratoga it would be given instantly. They neither expect nor insist that all children become scholars, or that their minds shall be a store house of universal knowledge.

Instances were given of the chivalry and patriotism of the Chilian people; the lecture was instructive, and at times quite amusing—one of the most interesting lectures of the season.

The twentieth anniversary of the Club will be observed by Gentlemen's Night, January 16. Reception from 6 to 7. Banquet from 7 to 8 followed by music and a lecture by Mr. Sam. Walter Foss. "An outlook for the Twentieth Century," interspersed with readings from his poems.

G. L. N., Rec'd Clerk.

Mrs. Catherine F. Smith.

This lady, the wife of Mr. Charles E. Smith, the real estate dealer, died at her home in Mann's Court last Wednesday afternoon. She suffered a paralytic stroke on Sunday morning, which was repeated on Monday morning, from which she failed to rally.

Charles E. Smith and Catherine Frances Giroux were married 23 years ago, and have been residents of Woburn since that period.

Mrs. Smith, an estimable woman, leaves a husband, a son, father and two brothers, to mourn her passing away in the prime of life.

Scene in "Du Barry" at the Hollis Street Theatre.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

filed 36,108 new prescriptions in 9 years, and still keeps

Two Gruduates in Pharmacy

busy *daily*. If you desire *promptness* and *accuracy* you do well to have yours compounded there.

Cummingsville.

A good deal of wood is being chopped and hauled to market from this section of the city.

Monday morning about 2 o'clock, the barn at the Deacon Woodman estate at Cummingsville occupied by the Given Brothers, was totally destroyed by fire with its contents, including horses, cows, tools, hay, &c. The barn was burned down before the occupants or anyone in the neighborhood knew it.

The following officers of the Cummingsville Social Club will be installed tomorrow evening, Jan. 10: P. Lundrigan, President; P. Lawn, Vice-President; Frank Thornton, Secretary; F. M. Doherty, Treasurer; M. J Greaney, Recording Secretary; M. Riley, Fred Downs, William Smith, Tom Lawn, Frank Naven, Investigation Committee.

The Boston Globe's Free School.

It is not necessary to point out to the people of New England the importance of education. New Englanders have been leaders in every movement for the advancement of learning, and, therefore, should be expected to give enthusiastic welcome and hearty aid to the "Globe's School for Home Study," which will open Monday, Jan. 12, 1903.

It will be conducted within the columns of the Daily *Globe* by a staff of competent teachers. The most important branches of a common school, a high school, and a business education will be taught. The aim will be to help those who have had no opportunity to learn the rudimentary branches of a common school education and those whose common school education was not completed, as well as all readers of the Boston Daily *Globe* who wish to review the lessons of their school days. For more ambitious students special departments will be established.

The course for the present will embrace the following studies: "Penmanship," "English Composition," "History Questions," "Geography Questions," "The Best Books and How to Read Them."

Penmanship will be taught by means of diagrams and by pictures showing the proper position to take while writing.

The members of the teaching staff of the "Globe's School for Home Study" will cheerfully answer in the Daily *Globe* all questions coming within their respective departments.

How to form a library will be considered from the following points of view: A good library for a girl, a good library for a boy, the best 12 books, the best 25 books, the best 50 books, the best 100 books.

The average circulation of the Boston Daily *Globe* for the year 1902 was 196,579, of the Boston *Sunday Globe* 276,296. Order your newsdealer to deliver the Boston Daily and *Sunday Globe* regularly at your home.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL.

The excellent attractions presented at Boston Music Hall will be continued by the management next week when Joseph Arthur's celebrated comedy drama, entitled, "Lost River," will be presented at that theatre for six nights and six matinees commencing on Monday afternoon. This play enjoyed long runs at Boston and New York and this is the first time that it has ever been presented at the popular prices of 25 and 50 cents for the evening performances and 15 and 25 cents at the matinees. "Lost River" has the merit of taking a firm stand as a melodrama without evasion. Its posters prepare one for most tremendous sensations.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, undoubtedly the greatest of English-speaking artistes, is now in the sixth week of her enormously successful engagement at the Hollis St. Theatre, Boston, where she is presenting David Belasco's new play "Du Barry" to audiences that completely fill every bit of the seating and standing capacity of the playhouse. Mrs. Carter inaugurated her Boston engagement Tuesday night, December 16, and some idea of the stupendous character of the business may be had when it is stated that almost every night the orchestra is compelled to vacate its usual place and play beneath the stage, so that the space generally given over to the musicians may be occupied by ticket purchasers. This is a condition of affairs that is exceedingly rare nowadays in Boston theatricals, and simply indicates the great interest and enthusiasm that Mrs. Carter's admirable art and the magnificence of "Du Barry" have aroused. When Mrs. Carter commenced her engagement in Bostob, the critics were unanimous in acclaiming her performance the greatest that had been witnessed in that city in some seasons. It is seldom that such a unanimity of critical approval is given to any theatrical production, but in this instance the verdict of dramatic writers has been most substantially approved of by the public, which has flocked to see Mrs. Carter's brilliant impersonation of the milliner girl, Jeannette Vaubernier, who became the favorite of King Louis XV of France, and who was queen in all save name. Mrs. Carter has the assistance of a company that includes Mr. Charles A. Stevenson as Louis XV, Mr. Campbell Gollan as Jean du Barry, and Mr. Hamilton Revelle as Cosse-Brissac, and over one hundred and fifty other actors and actresses of acknowledged worth.

Every Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Warranted.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. All druggists.

Literary Notices.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January opens the New Year with a profusion of interesting reading matter and illustive features. There are no less than eight superbly-illustrated papers covering a variety of subjects. Rev. John F. Mullany continues his series, Our True Position, taking up the doctrine of the Real Presence; An American Boy's First Christmas in Rome is described by Max Walter Mannix, and M. R. Taylor con tributes a bright paper on New Year's Day in the South. The fiction is good, the instalment of the serial bringing the story to an interesting point. There are several poems, and a generous allowance of space has been given to reviews of notable books of the season. In addition to the various departments conducted by DONAHOE'S' one devoted to the consideration of the character of the plays receiving the patronage of the public has been opened, and will bec ontinued from month to month by John Talbot Smith. In the January number The Eternal City, The Cardinal, and Mary of Magdala are considered.

Edwin Markham and Admiral Schley lead the list of contributors to the January NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The Admiral writes of The Sailor's Christmas at Sea. Fine full page portraits of Congressman Cannon, the next Speaker, and of Senators Spooner, Clapp, Heitfeld and Hawley are among the illustrations of Joe Mitchell Chapple's Affairs at Washington. S. Glen Andrus tells how Americans are putting hundreds of millions into Mexican agriculture and how hundreds of thousands of Americans can acquire homes there. Captain Arthur McGray presents the most striking and orignal plan for reaching the North Pole that has ever been published. George E. Hunt tells the story of Indianapolis, America's largest inland city. Dr. A. E. Winship exploits the wonderful educational philanthropy of Senator Stout at Menomonie, Wisconsin. Ralph Bergengren discusses the plays of Gabriele D'Annunzio. Frank Putnam, in Note and Comment, touches on labor problems, new books, the new status of the negro South, and the Venezuelan affair. C. A. Luhnow, writing from Berlin, surveys The Month in Europe. Robert B. Armstrong, secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, contributes a quickening discussion of The Shriveling of the Earth through the agencies of commerce and invention. Carrie Hunt Latta, Sophie Hammond, James Ball Naylor, Leavenworth Macnab and Lylie O Harris are the story tellers. The NATIONAL's stories are always excellent. The poems are by Frederic Lawrence Knowles, Sam Walter Foss, Mary V. Hobart and Edward L. Peterson. The NATIONAL's poetry is quoted everywhere.

The January Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK contains six or eight illustrated articles besides full-page portraits, poems, a story and the usual full editorial treatment of current history and literature. Among the illustrated articles are: In Delhi, a talk about the Indian city where in January is to be held the imperial durbar or proclamation of Edward VII as Emperor of India; Hon. John D. Long contributes The Organization and Education of the Navy and the article is illustrated with an original drawing by Henry Reuterdahl and portraits; and portraits and sketches of the new French ambassador, M. Jusserand, of Mr. Strachey, editor and proprietor of the London *Spectator* and of Mr. Cannon, who will almost certainly be the Speaker of the next House of Representatives. Mr. Augustine Birrell writes not only instructively, but with decidedly entertaining anecdotes about the history of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which has just celebrated its three-hundredth anniversary; Mr James Barnes tells a strange chapter of United States history under the title, The Tragedy of the Lost Commission, with quaint illustration; The Italian Immigrant in America is a subject treated by Mr. W. E. Davenport, while the types of the Italians are shown by really fine photographs; a winter article, with strikingly beautiful pictures is contributed by Mr. Oscar von Engeln.

OVERCOAT REDUCTION SALE PREVIOUS TO STOCK-TAKING. SPLENDID BARGAINS IN BOTH MEN'S AND BOY'S OVERCOATS. HAMMOND & SON.

Woburn Office: Moore & Parker's Bookstore.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning a 10.45. Subject: "Life."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday after Epiphany.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5.45 P. M., Commmunion Service.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Beatitude of Hunger." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., evening Service with sermon by the pastor. Subject: "The Man Who Thought." Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., annual meeting of the church.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting

Married.

In this city, Dec. 30, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Joseph T. Davis of Woburn and Mrs. Katherine E. C. Da Silva Buckman of Charlestown.

In this city, Jan. 1, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Adam Bustead and Sarah Murdock Sweetin, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 7, Katherine F., wife of Charles E. Smith, aged 47 years, 4 months, 20 days.

In this city, Jan. 7, Annie Hughes, aged 80 years.

Superior Home-Made

Mince Meat

IN GLASS JARS.

25c. per JAR.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery Housa

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Rebecca B. Fowle to Moses P. Parker, trustee for Samuel T. Parker and others, as successor in trust under the trust provisions of a certain deed from Samuel T. Parker to William C. Parker dated July 21, 1887, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1808, Folio 502; said mortgage deed being dated March 20, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2805, Page 330, for breach of condition, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on

MONDAY, the twenty-sixth day of January, A. D., 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the land to be sold, all and singular, the premises described in said mortgage deed, substantially as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the southerly side of Montvale avenue and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Montvale avenue and at land of Joanna F. Maguire; from thence the line runs easterly on and by said Montvale avenue one hundred seventy-eight and one-half (178½) feet to a passage way; thence turning the line runs southerly by said passage way and land formerly of Charles S. White about three hundred and fifty (350) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs westerly still by land formerly of Charles S. White about one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake at land formerly of John G. Flagg; thence turning the line runs northerly by land formerly of John G. Flagg, by land of Thomas T. Long, and by land of said Joanna F. Maguire about four hundred and three-tenths (400.3) feet to said Montvale avenue and point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Rebecca B. Fowle by Lewis W. Thompson by deed dated March 13, 1900, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and sewer or other assessments (if any.)

One hundred dollars cash to be paid at time and place of sale; balance in ten days.

MOSES P. PARKER, Trustee, Mortgagee.
CHESTER W. EATON, Attorney.
Wakefield, December 31, 1902.

THE ONE THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES

CABOT'S

Sulpho Napthol

For Lameness, Soreness, Inflammation, Irritation, Poisoned Wounds, Tender, Aching Feet.

Look for this Trade-Mark now blown in all bottles. Take no Imitation or Substitute.

Annual Sale

of Remnants, Short Lengths and Soiled Goods, Odd Pieces of Underwear, and Odds and Ends in general,

COMMENCING

TUESDAY, Jan. 13.

Those who have attended these Sales in the past know full well the advantages to be obtained. To them we would say this sale will not be a whit behind former ones. To others we urge an early call, as you will certainly find much to interest, and many Bargains that cannot be duplicated.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Compound Syrup

— OF —

Hypophosphites

counteracts the effects of excessive exertion during the holidays.

85c. Large Bottles.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., DRUGGIST, 361 Main St.

HAVE

You Visited

the largest and finest retail market in Boston? It is located at No. 105 Causeway St. opposite North Station and you can save money buying there your Meats, Groceries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit.

Bargains offering all the time.

Good Corn Beef	6c lb
Sirloin Steak	15 & 20c lb
Sirloin Roasts	15 & 20c lb
Fancy Legs Lamb	15c lb
Fancy Chickens	20c lb

All grades of coffee roasted and ground fresh every day. Complete Fish department. Reasonable purchases delivered free within 10 miles of Boston.

North Union Market, 105 CAUSEWAY ST., Opp. North Station, BOSTON

HAVE YOUR

Old Carpets

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

HARD WOOD.

Plenty of fine Hard Wood for sale at moderate prices.

Orders can be filled AT ONCE.

H. B. CLEWLEY, 131 Pleasant St.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

430 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

To Let.

A Tenement of six rooms at No. 4 Court street, $11.00 per month. E. H. RICHARDS, 25 Fairmount street.

FOR RENT.

Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls. Location: No. 16 Plympton street. Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND, 403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Counsellor-at-Law and Notary, MECHANICS BUILDING, 415 Main Street, WOBURN

C. E. COOPER & CO., WOBURN Real Estate Exchange, Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents. Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS Room 5, Mechanics Building. C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

JAMES McDONALD, Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator ADDRESS P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass Residence: 6 Broad Street.

OSBORN GILLETTE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To Margaret M. Taylor, the next of kin and all other persons interested in Daniel B. Barnum of Woburn, in the said County of Middlesex, minor.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Jennie F. Dixon of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, praying for the appointment of herself, or some other suitable person, as guardian;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of January A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a guardian should not be appointed and have the custody of said minor as aforesaid.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, to the next of kin of said minor, and others interested, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing a copy thereof to the said Margaret M. Taylor at her last known address at least fourteen days before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Celia Callahan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Thomas J. Feeney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of January, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

COAL

Can be saved by using

OUTSIDE WINDOWS.

We have a large stock.

E. A. CARLISE, POPE & CO.

2A Sudbury St., Boston.

DOORS, WINDOWS and BLINDS.

First National Bank of Woburn.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn will be held at the Banking Rooms, on **Tuesday, January 13, 1903**, at 4 45 o'clock, P. M., for the following purposes:

To amend that part of Section III of the Articles of Association which reads: "The Board of Directors shall consist of nine Stockholders," so that it will read: "The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than five nor more than nine Stockholders."

Also, to elect a Board of Directors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 12, 1902.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Arthur R. Gage, late of New York in the State of New York, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, and appointing William H. Dunbar of Cambridge, Mass., her agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

EUGENIE A. W. GAGE, Executrix.

Care Brandeis, Dunbar & Nutter, 220 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

December 30, 1902.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jane Sherburne, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Adm. Woburn, Mass.

December 30th, 1902.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 30, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

"The nicest and pleasantest medicine I have used for indigestion and constipation is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Melard F. Craig, of Middlegrove, N. Y. "They work like a charm and do not gripe or have any unpleasant effect." For sale by all druggists.

For a bad taste in the mouth take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. Warranted to cure. For sale by all druggists.

Mayor Feeney's Inaugural Address.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY:—

In accordance with a custom so long established and so invariably followed as to have acquired almost the force of an unwritten law, I avail myself of this opportunity to present to you a brief statement of the financial condition of our City and to make such recommendations and suggestions concerning the course to be pursued by us in the government of our City during the present year as have occurred to my mind.

FINANCE.

THE FUNDED DEBT, JANUARY 1, 1903.

Total Municipal Debt, January 1, 1902,	$121,500 00	
Total Sewer Debt, January 1, 1902,	73,550 00	
Total Water Debt, January 1, 1902,	97,650 00	
		$292,700 00
New Loans made during 1902:		
Municipal	$40,500 00	
Water	2,000 00	
		42,500 00
		$335,200 00
Decreased by Loans maturing 1902,		
Municipal Loans,	$22,000 00	
Sewer Loans,	10,610 00	
Water Loans,	27,650 00	
		$60,260 00
Total City Debt January 1, 1903,		$274,940 00
Divided as follows:		
Municipal Debt,	$140,000 00	
Sewer Debt,	62,940 00	
Water Debt,	72,000 00	
		$274,940 00

BASIS OF TAXATION FOR 1903.

Total Valuation, 1902,	$10,618,002 00
Abatements to December 31, 1902,	54,800 00
	$10,563,202 00
Twelve dollars per thousand for taxation for current expenses for 1903,	$126,758 42
Amount available for 1902,	125,978 12
Increase available for 1903,	$780 30

BORROWING CAPACITY FOR 1903.

Average Net Valuation for 1900, 1901, 1902,		$10,521,079 00
Two and one-half per cent. of same,		263,026 97
Net Municipal Debt, January 1, 1903,	$140,000 00	
Net Sewer Debt, Jan. 1, 1903,	62,940 00	
		$202,940 00
Borrowing Capacity for January 1, 1903,		$60,086 97
If no new indebtedness is created during the year, this amount will be increased by maturing notes,		$34,410 00
		$94,496 97

ASSESSORS' DEPARTMENT.

The extension of the block system during the year just closed has resulted in the Assessors discovering that 88,747 feet of land has for years escaped taxation. There had been plotted previous to last year eleven blocks resulting in an increase in taxable land of 89,932 feet.

In pursuance of an order of the City Council passed February 24th, 1902, the preparation of street books, so called, showing the amount and value of property assessed on each street to individual owners has been undertaken by the Board of Assessors. Such books have already been completed and indexed to six wards, and the work of preparing street books for the remaining ward, Ward 6, is now under way.

This system renders it practicable for the ordinary layman to ascertain for himself the assessed valuation of any particular estate and to compare it with the valuation of the estates in the immediate vicinity. In the preparation of these street books it was discovered that from fifteen to twenty acres of land in the city were not assessed at all, and that there existed great inequalities in the assessment of lots of land similarly situated. A beginning has been made in the equalization of valuations and it is expected that further progress in that direction will be made during the coming year.

A search of the Probate Records has disclosed estates in process of settlement liable to assessment amounting to some thirty-seven thousand dollars. Of this amount about fifteen thousand dollars has been abated, but the net result is an increase of over twenty thousand dollars in the taxable property of the city.

I desire to extend the thanks of the city to this Board for its careful and painstaking work. I recommend an appropriation for the further extension of the block system.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Extensive repairs and alterations were made during the year past on the Plympton and Lawrence Schools at a cost of about $8,150.

Upon the suggestion made in my inaugural address of a year ago, a fire escape encased in a brick wall was added to the High School building. The escape will be in condition to use in a short time. The main hall will then be available for class purposes and assemblies. The present congestion of this building will for a time be relieved. The necessity of hiring a private hall for singing purposes will no longer exist and the city will thereby be relieved of an item of unnecessary expense.

The Main Street School building, at a cost of $496 37 was put in a suitable condition for occupancy and was reopened during the first week of April last.

I recommend that this Board consider the advisability of constructing a new High School building. The school statistics show that the school buildings are populated almost to the limit of their capacity at the present time, and that we would be seriously discommoded should conditions make it necessary to vacate the three rooms now rented in the Warren Academy building.

The cost of purchasing or acquiring land for the location of a new High School building, of erecting and furnishing such a building, should not exceed the sum which the Legislature has empowered the city to borrow for those purposes, $100,000. As at least two years would be consumed in constructing and fitting a new building, I deem it advisable to delay this matter no longer.

The erection of a new High School building would relieve not only the congestion of the High School, but by permitting the use of the present High School building as a Grammar School, solve the problem of suitable accommodations.

I still believe the Mayor should have power over all school appropriations, the report of committee of the Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding.

HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT.

The work of the Highway Department has been highly satisfactory. At a cost of $21,426 48 general repairs were made on thirty-six streets which were in a deplorable condition, and a part of Main, Salem, High and Broad streets were macadamized, the work being performed in a very thorough manner. The terms of the contract which the City entered into with the State for the building of a section of Cambridge street were carried out by the Highway Department at a slight profit to the City. In the performance of this work citizens of Woburn only were employed. In my judgment as large an appropriation as possible should be made for the highway purposes as there are at present a great many streets requiring immediate and somewhat extensive repairs.

I recommend the construction of a concrete sidewalk on the westerly side of Main street from a point where the concrete sidewalk running from Woburn centre now terminates, to the Winchester line. The condition of the soil at this location is such as to render the ordinary gravel sidewalk of no permanency.

Owing to our inability to make satisfactory arrangement with the railroad company which has a valuable franchise on Main street, granted by the city, no steps were taken towards widening the southerly part of Main street. This street should be at least sixty feet wide at its narrowest point.

The large amount of heavy teaming on this street causes the formation of deep ruts thus necessitating frequent repairing.

The privilege desired by the Street Railway company of laying a line of double track on this street should not be granted unless the company in consideration therefor binds itself to pay at least two-thirds of the expense of widening and building the street. No part of the peoples' right to exclusive use of the streets should be granted to private corporations except upon payment of reasonable compensation. In granting franchises to corporations I urge that the interests of the people be considered paramount to those of the corporation and that care be taken in granting franchise to reserve to the city the right of revocation.

WATER DEPARTMENT.

The financial showing of the Department of Water and Water Supply during the year 1902 has been reasonably satisfactory. The receipts were substantially the same as the preceding year, amounting to $42,857 58. The expenditures have increased, owing almost wholly to the high price of fuel that prevailed during the last half of the year. The operating expenses of the department for the year amount to $13,251.55, an increase of $1 623 56 over 1901, of which $1,367 33 was due to the enhanced cost of coal.

The income of the department in 1901 was sufficient to pay the operating expenses, interest charges and maturing bonds, and turn into the sinking fund the sum of $412 88. Last year the expenditures for the purposes named exceeded the income by $1,068 97. All but $79 42 of the deficit will be met by the fund in the hands of the Sinking Fund Commissioner which on January 1st, 1902, amounted to $989 55.

No appropriation from the general tax levy was made for hydrant service during 1902, and none will be required for the coming year.

The condition of the plant continues to be quite satisfactory. With the exception of the Hudson street main, which was struck by lightning during the summer, causing leaks at thirty-two places, no serious breaks have occurred.

The pumping plant, particularly the Worthington pump which has been in use for thirty years continues to perform satisfactory service. At no time during the past year was there a scarcity of water, the abundant rains keeping the pond at the maximum height during most of the summer and providing an adequate supply in the wells.

The monthly analyses of the State Board of Health show that there has been no deterioration in the quality of the water, but that on the contrary, it continues to occupy a high rank in this respect.

Two thousand dollars were expended in extension of water mains in Dartmouth street, Chester avenue and Dexter avenue in order to provide fire protection for a section of the city which has hitherto been inadequately supplied with water for domestic service and has been wholly without the protection of the fire hydrant service. Further extensions should be made particularly in the northern part of the city.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Fire Department is now in fair working condition.

During the past year three thousand (3,000) feet of hose and an Eastman Deluge Set were purchased. The sum of five thousand ($5,000) dollars was appropriated for a new Fire Station at Central Square. The station should be erected as soon as possible and at a cost which will not exceed the appropriation. The salaries of the firemen were raised during the past year to a more reasonable sum. The salaries of the Chief and the Assistant Engineer of the Department should be increased. The salary of the Chief Engineer at the present time is three hundred and fifty ($350) dollars, an amount absolutely insufficient to reasonably compensate for the services rendered.

The Assistant Engineer receives two hundred ($200) dollars a year, a sum totally inadequate. I advise an increase of one hundred and fifty ($150) dollars in the salaries of each of these officers.

I recommend that three thousand (3000) feet of new hose be purchased; that permanent drivers be engaged for many of the Companies: that more horses be secured so that many of the heavy wagons may have a double hitch and that better fire protection be afforded the southerly part of the city.

POLICE DEPARTMENT.

The present force is insufficient in number to furnish proper protection of the City. In the early morning hours there is no police officer on duty in the City except the officer at the desk in the police station. The night officers return from their beats at four o'clock and the day officers report for duty at seven o'clock each morning. As the night officers are on duty at present for nine consecutive hours and the day officers perform nine hours service each day, it is unreasonable to suggest the extension of the hours of duty of either day or night officers. The addition of three officers to the force will not only admit of a re-arrangement of the hours of duty so as to have officers on duty during these early morning hours, but will also make possible the patrolling of out-lying districts of the City now without the services of regular police officers.

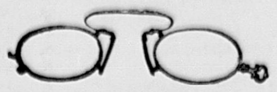
In view of the fact that the city has recently been obliged to pay enormous prices for coal particularly in the School and Water Departments and that the majority of our citizens (and this may be said of all cities) are dependent upon their own labor for support of themselves and of their families and upon them is borne with more depressing effect the consequences of the conduct of corporations controlling not only the mining of coal but also the carrying of the same from the mines to our homes, it seems proper for me to dwell briefly upon the subject of providing in the future against a probable recurrence of the present stringency in the fuel supply.

We should be able to make our influence felt in our State legislation and it is an obligation owed by us to our citizens to aggressively and forcibly use the adoption of an amendment to our State Constitution granting to cities and towns of this State the right to purchase coal, establish coal pockets and sell coal to our citizens. This right if secured will enable City and Town Governments to purchase in large quantities at reduced prices during the summer season and to sell at low prices this necessary article of life.

I therefore recommend that you adopt resolutions in favor of such legislation and that you appoint a committee to appear before the Legislature to urge with me the passage of such laws as I have suggested.

Houghton & Dutton OPTICAL PARLORS.

(9th Floor.)



Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Seviah Warren, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Carleton Warren, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty seventh day of January A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM Register.

PIANO Bargains

You can save from $50 to $100 in the purchase of a piano if you do not object to one that has had slight use. We have some especially desirable bargains in such pianos that have been loaned for use at recitals and rented to musicians for a short time. May we send you our list of bargains? Pianos varying in prices from $50 to $300—all fully warranted. Beautiful small grands and uprights at reduced prices. Write for our bargain list or call and inspect our bargains.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,

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Many Birds Will be Shown.

The eighth annual exhibition of the Boston Poultry Association will be held in Mechanics' Building from January 13 to 17 inclusive. An unusually large field will confront the judges when the time comes for selecting the choicest of the denizens of the farmyard for ribbons.

The poultry department will be in charge of T. Farrar Rackham. In the pet stock department there will be a choice exhibit of Belgian hares, rabbits, cavies, fancy mice, fancy rats, cage birds and parrots.

The special poultry prizes are the best ever offered. The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture offers $200 on poultry and eggs, and a special ribbon for best colored and shaped birds in regular classes.

WINCHESTER.

"The Symmes High School" has the inside track for a name for the new schoolhouse.

The Fortnightly will hold a "Guests Day" on Jan. 12. The programme includes music, tea, reception, and a happy gathering.

The *Star* is publishing Capt. Abijah Thompson's "Town History," an entertaining and highly useful historical production. By the way, the *Star* says it never started out on a new year more prosperously than on Jan. 1, 1903.

Last week a prominent man of this town received a carload of firstclass hard coal direct from the Pennsylvania mines, which cost him just $7 a ton on the side-track here. How was that for high? And yet our dealers say there is no coal to be had at any price.

Dr. B. T. Church, the leading physician of this town, is telling around that he is going to live until he is a hundred years old. Well, I don't think anybody in Winchester will object to it, if he continues to conduct himself as well as he does now. The Doctor is a popular man among us.

Mr. Henry M. Moore of Boston, a gentleman once intimately connected with the late Dwight L. Moody in Y. M. C. A. and other Christian work, an eloquent speaker, delivered an address at the Men's Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in this town last Sunday. The Managers were fortunate in securing his services.

Our coal dealers are widely and strongly condemned for their unjustifiable course in withholding coal from the people, and asking prohibitory prices for it. It is settled beyond controversy that the cruel fuel situation is solely the work of the worst and wickedest combine of hard hearted speculators that ever held community in grasp, and it includes not only the Boston dealers, but those in neighboring towns and cities. They may deny and lie about it all they please, the public cannot be made to believe that they are innocent of down right robbery, and worse. When brought to book with a short rope these dealers, who, to line their pockets with blood money, as one might well say, find a plenty of coal in their bins. The courageous Mayor of Medford brought the Medford dealers to their milk, and his example is possible on the part of other philanthropic persons. The time has come for the people to take this business into their own hands, and if it must come to that, invoke the strong arm of the law in the interests of fair play and honest dealing. The speculators must be stamped out. Last Friday anthracite coal was $10 50 at Marblehead; $10 at Lowell; $9 at Hudson; $6 at Buffalo, N. Y., and so on to the end of the chapter. The price of coal has advanced only 50 cents at the mines; and railroad freights only $1 to the seaboard.

MEN'S ALL-WOOL SUITS REDUCED FROM $8 AND $10 TO $5.95 PREVIOUS TO STOCK-TAKING. HAMMOND & SON.

A PLATE OF SOUP.

Its Effect Upon General Scott's Presidential Aspirations.

Serving dinners in courses is comparatively a modern fashion, first introduced in diplomatic circles in Washington and imitated from France. Up to the date of President Polk's administration the course dinner among Americans had made no further progress than that of serving fish and soup separately. Soup was regarded as such a foreign frippery that a note written by General Winfield Scott, in which he explained that he was "just sitting down to a hasty plate of soup," covered him with such ridicule as to materially contribute to his defeat as a candidate of the presidency.

Soup in the early days of the republic was considered as food for invalids or poor people only. Later, when the social splendors of the court of the Empress Eugenie attracted rich Americans in flocks to Paris, French table manners and customs pushed the old English dinner fashions to the wall. It is doubtful, however, if soup ever found a place on the dinner table of the wealthy Maryland or Virginia planter, unless green turtle, which was really a stew, might be so called.

The object of an old time dinner party was to eat, whereas that of the course dinner is to delight the eye rather than the palate, and yet who will say that the sight of a well filled dinner table where an array of silver covered dishes gives forth a bouquet of appetizing odors fails to make an agreeable impression on all the senses? —Lippincott's Magazine.

Lost In Her Own Room.

"Talking about being lost," says the girl who has been visiting her grandparents in the old family homestead—"I have been lost in the city and lost in the country, but never was there anything so horrible as being lost in my own room. It was a very queer room I had at grandmamma's anyway—one of those rooms from which a flight of stairs leads down; rooms such as are only to be seen in old houses. It blew up cold the first night I was in the house, and I got up to close the window. The room, of course, was pitch dark. In getting back from the window to the bed I lost myself. I had not the slightest idea in what direction to turn, and I knew that if I was not careful I should go down those awful stairs. There was nothing to do but sit down on the floor and howl for some one to come and find me, and that was just what I did. If grandpa and grandmamma had not been unusually normal individuals, I should have frightened them to death. As it was, they only thought I had a nightmare, brought candles and located me and showed me my way to bed again."

The End of the World.

Dr. M. W. Meyer, a German scientist, in an interesting volume under the above title explains a "new theory" as to how this event will probably come about. Indeed he carries his argument still further and finally extinguishes all the energy of the universe. All of the present satellites—moons, etc.—will eventually be drawn in by the force of gravitation and become a part of their planets. These in turn will be absorbed by the sun. A series of collisions will then commence between the various suns which will finally result in one enormous sun and solar system. "And so growing in grandeur, but diminishing in number, the final catastrophe will come when there are no more suns to produce collisions (and heat) and one huge body cooled to the zero of space, void of available energy, will mark the final outcome of cosmical motion."

Cotton and Flax.

Cotton was used for making garments in India at a date so remote that it cannot even be guessed at. The fact is mentioned by Aristotle. The first seeds were brought to this country in 1621. In 1666 the culture is mentioned in the records of South Carolina. In 1736 the culture was general along the eastern coast of Maryland, and in 1776 we heard of it as far north as Cape May. The use of flax for making clothing is nearly as ancient as that of cotton and perhaps more so, plants of soft and flexible fiber having been without doubt among the first vegetable productions of the ancient world and their practical value discovered soon after the invention of weaving.

Wind Shots.

Two striking instances of the effects of "wind shots," or the currents of air caused by the enemy's cannon balls, are given in the "Autobiography of Sir Henry Smith." On one occasion his horse fell as if stone dead, but he was not hurt at all. On another occasion an officer was "knocked down by the wind of a shot and his face as black as if he had been two hours in a pugilistic ring."

Assurance Pays.

Sitphen—Dr. Skillings gets $5 for every consultation. That's what comes to a man who thoroughly learns his profession.

Wilfer—And Dr. Kwacker gets $10. That's what comes of cultivating a sublime cheek.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Use His Own Medicine.

Doctor—Take this medicine as directed, and your cold will be gone in two or three days.

Patient—You seem quite hoarse, doctor.

Doctor—Yes; I've had a bad cold for four weeks.—Chums.

Etiquette.

Mrs. Blank—Is your husband going to Mrs. Jason's funeral?

Mrs. Dash—Decidedly not! She never returned my last call.—Smart Set.

Luxury.

Alice—Uncle Gabe, what would you do if you had a million dollars?

Uncle Gabe—Well, I doan' rightly know, li'l' missy; but ef I had a milyun dollahs I believe I'd git my ole shoes half soled.—Puck.

The Struggle For Office.

If this free people, if this government itself, is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this human wriggle and struggle for office—that is, a way to live without work.—Lincoln.

A trick is like a cheap firecracker—when it seems to have done its work and lost its vitality it is apt to explode and hurt the man who set it off.—Saturday Evening Post.

His Hard Luck.

Jones—Brown is an unlucky dog.

Smith—How's that?

Jones—His object in marrying was to get out of a boarding house.

Smith—Well?

Jones—Now his wife is running one to support the family.

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of firstclass jewelry when you own it. You can feel satisfied with a purchase that displays so much wisdom. Here you get jewelry that stands for excellence. The gems, the settings, the quality and the prices are worth considering.

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Croup.

The peculiar cough which indicates croup, is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by all druggists.

Babies.

A baby is born at every beat of the human heart. That is more than one for every tick of the clock. These "living jewels" (as the poets call babies), "dropped unstained from heaven," take wings and fly back whence they came one for every minute of the day. From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 between 38,000,000 and 40,000,000 living jewels are dropped into this cold world.

There are more baby girls than boy babies. The proportion of female births to male births is as 100 to 90. So that between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 more girls are born in the world each year than boys. There is always a surplus of women, and the extra number of girl babies keeps up the supply.

The rate of infant mortality is enormous. In round numbers, 5,000,000 babies never live long enough to talk, 5,000,000 more never have a chance to walk or run and 5,000,000 more never get old enough to go to school.

How a Snake Swallows a Frog.

The method of swallowing is a very simple one, although if the frog be large more than half an hour may be consumed in the process. The two bones of the lower jaw are separate and capable of independent movement; so the reptile loosens its hold upon one side of its jaw and pushing that side forward as far as possible it drives the teeth in again and draws the jaw back to its original position.

The result is that the prey is drawn down by the movement. The process is then repeated by the other half of the jaw, thus inevitably forcing the victim inward. The snake's skin stretches enormously, and the jaw is of course dislocated, but the extensible ligaments hold the bones together.

As Good as a Compass.

The compass plant of Asia Minor, known all along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and as far east as Arabia and Persia, is mentioned in the Bible, where the prophet refers to "that senseless thing which is more stable than man, inasmuch as it always pointeth in the one direction." It is an annual shrub, much resembling our wild or false indigo, but with all the branches arranged along its stem on the north side. It is of the greatest value to travelers of those regions, who use it with as much assurance of being carried aright as does the seaman his mariner's compass constructed on the latest scientific principles.

Hard Luck.

A Texas man's cotton was eaten by the boll weevil and his corn destroyed by the drought. His only daughter eloped with a vagabond and his son followed the circus. On top of this his wife gave birth to triplets. He committed suicide by the rope and rafter route, and the coroner very properly returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.—Halletsville Herald.

Something Lacking.

Bobby was seven. He was examining with critical eye the new arrival in the family and showing some signs of displeasure with the shiny head and toothless gums.

"Well, Bobby," asked the nurse, "how do you like your new brother?"

"Pretty well," was the answer, "but he's not finished yet."—Brooklyn Life.

Willing to Wait.

"What are you going to do when you get to be a man?" asked the visitor.

The little fellow's face assumed an expression of earnest gravity as he responded, with a voice which was evidently shaken by sad memories of the past, "Whip papa."

The Genial Alderman.

The story is told of a London alderman who, sitting in state to hear some schoolboy's Greek orations, bowed whenever he heard the Greek word for "nothing" (ouden) pronounced, because it sounded like his own name.

Perhaps Both.

"I haven't seen your cashier for several days past."

"No; he's gone out of town."

"Ah! Gone for a rest, eh?"

"We haven't found out yet whether he's gone for a rest or to escape it."

Double Illumination.

Knippe—Does your wife keep a light burning for you when you are out late at night?

Tucque—Oh, yes, and language too. —Syracuse Herald.

Whist?

Mr. Bixby—That's my ace, partner. It's our trick.

Mrs. Bixby—Oh, how lovely! I'll trump and make sure of it!—New York Times.

Experienced.

"How was it that he managed to pull the wool over your eyes?"

"Well, he had fleeced several fellows before I met him."

There are plenty of actors who act like actors, too few who act like real human beings.—Ohio State Journal.

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Get Your Printing Done At This Office

The Eleventh Hour

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

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"Oh, Tom," cried Kathryn Hill as she unceremoniously entered Tom Cate's studio with the air of one always certain of a welcome, "I've found just the word I wanted for my story. You knew that hateful Miss Squills had 'dynamorphosteopalinklaster' in"—

"Merciful heavens, Kit!" exclaimed Tom in mock horror. "Come up early next Sunday morning and bring the rest of it with you. Besides, can't you see I am terribly busy this morning?"

"Pot boiler, isn't it?" she asked as she glanced carelessly at the sketch, and as Tom nodded, his mouth being occupied with various drawing implements, she continued lightly: "Oh, bother! Let it wait, Tommo, and listen to me."

"No, Kitty, dear," he made answer solemnly. "It is an unhappy fact that a poor artist's masterpiece may wait indefinitely, while his pot boilers must be finished at a specified time; but you may talk to me just the same, only, please, please do not leave any more such words lying around loose for me to become entangled in."

"Now, Tom, do not become desperate, will you, when I tell you I have another word about twice as long? You see, as I was trying to tell you, that horrid Miss Squills used the word 'dyn'"—

"Stop!" commanded Tom, with a look of horror and a wave of his unoccupied arm.

"That little word, Tommo, dear, is the name of an instrument used for the breaking of falsely united fractures, and Miss Squills worked it into her story of 'A Surgeon's Love.' Gus Burleigh spoke in such praises of her apparent knowledge, all through her use of that word, that I became a tiny, wee bit jealous, so I"—

"Gus Burleigh!" sneered Tom. "What does he"—

"I have the floor, sir," interposed Kitty. "You're out of order. Allow me to continue, if you please. I have a story mapped out that will positively put hers to shame."

"Make it look like thir"—

"Hush, Tommo, don't use that dreadful slang phrase. I shall call my story 'The Dentist's Daughter,' and the new word I have just learned and intend to use is 'methylbenzoinethoxyetheyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate!' Now, isn't that a—a"—

"Corker!" ejaculated Tom.

"Well, yes, it is all that," admitted Kitty, "and don't you think Gus will consider me marvelously learned when he sees that?"

"If he ever tries to pronounce it, you will be obliged to come out in black for the poor boy, but does it—er—mean anything in particular?"

"Certainly it does, goosie! It is chemical for cocaine."

Tom worked in silence a few moments before he said:

"Er—Kit, I suppose our long standing and successful platonic friendship will soon be a thing of the past, eh?"

"Not necessarily, Tommo, dear. I'm sure Gus will be sensible," was her sober reply.

"It will be an innovation for him, then," Tom could not refrain from saying with ill concealed savageness.

"May I inquire when the momentous event will take place?"

"If you think you should know, I have promised to give him a definite answer tonight," she confessed.

"Tonight!" he echoed. "What a coincidence! To tell you the truth, as is due you, Kit, I intend to throw myself at the feet of Clara Rogertly tonight. Shake!" He put out his ink stained hand and clasped hers, but neither cared to look each other in the eye.

"Too bad we were never suited for each other, now, wasn't it, Kittie?" he asked, with a forced laugh, after a depressing silence.

"That is not for me to say, sir," she replied with assumed dignity, "but be careful. Tom, dear, remember we are such an excellent example of true platonic friendship to all our friends and acquaintances."

"To be sure," he hastened to affirm. "And, say, Kit, this—this—our proposed step will never change all that, will it?"

"Never, Tommo, never!" she answered him, whereupon they shook hands, and Tom procured a bottle of ale from his icebox, used in the concoction of rarebits. Of this they drank twice, once for her "intended" and again for his "intended," as Tom gravely worded it.

While he was replacing the bottle and glasses Kathryn leaned over the easel to examine Tom's "pot boiler." In so doing she tipped over a vase, catching it before it fell, but scratching her wrist upon one of the metal tipped arrows it contained.

It was but a mere scratch, yet it pleased her fancy to tease him by pretending serious injury.

"Oh, Tommo, Tommo," she cried, "see how your ugly old arrows have scratched me!" And she held up her plump wrist that he might see the little red scratch upon which a few red drops were slowly appearing.

Tom turned white as the lace encircling her wounded wrist as his glance took in what had happened. He sprang and picked her up in his arms, placing her upon a couch, from which he brushed the accumulation of books, pipes and tobacco jars with a sweep of his arm.

"My God, Kit!" he cried. "Those were poisoned arrows; some that were sent on from the accursed Philippines! Oh, Kittie," he groaned as he knelt beside the couch and clasped her in his arms, "what shall I do?"

She became white as Tom as she realized what had happened, yet she smiled.

"You might try a doctor," she suggested, seeing he was too wild to act.

Tom heard her murmur something about "doctor" and made a dash for the telephone. It seemed ages before central connected him with a physician. After telling the doctor to come as quick as God would let him he returned to Kit, who was lying white and still, with closed eyes.

Tom placed the wounded wrist to his lips and endeavored to draw out the poison from the scratch. Kathryn opened her eyes.

"Tommo, dear," she whispered.

"Kittie, oh, my darling, tell me, do you feel better? Oh, what a fool I have been—what a blind fool! It is you, only you, whom I love!" cried Tom, with deep emotion.

Her disengaged arm went around his neck. "You were not alone, Tommo, dear," she said. "I have been another fool. And now, oh, Tom, is it too late?"

Just then the doctor arrived. Tom told him in a few words what had occurred.

The doctor examined the arrows and commenced to laugh heartily.

"Poisoned fiddlesticks!" he ejaculated. "Why, those things are made right here in town, just to sell!"

"What!" shrieked Kathryn as she landed upon her feet with one bound.

"Thank God!" murmured Tom as he sank into a chair.

The doctor daubed a little collodion upon the scratched wrist and left the room, laughing.

Tom sat staring at Kathryn as she wound her handkerchief about her wrist. His gaze was so steady she blushed and turned away.

"Kittie," he said entreatingly, "did you mean what you said?"

"What did I say?" she asked in a low voice without looking at him.

"You know what I mean, Kittie. Do you yet think we have been fools? I do!" he said eagerly.

"Thanks!" she said, with a poorly assumed dignity.

"Oh, Kit, Kit," he said as he went to her, "won't you say 'No' to Gus tonight?"

"If you will stay away from Clara's," she whispered.

"This will be an awful blow to platonic friendship as well as to some people whom we know," said Tom as he handed Kathryn into a carriage half an hour later.

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing a child involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly. She cannot help it, as her condition is due to suffering and shattered nerves caused by some derangement of the uterine system with backache, headache, and all kinds of pain, and she is on the verge of nervous prostration.

When a mother finds that she cannot be calm and quiet with her children, she may be sure that her condition needs attention, and she cannot do better than to take **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** This medicine will build up her system, strengthen her nerves, and enable her to calmly handle a disobedient child without a scene. The children will soon realize the difference, and seeing their mother quiet, will themselves become quiet.

Mrs. May Brown, of Chicago, Ill., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—'Honor to whom honor is due,' and you deserve both the thanks and honor of the mothers of America whom you have so blessedly helped and benefited. I have used **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** when I would feel run-down, nervous and irritable, or have any of the aches and pains which but few women escape, and I have found that it relieved me at once and gave me new strength. Several ladies, members of our Literary Union, speak in the highest praise of your Vegetable Compound, as they have been cured from serious female troubles. One lady, who thought she must submit to an operation, was cured without using anything in the world but **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash.** You have hosts of friends in Chicago, and if you came to visit our city we would delight to do you honor. Gratefully yours,—MRS. MAY BROWN, 57 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Mrs. McKinny.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and let you know the good you and your Vegetable Compound are doing. I had been sick ever since my first baby was born, and at the birth of my second, my doctor, as well as myself thought I should never live through it. After that menstruation never came regular, and when it came I suffered terribly. I also had womb and ovarian trouble. A friend of my husband's advised him to get **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** for me. At first I had no faith in it, but now nothing could induce me to be without it. Menstruation has become regular, and I feel like a new woman. Your medicine is a God-send to suffering women. I hope this letter will lead others to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** Yours truly, MRS. MILDRED MCKINNY, 28 Pearl St., San Francisco, Cal." (March 16, 1901).

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. Address is Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and her advice is always helpful.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A Black, Hard Name.

Few persons are aware that the Chinese language is dependent on intonation for its meaning and that a slight difference in sound may so distort a person's meaning that a courteous salutation may be turned into a cause for regret.

A young woman in San Francisco, who had become interested in the Chinese there, went to one of the men who owned a paper in which he wrote both Chinese and English editorials, and asked him to teach her some phrases. When told that the language consisted of something like a small library or two of reference books, she was about ready to back out. However, being anxious to learn even a few things about the mysterious people, she undertook a lesson or two.

The young lady being apt at learning new things, thought she was better posted than she was and, meeting the teacher on the street one afternoon, put her newly acquired information to the test.

It was with unusual confidence that she bade him "good afternoon" in a blithe voice and was stepping down from the curb to cross the street.

"Wait," said the editor. "I cannot let you go, Miss C., without explaining. You think you said a good day to me, but instead you have called me a very black, hard name."

A Wary Youngster.

Some of the small boys who get into a business life young can be relied upon for good common sense. A man in one of the big shops uptown was much pleased at this attribute in a boy he employed. He was a bright, honest boy, quick and reliable, and when a second boy was needed they sent for Sam. Couldn't he get them a boy? They wanted a boy as good as he was, and he must know of one. After some thought he finally agreed to send one, and the next day the boy arrived, and Sam was called to identify him.

"Do you know this boy, Sam?" asked the employer.

"Yes," answered Sam. "I know him."

"And you know him to be a good, honest boy?"

"I have played with him all my life, and I have always thought he was."

"But you will vouch for him?" persisted the employer.

"No," answered Sam indignantly. "I won't vouch for any one. I wouldn't vouch for my own brother. How do I know what temptations you are going to put before him?"—New York Times.

Napoleon's Ambiguous Praise.

At one time before the Franco-Prussian war, when Napoleon III. was a visitor at London, amateur theatricals were arranged for his entertainment.

A Mr. Brown, who took a principal part in the entertainment, prided himself on his knowledge of French. During the evening he was one of the cast in a French comedietta and immediately after that played the part of an Englishman who spoke broken French.

During this latter sketch Napoleon III. laughed frequently, and when Mr. Brown was presented to the emperor at the close of the evening he was complimented in this ambiguous manner: "Your bad French was as good as your good French. Allow me to congratulate you."

Naturally Mr. Brown retired a little mystified.

Scant Praise.

The old saying that "praise to the face is open disgrace" is still firmly believed by some people. A young woman who was brought up by her New England grandmother, a notable housekeeper and example of thrift, says that the adage was a household guide in her family.

One day her grandmother went off to pay a visit, and the ambitious girl of sixteen scrubbed and polished, swept and dusted until it seemed as if there was nothing left to do. Her heart beat high with the hope of a word of commendation as she sat in the kitchen doorway waiting for her grandmother's return.

When the old lady arrived she looked about her with keen eyes, but there seemed no chance for criticism until, stooping down under the kitchen table which stood near the open door, she saw that the south wind had wafted a bit of fluff from the hen yard.

With eyes that would twinkle in spite of herself she pointed an accusing finger at this evidence of carelessness and said soberly:

"Janet, my dear, I see there's a feather in the kitchen. It's high time I came home!"

Both Involved.

Mr. Younghusband (reading from paper)—"Married—Blanche de Smythe to Walter Wellington Beere." What old memories that name awakens!

Mrs. Y. (blushing)—I never imagined you knew of my engagement to Walter.

Mr. Y. (chillingly)—I was alluding to Blanche.

Feminine Egotism.

Husband (during the spat)—I must have been a fool when I married you.

Wife—Undoubtedly. But the old adage still holds good.

Husband—What's that?

Wife—A fool for luck.—Chicago News.

ASSORTED LAUGHTER.

The Kind That Is Good and the Brands That Are Bad.

Is laughter a good thing—the laughter which is directed to something "which fails to comply with a social requirement," which is compelled by the sight of incongruity or by sudden surprise? All laughter, at all events, is not good. The giggle and the titter are laughter debased. People who trifle with laughter, wrote Carlyle, "only sniff and titter and sniggle from the throat outward, or at best produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool." But though the snigger is detestable, you can still have too much of hearty laughter, of the roar of Teufelsdroeckh. It is only the unrestrained or the irresponsible man who laughs tempestuously often; and, indeed, as a man grows older and gets a wider view of the world he laughs, no doubt, less loudly. Professor Sully thinks that as a nation we have lost some of the mirth of our forefathers. If by that he means the noisier, self abandoned mirth of 200 years ago, it is not perhaps to be regretted. It is true that hearty laughter is often an index to an honest soul. Carlyle was probably right when he said that "no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether bad." But there is a better laugh than Teufelsdroeckh's, and that is the deep found chuckle of kindliness and experience together. Perhaps we laugh more wisely, even if more rarely, than our forefathers.—London Spectator.

The Black Bottle.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the great temperance advocate, once met a laborer walking along the road with the old familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket.

"Empty that cursed stuff away," said Sir Wilfrid vehemently, pointing to the bottle. "Drink something better than that poison."

The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road.

Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man a shilling, he said: "Take that, my good fellow. It will buy you something better."

The man, to the intense disgust of Sir Wilfrid, immediately entered a public house and spent the shilling in beer. On coming out Sir Wilfrid accosted the laborer and asked why he had spent the money for beer.

"Faith, your honor, 'twas that I thought you wanted me to drink, for the bottle of poison I was after throwin' away was cold tay!"

What to Make of the Boy.

There is an old Lancashire custom of putting a number of articles before a child and prophesying by the article which the child touches what he may become.

The story goes of a Lancashire man who was at his wits' end to decide what to do with his offspring. So he placed on a table a sword, a Bible, an apple and a box of pills. If the child touched the first he was to be a soldier, the second a clergyman, the third a greengrocer and the last a doctor. It was a somewhat heterogeneous mess of professions, true enough, but it offered the advantage of a wide range of choice. After the experiment was over he met a boon friend.

"Well, Jimmy, how did it get on?" asked the friend. "Did he take the sword or"—

"He took th' lot, so I'm goin' to make him a lawyer."

Burglary In England.

Burglary cannot be committed in the daytime. The English rule is that if there is light enough to see the face of the intruder there is no burglary. This, however, does not include moonlight, for a housebreaker entering after nightfall, however brightly the moon may be shining, is legally a burglar—that is, if it is reasonably certain that he has entered with the intent to commit felony, for while a tramp breaking into a house to sleep may be a housebreaker he is not in the proper sense of the word a burglar. Burglary, however, may consist in breaking out as well as breaking in, for one who hides in a house before nightfall to steal and after stealing breaks out to get away is just as much a burglar as he who to effect his purpose breaks in.

Where "Sterling" Came From.

Sterling signifies money from the legalized standard of coinage of Great Britain. According to one theory, the term originated as follows: It is a corruption of Easterling, a person from north Germany, on the continent of Europe, and therefore from the east in geographical relation to England. The Easterlings were ingenious artisans who came to England in the reign of Henry III. to refine the silver money, and the coin they produced was called moneta Easterlingorum, the money of the Easterlings.

Her Station.

A little boy and girl were playing at trains, says the Western Mail, and the boy was calling out all the station names he knew. The first stop was Cardiff, the second Newport, the third Swansea, and then he paused for a name. At last, with a rush, he came out triumphantly with "Heaven!" "Top," cried the sister. "I t'ink I'll det out here."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 11.

Text of the Lesson, Phil. iv, 1-13. Memory Verses, 6-8—Golden Text, Phil. iv, 4—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.]

1-3. Therefore, my brethren dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.

The lesson today is entitled "Christian Living," and we are asked to read the whole epistle, which is always a good thing to do with an epistle or any book in the Bible. It would be well to read the epistle through many times till we feel that we have in some measure grasped it and that it has grasped us. At this present time as I write these notes we are endeavoring in all my Bible classes to memorize the whole epistle, taking about three verses each week, for we believe and desire to obey Col. iii, 16; Matt. iv, 4; Ps. cxix, 11; Jer. xv, 16; Job xxiii, 12, etc. I know of no way to stand fast in the Lord or in the grace of God (Rom. v, 2) except by being filled with His word and His Spirit (John vi, 63).

4, 5. Rejoice in the Lord alway. And again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

A Christian is one who is in Christ, and unless one is really in Christ and Christ in him, though he may be a church member, baptized, confirmed, etc., and as good morally and religiously as a Nicodemus or a Cornelius or a Saul of Tarsus, he is not a Christian. The third chapter of this epistle teaches this or it is more concisely stated in I John v, 12. I emphasize this because one must first be a Christian in order to live a Christian life and be able to say, "To me to live is Christ" (i, 21). When our eyes are opened to see that apart from Christ we are only lost and helpless sinners, but in Him we are indeed citizens of heaven and our names written there and that He who begun the work in us will finish it (iii, 20, 21; iv, 3; i, 6), then we will be apt to rejoice in the Lord alway.

6, 7. Be careful for nothing. * * * And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Be sure to memorize every word of these two verses and put them in practice and thus enjoy this wonderful peace of God. As one has said, careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for anything. With Rom. viii, 32, and Matt. vi, 33, in our hearts how can we do otherwise than as here commanded if we in any sense believe God, and yet how few believers seem to know in their daily life this beautiful peace of God. Peace with God through the blood of Christ is the portion of every Christian, whether realized or not, but this peace of God is only the portion of those who tell Him everything that concerns them, commit all details of their life to Him in prayer and leave all with Him in obedience to and firmly believing Ps. xxxvii, 4, 5, 7; Prov. iii, 5, 6.

8, 9. Those things which ye have both learned and received and heard and seen in me, do, and the God of peace shall be with you.

The things true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report had all by the grace of God been seen in Paul, so that he could say as in chapter iii, 17, "Ye have us for an example, but there is only one perfect example, and we are taught to run with patience, looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii, 1, 2), to see Jesus only and consider Him (Mark ix, 8; Heb. iii, 1; xii, 3), for in Him alone all things were seen in perfection, and, high as the standard may seem, God desires nothing less than the life of Jesus made manifest in our mortal flesh (II Cor. iv, 10, 11).

10-12. I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

This is another beautiful phase of the Christian life—rejoicing in the Lord greatly, whether full or hungry, abounding or in want. The prophet Habakkuk had learned the secret, for he could say, Though vine, olive, fig tree, flocks and herds all fail, yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation (Hab. iii, 17, 18). If we have confidence in God as our Father, we must believe that He is always doing His best for us and He will not suffer us to hunger nor to lack anything we need unless to suffer a little is the very best and only way to prepare us for the glory He is preparing for us. He suffered Israel to hunger and also His own dear Son (Deut. viii, 2, 3; Matt. xxi, 18), but in the former it was to prove them to do them good, and in the latter it was that He might be a high priest who could fully sympathize with His people (Heb. ii, 10, 17, 18; iv, 15, 16).

13. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

How can this life be lived? Never by any efforts of ours, not by any struggling or trying on our part, but only by yielding ourselves to God (Rom. vi, 13) that He who manifested Himself in Christ may manifest something of the same life in us who are redeemed by His precious blood. Before we can know the power of His resurrection (iii, 10) we must know what it means to have been crucified with Him, for then only can we say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ, liveth in me" (Gal. ii, 20). In Christ by virtue of His finished work we have a standing before God which is perfect (Phil. iii, 15; Heb. x, 10, 14); but as to our daily life here before men we are to be ever pressing on to perfection, aiming to apprehend that for which Christ has apprehended us (iii, 12, 14), relying upon Him to work in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure (ii, 13). The rest of this chapter must be included in our meditation, but especially verse 19, which so fully covers all we can ever need on this side of the kingdom.

Cuban Music.

Cubans show a semisavage preference for such music as is made by a sort of band composed of a stamp mill sort of a crank piano, a pair of sugar kettle tomtoms and a man with a horseradish grater called a "giro" and a flat file with which to scrape it, the combined outfit producing a discordant potpourri that might easily dislocate the teeth of any self respecting handsaw. This example of music, as the Cubans fancy it, is even worse than the finger drumming and wire snapping musical murders committed in Tunisian bazaars and Algerian cafes chantantes. The lauded but lugubrious Cuban national hymn is best esteemed when performed by one of these bands of inharmonic banditti, and the national dance, that monotonous combination of motions that suggests that the dancer is trying to shoo a flea off the small of his back and also go easy on a stone bruised heel, can only be adequately performed to the music of those African agitators of catgut, rawhide and perforated tin. The truth is the Cubans will have to learn music all over again.

A CORNER ON ARBUTUS

By Louise Robinson Rhodes

Copyright, 1901, by L. R. Rhodes

Norven, Mich., April 20.

Dear Bill—I have a scheme. Do you want to go snucks? You know those little pink flowers folks go daffy over in spring? Well, Sis says there's heaps growing round here. Trailing arbutus they call it. I thought it would be a good plan for me to get a few bushels for you to sell. Sis says she'll help, only she won't believe I'll get bushels. But I will, though. Say, there's a boy sits right across the aisle from me who plays hookey every spring and fall. Goes off in the woods and stays a week or two hunting and fishing. Nobody ever can find him. He shoots deer, rabbits, squirrels and things and has dandy times fishing. He has a camp kit hid somewhere, nobody knows, and just goes when the fit comes on. When he comes back, he's good as pie the rest of the year. He's looking out of the window now. Wonder if he's fixing to go soon? Gee, don't I wish I could sneak with him? But he hain't got any ma. Sis says she's going to write your sister pretty soon. The teacher is looking at me as if I am too still. I've been sneaking this in school. Guess I'll have to stop and do something to liven things up. If you'll go snucks on the arbutus, let me know. Yours truly, GRUBS.

Norven, Mich., April 22.

My Dear Genevieve—The first warm days of spring are with us, and I feel as if new blood were coursing through my veins as it is through the arteries of the great trees around us. I am so much better, the doctor says, we may not have to spend another year among the pines. Dear old pines! I shall miss them when we go. Just now they are putting out tender green fingers which point lovingly at the spring sun. Here and there great patches of adder tongues flaunt their brilliant yellow as one passes.

And, oh, Genevieve, the arbutus will be out next week. Grosvenor wants me to help him gather it for sale. You can guess how like sacrilege it seems to sell them, yet there may be a pleasure in sending the beautiful bits of fragrance to brighten other people's lives as they once did mine. I am learning to pick up the little bits of pleasure trying to forget that I ever presumed to long for great happiness. Write me soon, and tell me all about yourself and what people are doing in that dear world "down below." Faithfully yours,

MARIAN NORTHWAY.

Norven, Mich., April 25.

Dear Bill—The box goes tonight by express. It don't look such an awful lot, but Sis says it's awful small bunches they sell for 10 cents, and not very big for a quarter. Most likely your sister will know about how much. Say, work Doc Graham to the limit. I guess he likes arbutus, for I remember he used to wear it in his buttonhole and seems as if he brought Sis some once or twice when she was sick last spring. I don't believe Sis likes him, for she won't ever talk about him. Say, the fellow I wrote about is gone again. We found some dandy fish in a basket on the steps the other morning. They were for Sis, a paper said. We suppose it is him. Say, maybe the old maid over in Pike street would take some arbutus. She used to have her yard full of flowers. Don't forget to stick Doc Graham, and perhaps Miss Marks, who used to be my Sunday school teacher, would take some if you told her I got it. The recess bell has rung, so, so long. GRUBS.

Norven, Mich., April 27.

Dear Bill—The second box started tonight by express, as I telegraphed you it would, but thought I would write and tell you I'm glad you froze that Smith boy out. Don't suppose his flowers were as nice as ours anyway. Course he knew you could lick him, but most likely he sold out because he's too lazy to do the work. Sis said it wa'n't right to coerce him to sell out to you. Ma didn't say anything then, though she looked funny. I heard her tell Sis afterward that she believed every boy was a primitive man and that it was only by slow evolushun that he became a gentleman. After awhile she talked to me in her room. If that Smith kid has got any more arbutus to sell, you might let him, but chase him out of your ward anyway. Sis is writing to Gene, so you will hear all the news I guess. Yours, GRUBS.

P. S.—The fellow that went is back. He helped get this lot of arb. Have you stuck Doc Graham yet?

Norven, Mich., April 27.

Dear Genevieve—I enjoyed your little note very much, though it was quite too short. It was like a brief call from home friends. How I wish I could really have a glimpse of your dear self and give you a peep at our paradise!

Yesterday afternoon I spent gathering arbutus for Grosvenor. I wandered "over the hills and far away." My path lay along a track where the red ore glistened like blood from the wounded heart of the range. The great pines had been cut away to let the miners steal the iron framework of the hill. A bluejay flitted before me, scolding all the way from his nest to the tamarack swamp.

Perhaps I fell a-dreaming as I gathered my fragrant burden, for a sad, deep purple had settled over the valley before I turned homeward. A soft darkness had settled over everything before I entered the town. The miners were passing like gnomes into the hills, and everything seemed so uncanny that I was genuinely startled when some one suddenly took my basket from me.

It was only a schoolmate of Grosvenor's, who had joined me unobserved. He is a descendant of the old voyageurs who first ventured into this region, and their wild love of nature breaks out in him occasionally, with most disastrous effect upon his education. He seems to know that I, too, love the natural world and has a sense of comradeship. When he took my basket, he already had an armful of most perfect blossoms. He had heard I wanted some.

Well, dear, this letter has lasted far into the night. My eyes are heavy, and I lay down my pen with the wish that your dreams may be as sweet as the fragrance of my room. Faithfully yours, MARIAN.

Norven, Mich., April 30.

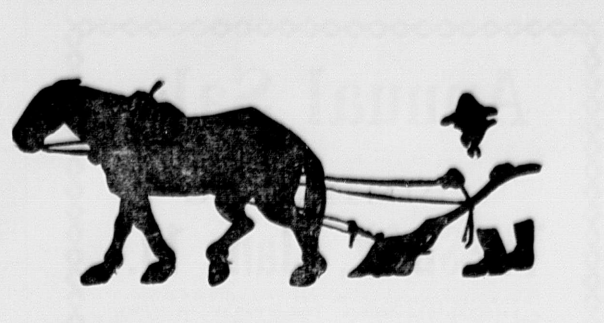
Well, Bill, here goes the last box. We've cleaned up pretty good out of it all, haven't we? What are you going to do with your money? Guess I'll put mine toward a gun. I want to go off with the chap I told you of awfully. Ma says a camera would be nice. Then I could take views of this part of the country to take home with me. Say, did you know we are going home next fall? Marian's a lot better. Gee, but you did stick Doc Graham. Asked you all about Sis, did he? Well, he needn't have, for Sis don't like him anyway. When he came last night, she cried. Ain't girls soft? I wouldn't cry if a fellow came to see me that I didn't like. Ma likes him, though. She kissed him once. He's real nice to me, so I ain't kicking, but it don't seem fair to bother Sis when she ain't real strong yet. The fellow I said is whistling for me to go fishing with him, so here goes.

GRUBS.

Norven, Mich., May 1.

Dear Genevieve—John has come. He does care, and mother said she guessed it all along. He did not dare tell me when I was ill for fear I did not care and would feel sorry for him. Isn't he thoughtful? We are to have the quietest little wedding in the early fall, and then I shall see you for a little while before we go to Georgia for the winter, for I am not to give up the pines altogether.

This is the happiest Mayday I have ever known. I cannot write more now, as John is waiting for me to go walking. We will try to find a few last sprays of arbutus. Lovingly your friend, MARIAN.



Wake up, old plug, and be a horse—be a good horse! Eat the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed. It makes life worth living, even for a plough horse.

Cheaper Than Oats.

We must confess that the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed that we bought of you has turned out to be one of the best Horse Feeds that we have ever used on horses, and we can cheerfully recommend the same to any one that has horses. We shall continue to use the same, as it is also much cheaper than oats.

J. H. GORSUCH & SON,
Merchants and Miners Transportation Co.'s Transfer Agents, Baltimore, Md.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

Smith, Smyth and Smijth.

It is curious how the little letter "y" has proved a huge differentium. For, whereas the "Smiths," as a rule, have been money making, the "Smyths" have shown themselves chivalrous and aristocratic. While the Smiths were Roundhead the Smyths suffered for Tory or Jacobite principles, according to the London Mail. Apropos of these variations in the spelling of the great patronymic Mr. Compton Reade propounds a theory which should prove of comfort to both branches of the family. He hotly combats the notion that the Smyths, Smythes and Smijths have assumed a variation of spelling to lend an aristocratic flavor to a homely name. "Nothing," he declares, "can be further from the truth. The original form was Smyth, just as the modern 'cider' is a corruption of the ancient 'cyder.' So far from the Smyths having Smythed themselves I can discover barely one notable instance of the change from 'i' to 'y,' but I can trace numberless instances of Elizabethan Smyths having become Victorian Smiths. The roco spelling of the word Smijth is apparently due to the ingeniousness of some mediæval clerk, who, in writing Smyth, took upon himself to dot both points of the 'y,' thus producing 'Smijth.'"

Careful of His Feelings.

"Tom, dear," said young Mrs. Newlywed very gently, "it was kind and thoughtful of you, and I appreciate it ever so much, but a man should never undertake to select anything for his wife to wear."

"What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"These buttons you brought home for me," and she held up a half dozen red poker chips. "I found them on the mantel in your room, and I knew, of course, that you had brought them home for me."

"Y-you can't use them, can you?"

"No. But I appreciate your thoughtfulness just the same. You got them at a bargain, didn't you?"

"Um—yes."

"Well, you were cheated. I don't see how anybody who makes buttons could have been so silly as to forget to put in the holes that the thread goes through when you sew them on."

And Tom said he would take them right back and exchange them.

Magicians' Society.

Mystic and unique is the seal, right in line with the mysterious character of the organization that bears the monogram of the Society of American Magicians of New York. It is usually printed in red and white and is remarkable for the initials "S. A. M.," worked together in such a way that they are readable upside down or downside up.

Another curious feature of the seal is a pair of serpents in a circle, with their tails in each other's mouth—the Egyptian sign of eternity. The motto of the organization, which is made up of all the magicians in the country and holds its meetings on the first Saturday evening of each month, is, "Magic, Unity, Might."

The first letters of the three words are an acrostic spelling "Mum," which is the spirit of the association, the purpose of the club being to prevent the exposure of their secret methods and the betraying of the mechanical means of the magician to arrive at his surprising ends.

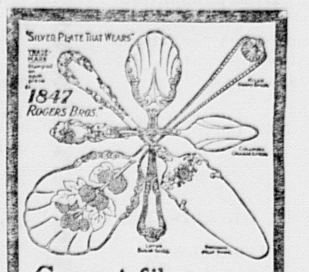
It Didn't Work.

In his lecture "Love, Courtship and Marriage," delivered in the Lebanon Valley College chapel several years ago, Rev. John De Witt Miller of Philadelphia said that men should kiss their wives as they did when they were a year or two married. When the lecture was over an old man went home, put his arm around his wife's neck and kissed her.

Meeting the lecturer some time after, he said, "It's no go."

"What isn't?" said the lecturer.

"Vel," said the man, "ven I kissed my vife she said, 'Vat's gone wrong mit you, you ouit fool, you?'"



Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

The Japanese and Their Fans.

To the Japanese the fan is not merely a means to the end of cooling the atmosphere. It is a thing of meaning, of art. It tells a story, and there is even a suggestiveness in the manner of using or wearing it. The whole history of Japan could be read from fans if enough of them were put together, and every political event of importance is pictured on these airy trifles. There are different fans for every conceivable occasion. Even dolls have their own fans, and children have theirs. The geisha girls have a particular kind of fan, and jugglers, too, use one with appropriate decorations. There is a fan used only at the solemn tea feast, and a war fan of iron, covered with lacquer. Generals have silk fans, with iron sticks, and there is a dangerous dagger fan. The bamboo water fan is dipped in water frequently while being used to make the air cooler. The ancient court fans of Japan were folding fans of wood, decorated with silk artificial flowers, and each noble family had its own flower, that no one else dared use. Color, shape and decoration of the Japanese fan all have their meaning, the flowers and birds their symbolism. Thus to give a fan with a flight of white storks upon it is to wish long life, while a cobweb design is for mourning.

The Way People Sit.

It is one thing to have a chair and another to know how to sit on it. The ideal of a graceful sitting posture has varied in the different ages of the world. The Egyptians sat bolt upright, the knees and feet closely pressed together. It was the ceremonial attitude. The Greeks and Romans, when their seats had no backs and they were at liberty to forget their dignity, sat stooping, with one or both elbows supported by the arms. The Chinese ideal was the knees and feet wide apart. They have maintained that attitude in sitting for 4,000 years. The Saxons and early Norman kings are represented in old manuscripts and on coins in the same position. Down to a date comparatively recent kings and queens received sitting stiffly on their thrones, any marked change of posture being thought to derogate from the royal dignity. They now receive standing.

Illustrating the Solar System.

The solar system is well illustrated by the following statements: Let the sun be represented by a globe two feet in diameter. A grain of mustard seed at the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter will adequately represent the size and distance of Mercury. The earth will be represented by a pea on the circumference of a circle 284 feet across, and Venus by another pea on the outside of a 430 foot circle. Mars will be adequately represented by a pinhead at 654 feet, and the asteroids by grains of sand 1,000 to 1,200 feet away. An orange at the distance of half a mile will stand for Jupiter, a very small apple at four-fifths of a mile will stand for Saturn and a cherry on the circumference of a circle 1½ miles across will represent Uranus.

Deadly Prussic Acid.

Prussic acid is composed of such things as animal refuse and blood solids, with large quantities of oil of vitriol. Even the smell of the acid produces pain in the throat and in the region of the heart, and there are few poisons for which there is such little opportunity for an antidote. If there is time—and there seldom is, for the poison is almost instantaneous in its action—ammonia inhaled very freely may give relief and reduce the absolute certainty of death to a grave probability.

First Judicial Honors For a Woman.

To Henry VIII. belongs the honor of having conferred judicial rights upon a woman. Lady Anne Berkeley of York was allowed by the sovereign, who had the widest experience of the virtues of women, to sit as judge, appoint a commission and actually to pass sentence on some men who had been killing her deer and despoiling her park.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1903. [Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.] NO. 7.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 4.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.
For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.30, A. M., P. M.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.30, 8.26, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.
For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.26, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.
For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.26, A. M., 6.42 P. M.
FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, A. M., 6.42, P. M.

†Except Weirs.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.35, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agen

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson)
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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

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Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
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TELEPHONE, 52-3.

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369 Main Street.

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— DEALERS IN —
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Meal, Oats,
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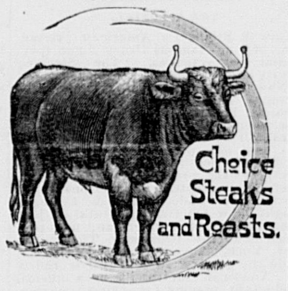
George Durward



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Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Dec. 13, 1902, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45 A. M. 6 A. M. (to Winchester only), and every 15 minutes thereafter until 9 00 A. M.; and then every half hour until 1.00 P. M; then every 15 minutes until 7 30 P M; then every half hour until 11.00 and 11 30 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 45 A. M. and every 15 minutes until 10.45; then every half hour until 2.00 P M.; then every 15 minutes until 8 30 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.45; then 12 30 A. M On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 7 00 A. M and every half hour until 1.30; then every 15 minutes 9 00 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.00: then 11.30 P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.00 A.M.; every half hour to 2 30 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.00 P. M; every half hour to 12.00; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 15 minute to, and 15 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.20, 2.40, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11 45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M, and half hourly till 10 00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M., 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7 45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8 00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8 25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—15 cents.

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

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Woburn, Mass.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses' can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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BUSCOE'S PROTEGE

By Richard Kann

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Crystal Falls never did amount to much as a show town. The capacity was $500, with chairs in the aisles, but even at that a performance without a leading man was not to be thought of. And Hampton simply couldn't play that night and maybe not for several nights. A man who can't speak above a whisper isn't useful as a romantic lover on the stage, and since Buscoe was the sort of stage manager who didn't believe in carrying people on half salaries over the circuit on the chance that the leads would break down Hampton had no understudy.

So it was planned to give Crystal Falls a "show," as Crystal Falls loved to call it, with Buscoe playing opposite his daughter, who was on the printed stuff as Marie Hamilton. Buscoe was twenty years too old for the part and didn't look the young lover any more than the character man did. But it was Crystal Falls, and Buscoe was resourceful.

He did a resourceful thing when he became stage manager of the production in which his daughter played the leads. He was able in that manner to disguise his duties as a father under the all powerful title of stage manager. It was believed by the company that a love affair was at the bottom of it; but, strangely enough, there were no details. It was known that his daughter, a beautiful girl, had fallen in love with a stage door adorer a year before. Fearful lest in his capacity as a mere father he would be unable to prevent a clandestine courtship and even marriage, he traveled with her. Nobody apparently except Miss Hamilton knew who the man was. Buscoe knew his name by reason of many intercepted notes, but had been unable to arrange a personal interview. He lived at Marie's hotel, accompanied her to the theater and never allowed her to be entertained unless he was a member of the party. If there was any truth in the story, Marie behaved remarkably well for an actress who possessed youth and temperament.

At any rate her wounded heart, if she had one, never bled in public. Hampton, her leading man, had a wife and was one of Buscoe's few intimate friends. He was a mechanical actor, with a deep, resonant voice, and invariably got good notices, although he would have been as willing to play the last act of "Camille" in a crimson set in summer stock as he would to have it in white.

Buscoe called a rehearsal before he essayed to play the part, but he wouldn't hold the manuscript while he ran over the scenes, and the result was that in the second act climax he went to pieces. He stood center with his arms outstretched to receive Marie, with his mouth wide open.

"I beg your pardon," came from the wings, "but your line there, Mr. Buscoe, is, 'If I should say goodby, little girl.'"

It was Jennings, the new property man, picked up at Kansas City three weeks before, when he didn't know a prop from a bunch light. He was a Buscoe protege at $16 a week when the union scale was $25. But even at that he didn't look like a property man. But he had come around with a desire to do anything in the company except to play a part, and he knew the play, he said, backward. Buscoe was looking for people who didn't care what their salaries were, and after Jennings had told him that "the compensation was of no consequence so long as he could live upon it" Buscoe had him on the salary list.

He was delightfully green, but at the end of three weeks he was a gem. Then he began to show signs of becoming a jewel.

"The doorkeeper," he said one day to Buscoe, "is refusing bouquets for Miss Hamilton. Now, why couldn't he pick out the roses and allow me to use them instead of the prop bouquet in the second act?"

To which the resourceful Buscoe replied: "Course. Use orchids if you want to. Only rip the cards off. I don't want any notes from anybody in the front of the house getting in here to my daughter."

After that Miss Hamilton frequently had real roses instead of rubber ones, and real roses were an improvement, especially since the business required Miss Hamilton to sniff them lovingly several times.

But the further utility of Jennings hadn't occurred to Buscoe until the interruption at the Crystal Falls rehearsal.

"See here, Jennings," said Buscoe suddenly. "Did you ever act?"

"N-o-o-o," said Jennings slowly; "I never did."

"Do you know the part?" resourceful Buscoe asked quickly.

"Yes," said Jennings positively; "I think I do. I've heard it every night for a month."

"Marie," he said, "this is Mr. Jennings. We are in Crystal Falls. Try a scene with him. Maybe he'll do to go on tonight."

She smiled as she took his hand. "I am very glad," she said, "that papa has introduced you." Turning to Buscoe, she added, still smiling: "He does look the part, doesn't he? Let's try it."

Well, one trial convinced Buscoe that he was safe—for Crystal Falls. There was only one thing badly wrong with the new man. "You must remember," Buscoe told him, "that the twenty-five cent seats have a right to hear just as well as the front rows. When you make stage love, make it loud." And after that Jennings reached them easily.

That night he had three curtain calls for his first good scene at the end of the first act, something that had never happened to Hampton. Buscoe disliked to admit that he was astonished. He had watched the scene carefully, prepared to use the promptbook, but the manner in which Jennings humored the scene was marvelous. "He couldn't have done better," thought Buscoe, "if he meant every word he spoke."

He was in the act of congratulating himself once more upon his extreme foresight when a boy carrying a box of flowers walked hurriedly through the stage door and almost into his arms.

"Who ordered these things?" roared Buscoe.

"A man from the show," sniffed the boy.

If Buscoe was anything at all, he was resourceful. Dragging the boy to the side entrance, he pointed at Jennings. "Is that the man?" he asked him.

"That's him," said the boy. "I seen him do it."

"Send them back," said Buscoe.

He could hardly wait to ring down to pounce upon the new property man.

"A boy came in here, Mr. Jennings," he said, "with a box of roses. You know the rules. I sent them back."

"Haven't I the right," asked Jennings very calmly, "to send flowers to myself if I wish?"

Buscoe was speechless. "Of course you have," he began, "but"—

"And I have also the right, I believe," interrupted Jennings, "to send flowers to my wife. When you assumed to carefully guard your daughter from the man you knew she loved, a year ago, you made her promise not to marry him until you were sure enough of him to introduce him to her yourself. You thought you'd never do that, but you did introduce him this afternoon. She married him at 5 o'clock. She had no flowers at her wedding, so I thought it would be nice for her to have them tonight instead. I am very sorry you sent them back."

"Your name is Clark," asked Buscoe—"Robert Clark?"

"I had a right to a stage name, didn't I?" asked Jennings.

"And you are"—

"Your son-in-law, my friend."

"Well," said Buscoe, always resourceful, "I never saw a man play the lover any better. You'll stay until the end of the season, won't you?"

Culinary Courtship.

Janet had molded the domestic affairs of a Boston family for so many years that the news of her intended marriage had much the effect of an earthquake. "Have you and David been engaged long?" ventured the mistress of the household.

"One week when next Sabbath comes," stated Janet briefly.

"And—and had you any thought of marrying before that?" asked her mistress.

"Times I had and times I had not," said the imperturbable Janet, "as any person will. But a month ago when I gave David a wee bit of the cake I'd been making and he said to me, 'Janet, have you the recipe firm in your mind, lass, so you could make it if Mrs. Mann's book would be far from your reach?' I knew well the time was drawing short.

"And when," said Janet, closing her eyes at the recollection, "I said to him, 'David, lad, the recipe is copied in a little book of my own,' and I saw the glint in his eye I reckoned 'twould be within the month he'd ask me."—Youth's Companion.

Water Before Meals.

While the general opinion of those supposed to be authorities on this matter has been that the habit of drinking water at meals is a deleterious one, it is now stated, according to recent investigations, that a little water, if not too cold, is beneficial, as it assists in the digestion of food. A too copious supply of water dilutes the gastric juice, and if too cold it lowers the temperature of the stomach below normal, thus impairing digestion. If, however, water is taken in limited quantities, the peptones formed by the action of gastric juice on food will be washed aside, thereby facilitating absorption. By this means the undigested food is laid bare and is more susceptible to further action of the gastric juice. During the period of rest phlegm, being very tenacious, prevents the free flow of gastric juice for some time, hence delays digestion. A drink of water before meals is recommended because it loosens and washes away this deposit of mucus, thereby permitting the gastric juice to attack the food as it enters the stomach.—Boston Transcript.

Benedict Arnold In 1775.

The prestige of Arnold at the beginning of the Revolution is thus reflected in Professor Justin H. Smith's description in the Century of the heroic "battle with the wilderness" in the march to Quebec, under Arnold's command:

The name of the leader, too, excited enthusiasm. Dorothy Dudley and the rest of the ladies in Cambridge loved to gossip about a man whom they described as "darlingly and desperately brave, sanguinely hopeful, of restless activity, intelligent and enterprising," gay and gallant, and the soldier lads told one another admiringly how he marched through the wicket gate at old Ticonderoga shoulder to shoulder with Ethan Allen, how he threatened to break into the magazine at New Haven unless the selectmen would hand over the keys within five minutes when his company heard the news of Lexington and wanted to set out for Cambridge and even how he used to astonish the other boys years before by seizing the great water wheel and going around with it through water and through sky.

Three Curious Words.

Fillibuster, freebooter and buccaneer are words curiously interrelated. The French and the English sea adventurers once made common cause against Spanish settlements in the new world, and all three of these words came in time to describe the rude sea soldiers who despoiled the Spanish main and the towns upon the coasts of the Spanish possessions. Fillibuster is said to be the result of an attempt to make a French word of freebooter, and the English borrowed it back from the French because it sounded less frankly brutal than the English word.

Buccaneer was originally French in form, and it meant at first one who hunted the boucan or wild cattle and hogs of the West Indies; then one who made jerked meat of their flesh, and finally, because this meat was used to provision the ships of the sea rovers, a fillibuster or freebooter.

SHATTERED DIGNITY.

An Exit From Church That Had a Flavor of Comic Opera.

The crude humor that makes the small boy want to throw a stone at a silk hat on a man bristling with dignity is not to be disposed of as a mere ill conceived prank of youth. There is deep in most people a spring of unsubduable humor that leaps gleefully when conscious dignity gets a fair tumble. That is why, for all the solemnity of the place, the soberest charity and the best bred propriety in the world could not prevent a titter at a little farce that happened once in a church in Brooklyn.

A gentleman and his wife, who were offended at something the preacher said, gravely rose and stalked toward the door, with their heads held high in assertive disdain. The wife followed the husband.

Unfortunately when they were half way down the aisle the husband dropped his glove and stooped to pick it up. Fate, the humorist, determined that the wife should keep her head so high that she did not see her husband stoop. She went sailing on and doubled over him in riotous confusion.

The congregation held its breath and kept its composure. The two recovered themselves and went on. Hoping to escape quickly, they turned to what looked like a side door. The husband pulled it open with an impressive swing. Before he could close it out tumbled the window pole, a long duster and a stepladder. The congregation could hold its mirth no longer, and man and wife fled to the real exit in undignified haste amid a general and pervasive snicker.

Jackson's Statue on the Constitution.

In 1833 Commodore Elliott ordered a figure of General Jackson to be carved to take the place of a billet head which the United States frigate Constitution had carried through the war of 1812. It was placed on the bow of the frigate in June, 1834, when she left the drydock in Charlestown navy yard. The excitement among the political enemies of Jackson in Boston was intense. A meeting was called in Faneuil hall—which, however, did not take place—and anonymous letter writers threatened the life of the commodore unless the statue was removed. On the night of the 2d of July, 1834, in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, Samuel P. Dewey, a young man of twenty-eight, rowed out to the vessel and managed to saw off the head of the statue and carry it away. The head was replaced a month later in New York, and the figure remained there until 1874. It now occupies a place in the grounds of the Naval school at Annapolis.

Swelling Her Income.

A good story is told of a man who one day told his wife that he would give her all the silver pieces she found in his purse or pockets which were coined the year she was born.

As a result the lady in due course of time had quite an amount of silver on hand—so much, in fact, that she went to the bank and deposited it in her name.

Then, speaking to the cashier, the lady said: "My husband tells me you are going to pay him some money today. Will you please pay him in this silver I have just deposited? I should be so much obliged to you if you would."

Of course the cashier quickly replied that he would be happy to please her.

As a result the lady has still more birthday money.—London Answers.

Recognized the Smell.

The sexton of an Episcopal church in Boston has many stories to tell of the remarks and comments made by visitors.

One Christmas when the church was beautifully decorated with cedars and firs an old lady walked up the aisle to the chancel and stood sniffing the air after every one else had left the church.

"Don't it smell solemn?" she said at last to the sexton as she turned away with evident reluctance. "I don't know as I ever realized just what the 'odor of sanctity' meant before today. We don't have any such trimmings in the church I attend up in the country."—Youth's Companion.

Human Calendars.

In Siam every woman is a walking calendar. On Sunday red silk, with a parure of rubies, is worn; Monday brings a silver and white dress and a necklace of moonstones; Tuesday is dedicated to light red, with coral ornaments; Wednesday is devoted to green, with emeralds; Thursday sees a display of variegated colors, with catseyes; Friday the lady is arrayed in pale blue, with flashing diamonds, and Saturday in more somber, darker blue, with sapphires to match.

Quoting Her Own Words.

Mother (sternly)—Willie, you took some of these preserves from the pantry.

Willie (shrewdly)—Oh, who told you that?

Mother—No one told me. I suspected it! Now, tell the truth! Didn't you?

Willie—Ma, "children should be seen and not heard."—Philadelphia Press.

First Gathering of Labor Agitators.

"Of course you have read of the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel?"

"A gathering of labor agitators, I suppose. No; I haven't read it. Tell the truth, I'm not interested in trades unions."—Boston Transcript.

Be Ready.

Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is at the bottom to know how to die.

Hats In London.

No stranger can do business in London without a silk hat. It is the style from Monday to Saturday to wear this kind of head covering, with a frock coat, and on Sunday to appear in a "boulder" (the conventional derby) and a sack. Cutaways are much worn with silk hats, and not infrequently dressy men are seen in the outlandish combination of silk hat and sack.—New York Press

Largest Variety and . . . .
Lowest Prices in Boston in

Wall Papers,
Picture Mouldings
— AND —
Window Shades.

MELMON L. FLETCHER,
(Formerly with Ward & Waldron),
84 & 86 Union Street, Boston.
Near Haymarket Subway Station. Telephone 1075-3 Richmond.

Suspending Judgment.

A keen critic once said to a young woman about to begin the study of painting: "When you look at a picture, do not say at first, even to yourself, 'I like it,' or 'I don't like it.' Try to see what there is in it."

The advice was sound, and it need not be stretched thin to cover a much larger region of life than that which belongs to art. The quick, instinctive like or dislike which many a woman conceives in the first hour of her acquaintance with a person may be well founded or it may be ill founded. If it justifies itself, she remembers it and prides herself on her knowledge of human nature; if it proves false, she forgets all about it and in a year would deny that she had ever disliked the person, or at best she would defend her mistake by quoting, "'Tis safest * * * to begin with a little aversion."

In point of fact, the power of suspending judgment on book, picture, man, woman or plan is the mark of a well trained mind. The judgments worth anything are based on something stronger than "a woman's reason—I think him so because I think him so."—Youth's Companion.

Lincoln Saw a Way.

A young sergeant distinguished himself by his gallantry at Donelson and was recommended for promotion. He was summoned to appear before a military board at Washington and closely questioned by West Point graduates. None of his answers was satisfactory. When the report reached President Lincoln, he fidgeted for a moment, laid the paper on his desk, then, taking one gaunt knee in his hands, said: "I don't know what to do with this case. Here's a young fellow who knows nothing of the science of losing battles. He doesn't even know the technical name of the fortification on which he ran up the stars and stripes in the face of the enemy." He thought a moment, then indorsed the report:

Give this man a captain's certificate.
A. LINCOLN.

The Carnation Is an Old Flower.

Pliny refers to the carnation as having been used in the days of Augustus Cæsar to give a spicy flavor to wine. While greatly loved and admired by the ancients, its improvement was not much advanced until it found a home in England. The date of this event is not quite clear, but is believed to be about the year 1200. Chaucer wrote of its cultivation in 1386, from which date it has been considered a florist's flower. It was first called carnation by Henry Lyte in 1578 and designated as a pink in 1600. Edmund Spenser called it "coronation," which found little favor. Shakespeare in "A Winter's Tale," act 4, says, "The fairest flowers o' the season are our carnations." He also alludes to it in "Henry V."

Great Dog, Great Chicken.

"Talking of dogs," said the colonel, "a friend of mine has a Gordon setter. She's the most sympathetic dog I ever heard of. She has the maternal instinct so strong that she has brought up a litter not her own."

"I've known of such cases," said a hearer.

"There was a hen had a chicken. The hen died, and the chicken was in sore distress. This dog took pity on it and brought up the chicken."

"Yes," said another listener, "that's curious, but it is not uncommon."

"And now," continued the colonel solemnly, "that chicken barks."

A Little Uncomfortable.

A story which will go straight to the hearts of shooting men is told of a clerical gentleman who was invited to join a shooting party. In the course of the day the host felt himself prodded in the back and, turning around, found the amiable cleric poking at him with the muzzle of his gun, and his look of interrogation was met with the remark, "Can you tell me how to let down these beastly things?" alluding to the hammers of the gun, which was at full cock and loaded.—London Standard.

His Idea of the Matter.

"Do you think you ought to demand so much money for campaign purposes?" said the man who resents modern election methods.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum thoughtfully, "if I were rich enough to put up a campaign fund all by myself I don't know that I would be in politics at all."—Washington Star.

Divided Booty.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingercake out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Johnny. "Part of it's in Elsie."—Philadelphia Press.

Texts on Tiles.

"Now, here is something you'll like," said the manager of the works as he was showing some ladies the process of manufacture; "texts of Scripture on tiles for fireplace ornamentation."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Fangle, "I've often heard of textile manufactures, but I never saw them before."

Poe's Placid Eyes.

Poe's neck was rather long and slender and made him appear, when sitting, rather taller than he really was. He also appeared when sitting to have a gentle and rather graceful taper of the bust and shoulders upward. This was very peculiar. His eyes were of a neutral violet tint, rather inclining to hazel, and shone not with a dazzling or brilliant sparkle, but rather with a mildly subdued serenity of intellectual splendor—perhaps on account of the dark shadow cast upon them by the overhanging and rather impressive cloud of his moonlike brow—giving them that soft, celestial glow of soul which characterizes the loftiest enthusiasm. Their lashes were long, dark and silken, hanging over them like willows naping [?] by the moon—lake—or cumuli of chaos over the God suffused waters of the eternal wells. When the heaven of his brow was free from clouds—which appeared always to be the case when his soul was not racked either by the thoughts of his poverty, of the remembrance of the manifold insults he had received from anonymous correspondents, who pestered him from envy of his genius and his uncompromising hostility to the basest ignorance—the intellectual placidity of his mildly becoming eyes was beautiful.—Poe-Chiver Papers in Century.

"No Kick Coming."

A railroad engineer who has been in the service so many years that his hair has grown iron gray and his visage as stern as a warrior's while he has driven his iron monster over the parallels of iron recently experienced his first collision. He came out of it with a badly demolished engine and a sufficiently smashed up leg for any occasion.

The surgeons took him in charge and by dint of splints, bandages, skill and patience saved his injured limb and got it on the road to recovery.

The other day he walked out for the first time, and as he hobbled along on crutches, the injured member looking very unwieldy indeed, a friend hailed him with: "Hello, Jim! How's that leg of yours getting along?"

The veteran has gray eyes, as clear and penetrating as a youth's, and they twinkled with a tonic effect as he said, laconically:

"Oh, I can't kick!"—New York Times.

The Loss of a Horseshoe.

The loss of a horseshoe exerted a tremendous influence in the history and reign of Henry VIII. of England. After the fall of Anne Boleyn the papacy prepared overtures of reconciliation so favorable to the king that he concluded to accept them. A representative was sent from Rome with the dispatches, and when only a day's journey from Calais the horse cast a shoe and fell lame. As the horse was a favorite animal, the messenger determined to wait for a day rather than take the chances of losing the horse. The next day the journey was resumed and London was reached, to find that Henry that day had been married to Jane Seymour, a Protestant, that Anne had been beheaded the day before, and all hope of a reconciliation was lost. The messenger was a day too late, and the horseshoe had changed the bent of the nation's history.

Weeping Trees.

In the forests of Oregon, Washington, Montana and British Columbia there is a species of tree that has a continuous and copious dripping of pure, clear water from the ends of its leaves and branches. This extraordinary sight may be witnessed at all seasons when the leaves are on and seems equally plentiful on clear, bright days as on damp, cloudy nights. The tree is a species of fir, and the "weeping" phenomenon is attributed to a remarkable power of condensation peculiar to the leaves and bark of this species of evergreen.

In the island of Ferro there are many species of "weeping trees," but in this latter case the "tears" appear to be most abundant when the relative humidity is near the dew point.

Strange Ideas of Beauty.

Babies in Penjdeh have the back of the head flattened artificially by their mothers, and as another mark of beauty their noses are sharpened and a dimple formed on their chin. The head is flattened by making the child sleep with it on the hard soil or inside an earthenware pot. Each day the mother presses the nose with her fingers to make it long and pointed and indents the chin with a stem. In some cases the legs are straightened by means of bands. In America the Chinooks flatten the forehead.

His Fad.

She—Have you heard the news? McSolomon is to marry again, the fourth time, I believe.

He—Yes, I've heard about it. Beats all how the rage for collecting will take hold of a man. Sometimes it's old books or playbills and sometimes it's postage stamps. In McSolomon's case it appears to be wives.—Boston Transcript.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 16, 1903.

DEATH OF E. C. COTTLE.

Mr. Aldrich of Woburn announced the death, yerterday, of Mr. Edmund C. Cottle of Woburn, a member of the House from the Twenty-eighth Middlesex Representative District, and moved that a committee of eight be appointed to attend the funeral and to prepare suitable resolutions.

The motion was unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and the Speaker appointed the following-named members as the committee: Mr. Aldrich and Messrs. Hunt of Worcester, McMahon of Billerica, Doty of Waltham, Hill of Stoneham, Skerrett of Worcester, Hinckley of Tisbury and Stevens of Malden.

Mr. Dowse of Malden moved, as a further mark of respect, that the House adjourn, which motion was unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and accordingly, at three o'clock, the House adjourned.—*House Journal, Jan. 15.*

☞ Andrews & Wallace have sold the *News* to Thomas J. Feeney and Luke D. McDermott, who assumed control of the plant on Jan. 9, 1903, and are now at the helm. The purchase included the newspaper, job office, and all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging. The new owners are practical printers, and Mr. Feeney is a well known Boston journalist. Mr. McDermott has been a *News* compositor, etc., for 10 years, or so, and is acquainted with the business. The *News*, so we understand, is to be conducted with no change to speak of in aim or execution, that is to say, it is to be non-political, non-sectarian, devoted to local news and interests, and making money. The owners are intelligent, industrious young men, whose standing in this community is as good as the best. We hope they will make a success of their newspaper venture.

☞ Courtesy and precedent demand that the Republicrn nomination for Representative to the Legislature to fill the vacancy caused by the decease of Representative Edmund C. Cottle should be tendered to Mr. Charles H. Nowell of Reading. He was the Republican candidate at the last election and is, as is likewise the town of Reading, entitled to the nomination. We are assured that Mr. Nowell would accept it, if the Republicans of the District desire that he should do so, but would engage in no contest to secure the honor. So far as we have heard from them, the Republicans of Woburn favor Mr. Nowell's nomination, and will give him a unanimous vote.

☞ City Solicitor Doyle's commission expires on Jan. 31, and, it is expected that Mayor Feeney will, soon thereafter, appoint his successor. It is rumored, and strongly suspected, that the Mayor's choice will fall on George W. Norris, Esq., of the firm of Norris & Norris, a leading lawyer, and sound Democrat of this city. While the JOURNAL would much prefer to see a good Republican Lawyer fill the office, if a Democrat must have it, as is highly probable, it sees no objection to the appointment of Lawyer Norris. He is amply qualified, and would bring more dignity to the position than it has enjoyed of late.

☞ In the distribution of Legislative Committees last Friday our Senatorial and Representative Districts were well treated by the President and Speaker. Senator Appleton was given positions, including a Chairmanship, on Agriculture, Libraries, and Taxation. Representative E. C. Cottle was placed on Banks and Banking; and Representative Aldrich on Metropolitan Affairs. Rep. Cottle takes the place occupied by Rep. Roberts of this District four years ago; and Rep. Aldrich's Committee is a working and important one. Our members were well taken care of and deserved to be.

☞ The January number of *The Boston & Maine*, a neat illustrated monthly devoted chiefly to the interests of the Boston & Maine Railroad, contains an appreciative article on "Woburn City, The Tannery Centre, A Manufacturing Community, and of Homes." It is embellished with a fine picture of the Public Library (frontispiece), another of the Five Cents Savings Bank, and a view of Main street and the Common. The pictures and descriptive work is well done, and the number is a good one for Woburn people to send to distant friends.

☞ Considerable amusement was caused last week by the discovery that the Senate, on motion of Senator Hoar, had enacted a law which was passed by Congress last session and approved by the President last June. The law provides for a division of the District of Alaska into three new districts, and it is recalled that the venerable Senator from Massachusetts once offered a bill appropriating $100,000 to survey a line of railroad from Wrangel to Sitka, Alaska, between which points there lies 200 miles of the Pacific Ocean.

☞ No business was transacted at the meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening on account of the absence of a member. It was supposed that the nomination of John C. Andrews for Water Registrar would be disposed of, but nothing was done about it, and perhaps will not be this evening when another meeting is to be held. "Great bodies move slow," and the fact that candidates are kept on tenterhooks cuts no figure in the case, or hastens the deliberations of Boards.

☞ Representative Henry M. Aldrich of this District was well pleased with the treatment he and Representative Cottle received from Speaker Myers in the House Committee appointments. They were allowed to make their own selections which were concessions not always granted to members.

— The City Council will hold their next regular meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 19.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Tremont Theatre—Crosman.
J. W. Johnson—Executive Sale.

— The days have increased 22 minutes.

— St. Charles Parish is to give a Charity Ball on Feb. 20.

— Walnut Hill A. C. are to give a whist party in Shirley Hall this evening.

— Major H. C. Hall contemplates a visit to the South about the middle of February.

— Mr. E. P. Marion has a lot of excellent 4-foot wood for sale on his home place.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's.

— Miss Margaret Reade, a student at the Framingham Normal School, is on a visit to her home here.

— Fred Lowell went to Lowell last Wednesday to visit his friend, Mr. Joe W. Huntley, who is not enjoying the best of health.

— The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church, will give a "Patriotic Supper", on Monday evening, Feb. 23. Tickets 25c.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones, who was taken sick about two weeks ago, is mending slowly, but is not yet able to attend to business.

— Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., will give an apron and necktie party in Knights of Columbus Hall on the evening of Feb. 9.

— It is reported that Mr. Thomas Salmon left a large estate to his heirs, the most of which goes to Mrs. John F. Scalley, his only child.

— This is the evening for the grand "Guest Night" of the Woman's Club which promises to be a swell affair. A large attendance is looked for.

— A handsome Roycroft calendar has been received at this office from the American Type Founders Company, for which we return thanks.

— A sight of the carload of stove coal which Ellis and Hayward received direct from the Pennsylvania coal fields last Wednesday was good for sore eyes.

— C. M. Strout & Co's sales of oil stoves and oil continue at highwater mark, and are likely to keep at that point all winter. They are a bonanza.

— Mr. Ephraim Colburn of 18 Wyman street has been a subscriber to the JOURNAL continuously for the last 37 years. He is one of the oldest on the list.

— The family of Mr. Wm. O'Brien had for a guest, a few days since, Rev. Thomas O'Brien, a nephew of Mr. O'B., at their residence on Church avenue.

— The snowstorm that prevailed on Sunday afternoon turned to a smart rain in the evening, which changed to a cold windy night, and made bad traveling Monday morning.

— This has been a cold week, not only here, but all over the country, as far South as Florida. Snug winter weather has prevailed, and still the coal robbers hold their grip.

— The prospect for a new school building never looked brighter than at the present time. Mayor Feeney favors it, so, also, the City Council, and the public are a unit in favor of it.

— While sliding down hill on Montvale avenue near Bow street, a lad 13 years old, sustained a compound fracture on one of his legs above the knee. The boys and girls should be careful.

— It is said that John P. & James E. Feeney, Esquires, Lawyers, are to have a suit of offices in the new Johnson block on Main street and Montvale avenue. There is no better location in town.

— The marriage of Mr. Hugh Harron and Miss Annie Porter was solemnized on Nov. 22, instead of Dec. 22, as published in the JOURNAL on Dec. 28. Thd error occurred in copying from the Clerk's books.

— There has been a longer spell of sleighing here this winter than usual, although not all of the time of the best quality. For several weeks runners have been in use, but wheels have not been abandoned altogether.

— Charlie Lennon, a graduate of the JOURNAL office, is a regularly installed motorman on the N.W. Div. of the B. & N. Street Railway, and has been given a car. He is prompt and reliable, and deserves a good place.

— After an absence of three months in the South, and a delightful visit there, which included New Orleans, points in Florida, and the Carolinas, Miss Anastasia Reade returned from Savannah, Georgia, a few days ago.

— Capt. John P. Crane member of the present City Council, has gone to Pinehurst, N. C., to spend the balance of the cold weather. He has made that his winter home for several years, and is greatly enamored of it as a winter resort.

— Another calendar from J. H. Osgood & Co., Printers Rollers, 100 Milk street, Boston, makes the 11th annual calendar favor from that sterling house. They are our everyday standard reference for duties, and always found to be perfectly reliable, as are the firm's rollers.

— Four of Woburn's most prominent citizens have been removed from among us by death within about a month: John Johnson, Dr. Charles E Chase, Thomas Salmon, and Representative Edmund C Cottle. This is an unusual occurrence, and one that the community feel with regret.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer, for many years an attache of the JOURNAL, was elected Corresponding Secretary of the New England Woman's Press Association a couple of weeks ago. The JOURNAL's representatives and graduates always reach the top. Its name is a sure passport to good society.

— On account of the death of Mr. Edmund C. Cottle, one of the Directors, the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, which was to have been held on Tuesday afternoon last, was adjourned to Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, 1903, after the funeral of Mr. Cottle.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

Oldest and Largest Carpet House in New England

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN

Wilton and Brussels Carpets
Oriental and Domestic Rugs
Upholstery Fabrics

We have the largest stock in Boston, and show an endless variety of all grades of carpets and draperies. Prices always moderate.

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General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
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Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
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Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale
Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

— At the Centre street fire last evening Mrs. Mary Maloney was burned to death, while her mother, aged 95, was saved. At 5 o'clock a women across the street saw Mrs. Maloney in flames and hastened to her relief, but was unable to save her. She was 60 years old. It was supposed her dress caught while she was building a fire in the stove.

— Large sleighing parties have been much in vogue this week. They have been merry and noisy parties, mostly from neighboring towns and cities, occupying immense sleighs and barges, drawn by from 4 to 6 gaily comparisoned horses, with tin trumpets galore, and other ear-piercing devices. The sleighing for such gay and lively times has been fine all the week.

— The entertainment and dance given by Class '03 of the High School came fully up to the manifesto, and was a complete success socially and financially. The attendance exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine, and every part of the machinery ran as smooth as oil. The entertainment was tiptop and highly enjoyed, while the dancing, as an afterpiece, gave the greatest satisfaction.

— The funeral of Mr. John Buxton, who died at his home, 29 Winn street, Jan. 8, 1903, at the advanced age of nearly 88 years, was held there on Saturday, Jan. 10, and the interment was at Winchester. He was a native of North Reading, and had lived here about three years with his son, Mr. Albert B. Buxton, at whose residence he died. He was well and favorably known in this part of Middlesex county.

— Still the cry is: "No, not an ounce"—of coal, and yet, people manage to live, although, now and then, it is a tight squeeze. The Boston combination of heartless dealers are still on top and playing a desperate game to keep there; but "supply and demand," and the approach of spring, is sure to fetch them from their roosts in time. Boston ought to follow Chicago's example and take the bull by the horns and bring his nose to the ringbolt.

— The funeral of Mrs. Catherine Frances Smith, who died at her home in Mann's Court on Jan. 7, 1903, at the age of 47 years, was held at St. Charles church at 9 o'clock last Saturday morning, when and where solemn high mass was celebrated. It was largely attended, many members of the Women's Relief Corps, 84, to which she belonged, being present. Respect for her memory was exhibited in the contribution of a profusion of flowers, and in other ways.

— Last Wednesday evening, Jan 14, 1903, the First Congregational church of Woburn held their annual meeting, at which the following officers were chosen: Oliver F. Bryant, Clerk; F. P. Brooks, Assistant Clerk; Alfred H. Holland, Treasurer; John R. Carter, S S. Supt.; Arthur B. Wyman, Frederick J. Brown, Deacons for 4 years; Theodore G. Boutelle, Deacon to fill vacancy; Mariette T. Jameson, Carrie L. Emery, Deaconesses for 3 years; Theodore G. Boutelle, C. Bertrand Strout, Auditors.

— C. A. Nichols, of 7 Buel Place, Woburn, who has been advertising in these columns the past three months, a process whereby old carpets are made into handsome and durable rugs, writes us that he has secured many orders from Lexington and Arlington through the advertisement and wants it renewed. It is always gratifying to know that advertising pays in our papers. We are also glad to recommend the rugs, for although we have had none done personally, friends have had them and they are in every way satisfactory.—*Arlington Advocate.*

— Norris & Norris, Lawyers, have a change of professional card which litigants will do well to consult before beginning suits, or employing Counsel to defend them. The Senior member of the firm is an old and successful practitioner at the Bar, and the Junior, his daughter Miss Grace L. Norris, is as well equipped for the business as any person of her age in this city. She graduated at the head of her class from the Boston Law School and passed a fine examination before admittance to the Bar. The two make a good strong Law team.

— Mr. and Mrs. A. Linscott are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter this week.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis received a carload of the best dry birch wood from away up country a few days ago that has put in an appearance here this winter. It is a prime article, and his price for it is low. He and Hayward had another carload of hard coal reach here from the mines this week which helps a good many people out of their hard lines for something to burn and keep warm with. This is the third or fourth shipment they have received from the mines in the last few weeks, for which there has been an eager demand.

— Next Monday evening, Jan. 19, the following officers will be installed by Past Dept. Commander John E Gilman, assisted by comrade Mc Kenzie, commander of Post 15: Commander, James R. Wood; S. V. C., John Maloney; J. V. C., G. H. Ayer; Chaplain, Fort Staples; Surgeon, P L. Eaton; Q. M., A. B. Wyman; O. D., A. L. Richardson; O. G., C. B. Platts. This will be a public installation, the officers of the W. R. C. being installed at the same time. A good collation will be served, good speaking, and a right good time enjoyed.

— Gentlemen, take down and brush your "swallowtails" and pumps and make ready for the Woman's Club Guest Night this evening. Also put your "company manners" through a short course of training, for the fashion and elite of the city are to honor the "Night" with their presence, and gentlemen must not be weighed in the balance and found wanting as to clothes and deportment. Several ladies of the Club have privately informed the Editor of the JOURNAL, on his solemn promise not to divulge the secret, that the "Nfght" is to be the most brilliant society event that ever occurred in Woburn.

— A couple of weeks ago Mr. Joseph F. DeLoriea of 54 Warren avenue, this city, was elected President of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, one of the leading business organizations of the Hub. The election was an honor fully merited by him. Mr. DeLoriea is a member of the well known wholesale and commission firm of Brown, DeLoriea & Co., 89 South Market street, Boston, and prominent in Boston business circles, as he is in the social and political circles of Woburn. He is a trueblue Republican, active, intelligent and honest. The JOURNAL heartily congratulates him on his promotion to the Presidency of the Exchange.

— Last Sunday a train of cars and gang of employees of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company filled the stations and gatehouses in this town full of stove wood, the quality of which was enough to elicit longings from the most flinty hearts. It was fine, sound oak, beech and birch, along side of which it would put anthracite coal to the blush. Col. Callahan, at the Church avenue crossing, was grateful for the contribution, and is so choice of it that he proposes to keep his woodhouse locked of nights. The significance of the Company's supply of wood for fuel is not highly reassuring to those who are out of coal, and want it bad. On the other hand, it is an object lesson that housekeepers might profit giving heed to.

— One of the best and most entertaining lectures given this season in the Burbeen Free Lecture Course was that of Mr. Arthur K Peck last Tuesday evening on "The Yellowstone National Park" at Lyceum Hall. A crowded house enjoyed it in the highest degree, and many were happily disappointed, for the subject is a hackneyed one, and such a fine entertainment was hardly expected. The pictures were of the highest grade and represented scenes in the Park which the audience greatly enjoyed. John W. Johnson, Esq., one of the Trustees of the Burbeen Fund, announced in a feeling and appropriate manner the death that afternoon, on an outcoming Boston train, of Representative Edmund C. Cottle, an associate on tha Board, and paid a brief tribute of respect to his memory. This was Mr. Peck's second lecture here, and he has made himself a favorite with our people.

-Drs. Chalmers and Kelley performed an autopsy on the body of Mr. E. C. Cottle last Wednesday and found heart disease to have been the cause of his death.

— Mrs. Maud Wood Park, daughter of ex Ald. James R. Wood of this city, a lady of rare intellectual gifts, conducted, in a businesslike manner, the annual election of officers at the meeting of the Mass. Equal Suffrage Association at the residence of Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw in Boston on Tuesday, Jan. 13.

— Mr. Edwin K. Porter of 26 Arlington Road is recovering from a protracted and severe run of typhoid fever, and will soon return to his duties at Carter's ink establishment in Boston. Dr. Chalmers has been his physician, and Miss Ela, his nurse. At times he was dangerously sick, but is now rapidly mending.

— In a letter printed by us this week Mr. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, clears up the question of who the JOURNAL's New Year's Carrier was in 1852, and also the authorship of the Address he served to the subscribers at that time. We suspected John L. was the lad who raked in the dimes in exchange for Editor Fowle's poem, and so it proves.

— We have received the Catalogue of Tufts College for 1902 3, which makes quite a ponderous book. Among the students we find the Woburn names of Guy E. Marion, Bertha M. Heald, Angie M. Tripp, Harry W. Clark, Charles H. Young, Albert C. Blaisdell, Edward P. Kelley, John L. Breslin, John J. Moran, Joseph E. Talty.

— If the Board of Public Works should see fit to reject the nomination of John Cole Andrews for Water Registrar, why wouldn't it be a wise move to appoint Miss Lizzie J. Calnan to that office? She has been performing the duties of Registrar in an acceptable manner ever since Wade stepped out, and no good reason occurs to us why she would not fill the bill to perfection.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 36 at 5 30 last Friday evening was for a chimney fire in the house of John H. Navin on Winn street, which did slight damage. Last Sunday morning at 6.30 there was a fire in the packing shed at the Merrimac Chemical Co.'s Works. It was put out by their own fire company. The alarm from box 62 last evening at 5.05 was for a fire in the house of Mrs. Mary Maloney, 29 Centre street, which did considerable damage and caused the death of Mrs. Maloney who was burned, and a narrow escape for an old lady 95 years of age.

— On Wednesday, Jan. 14, the following Woburn ladies attended a meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Watertown: Madams Mary A. Leeds, Lucy Converse, Clara Aldrich, Ray, Hattie Kimball, Perry, and Miss Grace Bryant and Miss Marian T. Hosmer. The speakers were: Mrs Florence Kelley, Secretary of the Consumers League; headquarters at New York, whose subject was "Present Growth of Child Labor in the U. S"; Mr. Robert Woods on "Industrial Condition of Boston"; Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, "State Care of Wards", Prof. Edward Howard Greggs, "Education for the Art of Life."

— Burbank Woman's Relief Corp No. 84 had installation of Officers Friday afternoon, Jan. 9, followed by supper in the evening. Visitors from Saugus Corps were present. Mrs. Abbie Whitney, National Aid, was also present. The following installing officers were present: Maria Going, Department Counsellor; Mrs. Harriet Ralph, Instructing Conductor, President of the Soldiers Home in Massachusetts. The following officers were installed for the year 1903: President, Henrietta Dickinson; Vice-President, Mary E Newhall; Junior Vice-President, Mary E. Newhall; Junior Vice-President, Emily Hooper; Secretary, Annabella Brown; Treasurer, Henrietta Claffy; Chaplin, Mary Tilson; Conductor, Emma Farrow; Assistant Conductor, Alice Holt; Guard, Isabelle Curtis; Assistant, Guard Eunice Humphrey; Musician, Marcey Mc Elhaney; Patriot Instructor Sarah Woodside; Color Bearers, Stella Smith, Mrs. Annie Smith, Mrs. Stella Neville, and Mrs. Isabelle Stevenson.

— The weather was unfavorable, but the Auditorium was well filled last Sunday evening with people who assembled there to witness the presentation of "Nativity," a sacred drama, prepared by Rev. Henry A. Walsh of St. Charles church for the church's benefit. Not one of the many spectators was disappointed, for the play was splendidly put on the stage, and every part acted to perfection. Its preparation had consumed several weeks of Rev. Father Walsh's time and much pains and labor, for all which he was richly rewarded by the warm approbation which it received from an attentive and discriminating audience. The scenes of the "Nativity" were presented in striking and beautiful tableaux, the actors being clothed in the costume of its times, representing the Annunciation; The Visit of the Blessed Virgin to her cousin Elizabeth; The Apparition of the Angel to the Shepherds in the temple; The Visit of the Wise men to Jerusalem; The Court of Herod; The Adoration of the Magi; The cruel edict of Herod; The Slaughter of the Holy Innocents; The Adoration of Christians; and each was a lifelike and brilliant picture of a period in the history of the great event. It was, from beginning to end, a most interesting and entertaining production, in the preparation of which Rev. Fr. Walsh exhibited rare talent as a dramatist, and for which he deserved unlimited credit. To his kindness the JOURNAL was indebted for the privilege of witnessing the beautiful and highly successful performance.

North Woburn.

Mr. A. H. Robinson, who was for many years clerk and salesman in Fred A. Hartwell's meat market at the Centre, has opened a firstclass establishment of the kind in this village, which is just what our people have been wanting for a long time past. He will keep full lines of meats and vegetables, all of the best quality, and his prices, so he says, will be as low as at any market in the city. Everybody says Mr. Robinson is a good square man to deal with.

—23rd YEAR—
ROSE GLYCERINE LOTION

Chapped and rough skin of hands and face vanishes in a night by its use.

THE PILL BOX

SOLE PROPRIETOR. 25c. a Bottle.

Edmund C. Cottle.

This community was greatly shocked last Tuesday afternoon when it was learned that Mr. Edmund C. Cottle, one of the Representatives in the present Legislature from this District, had died on the railroad train that leaves Boston at 3.39 p. m., and arrives here at 4.10. Those who saw him in the morning before he started for the State House were attracted by his appearance of improved health and excellent spirits, and to them, as well as to the public generally, the news of his sudden death was a severe blow. He had been suffering from heart trouble for some time; had had many serious attacks of it during the last year; and it is probable that over exertion to catch the train was the immediate cause of Mr. Cottle's death, for his condition was discovered soon after the train left the Northern Station. He had parted from his colleague, Representative Henry M. Aldrich of Woburn, at the State House at 3.15 p. m., and started for the North Station to take the train which formerly left Boston for Woburn at 3.44 p. m. He did not know that the time of starting had recently been changed to 3.39, and it is thought that when he arrived at the station it was about time for the train to start and that he hurried to catch it. He took a double seat in the rear of the car which had no other occupant, and must have been stricken immediately, as he was discovered soon after leaving Boston by Woburn men who knew him, with his pulse still beating very faintly. He was chosen a member of the present General Court of Massachusetts as one of the Representatives from the 28th District last November, and had served in the House just a week when suddenly stricken down as he was returning to his home in this city at the close of his official duties for the day.

Edmund C. Cottle was born in 1842 at North Tisbury, Mass., where he lived till 1857 when he came to Woburn and learned the trade of tanning and currying leather. For seven years he was a partner with Ebenezer N. Blake, then for two years with Julius F. Ramsdell, and then for a number of years he was in business alone until he sold out to the American Hide & Leather Company, three years ago.

Mr. Cottle was one of the best known men in this city. He was popular and highly esteemed by all classes, and especially by men in the leather factories was he held in friendly regard. In earlier times he had been a fellow workman of theirs at the bench and was always afterwards a "hale fellow well met" with his former associates. He was prominent in society and politics, and, until he retired, was one of Woburn's most successful and wealthiest business men and leather manufacturers.

Under the old Town government he was a member of the Board of Selectmen and Assessors, at one time Chairman, and under the City government he was a member of the Board of Aldermen. He was a Director of the First National Bank of Woburn and of the Savings Bank, and a Trustee of the Co-Operative Bank; also a Trustee of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund and a Director of the American Hide and Leather Company.

When the leather combination was formed in 1899 he was appointed Manager of the Woburn branch of the business and served a year. He was a member of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons and Woburn Post 161, G. A. R.

Mr. Cottle had been twice married. He left a widow, one son, Fred E. Cottle, of the F. E. Cottle Leather Company, and one daughter, Mrs. Walter C. Marion, both children of his first wife, and a daughter, Agnes, child of his surviving widow, to whom his death is a great sorrow. They have the sympathy of this community in their bereavement.

The loss by death of no person in Woburn would be felt more keenly than that of Mr. Cottle. He had a kind word for everybody, and an open hand for the deserving. He was a good and loyal citizen. He took an interest in the welfare of the town and cheerfully did his part to promote it. Briefly, he was liked by everyone who knew him, and the sorrow of the people over his loss is general and sincere.

The funeral is to be held at the late residence of Mr. Cottle, 14 Highland street, at 2 o'clock this Friday, afternoon. Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, will conduct the religious services.

Thomas Salmon.

Mr. Thomas Salmon died at his home, No. 10 Arlington Road, suddenly at noon Friday, Jan. 9, 1903, while sitting in a chair conversing with a friend, Mr. Patrick Hickey. He had not been in good health for some time, and for two weeks had been confined to the house with a severe cold, from which he lacked sufficient vitality to recover.

Mr. Salmon was one of the best known men in this city, having been prominent in business and politics many years, and successful in both. He was born near the famous Wild Goose Lodge, County Louth, Ireland, on November 17th, 1833, and came to America when 24 years old. In 1858 he arrived in Woburn which he has made his home ever since. His first occupation here was that of a tanner and currier, at which business he was employed by John Cummings & Co., and J. B. Winn & Co. Subsequently he carried on the same as proprietor, and in 1868 established a grocery trade, in which he has ever since been successfully employed. For many years he had been ticket agent for several of the principal European and American steamship Companies plying across the Atlantic and enjoyed a large patronage. He was also interested in real estate and the owner of houses and lands.

Mr. Salmon, until his health began to fail, was prominent in public affairs. He had been a member of the Legislature, Selectman under the old Town government, Assessor, Overseer of the Poor, Highway Commissioner, etc., positions which he filled with the best of judgment, the highest integrity and profit to the town. At the time of his death he had long been a Director in the Woburn Cooperative Bank and Chairman of its Investment Committee, and his loss to that institution will be keenly felt.

Mr. Salmon was an old fashioned Democrat, and for many years wielded a strong influence in the councils of his Party. He was fair and upright in politics, as in all his private dealings. His word and promises were always strictly kept, and the people trusted him.

A daughter, Mrs. John F. Scalley, and a sister, Mrs. Bridget Coleman, are left to mourn his loss by death. Having been so long a prominent figure in town his removal from the scenes of life here will be felt and regretted by many people.

The funeral services were held in St. Charles church at 9 o'clock Monday morning, Jan. 12, and were solemn and impressive. The auditorium of the church was crowded with the friends and neighbors of the deceased, many representative business men being present. The funeral procession to the grave in Calvary cemetery was the longest that has passed along the streets for many years. Solemn high mass of requium was celebrated, Rev. James J. Keegan being the celebrant; Rev. Henry A. Walsh, deacon; and Rev. James F. Doherty, subdeacon. The music was appropriate and fine. Miss Nellie O'Brien sang sweetly, "Pie Jesu," and Mr. John Lynch, "I love to hear my Savior's Voice." The Co-operative Bank, of which Mr. Salmon had long been an officer, was represented at the funeral, during which the business houses were closed. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers, although a request had been made that none be carried.

Every Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Warranted.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. All druggists.

The Journal's Carrier in 1852.

LYNN, Mass., Jan. 10, 1903.

DEAR EDITOR HOBBS: By some strange fate the JOURNAL did not reach me until today, when my attention was arrested by your note concerning the Carrier's Address of Jan. 1, 1852. I was the boy who carried that Address to the patrons of the JOURNAL.

It was a new idea for the people of Woburn. A workman in the office, who was a native of the British Provinces, told me that it was the custom in his country, and ought to be established here. As the JOURNAL had just started, being less than three months old, he contended that the time was ripe for the inauguration of the custom. I was a lad of 14 years, and a "printer's devil" of only one month's experience, so he offered to print the Address out of hours, while I was to get the Editor to write it and then offer it to the subscribers, and the proceeds be divided between us.

Mr. John A. Fowle, who is still living, and able yet to write good verse, consented to prepare the Address. It was printed, and I started out with my papers and the novelty. The first subscriber to whom I offered it, had lived in New York, where the custom was well established, and he wished me a Happy New Year and gave me a dime. The next one had never heard of such a thing, but after due explanation he gave me half a dime. And so it went on through the day, for as there was only one carrier it took me well into the afternoon to cover my route. The largest sum received was a quarter, which seemed quite large. I do not remember how much money was realized by the venture, but my share was not over two or three dollars, and my partner was a good deal chagrined because there was no more. But it was a new thing to me and a novelty to our subscribers, and my success was all I had a right to expect.

The next year the carrier had no trouble, and the returns were quite generous. He reaped where I had sown.

I am glad to know that there is a copy of that first address in existence, and hope that when my friend Garland gets through with it he will place it in the Woburn Public Library; where so many objects of historic interest are preserved.

Yours truly,
JOHN L. PARKER.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL

"Sweet Clover," which will be the attraction at Boston Music Hall next week, a comedy drama in four acts by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, must be credited with one of the most pronounced and substantial hits of the season. It tells of a sweet young girl, reared by an old father with zealous care, lest she fall into the path that years before led her mother to forsake her baby and husband. The plot leads with rapid sequence through events wherein the girl learns that her secret lover is the son of the man who lured away her mother. The characters are all exceptionally well drawn, the rural atmosphere is perfect and the comedy element so strong as to make the play seem like an April day, alternating between sunshine and showers.

THE COLONIAL.

Klaw & Erlanger's American production of the famous Drury Lane spectacular extravaganza, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," will be presented in New England for the first time at the Colonial Theatre in Boston, Monday evening, February 2. This piece was first seen on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, two years ago. It was pronounced by all the London critics the most magnificent spectacle ever presented at that house, where the greatest productions in all Europe are made. Klaw & Erlanger bought it for American presentation just after its London premiere and first produced it at the Broadway Theatre in New York, November 4, 1901, where it made the greatest success ever scored in the American metropolis by a musical production, playing for thirty consecutive weeks to the largest receipts on record at this theatre. Klaw & Erlanger imported all the scenery, costumes, armor, properties and effects used in its original presentation at Drury Lane, which comprise fifteen great scenes, over twelve hundred costumes and other paraphernalia sufficient to fill seventeen baggage cars 65 feet long. The original production entailed an outlay of over $100,000. An additional expense of $65,000 was paid by Klaw & Erlanger to import it to this country and place it on the American stage. Never content unless their productions represent the highest attainment of artistic excellence and brightness, they expended a large sum at the opening of the present season in new costumes and scenic effects. "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" will be presented at the Colonial Theatre exactly as staged at the Broadway Theatre in New York for thirty weeks last season and as presented this season during long runs in Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Washington. The advance sale of seats will begin a week ahead of the opening date, Feb. 2. Seats may be ordered by mail, accompanied by remittances, letters to be directed to Mr. Isaac B. Rich, Manager, Colonial Theatre, Boston, Mass.

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Fergus Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep which she had not done for several days. The son was so much pleased with the relief it gave his mother that he has since recommended it to many others. For sale by all druggists.

In Memoriam.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the Woburn Co-operative Bank, held January 15, 1903, the following action was taken relative to the death of THOMAS SALMON:

RESOLVED: That in the death of Thomas Salmon the Bank loses a Director whose labors will be greatly missed. He was constantly in attendance; ever ready to give liberally of his time and thought; a charter member, and the last of the original Board of Investment of which he had been a member since the Bank's incorporation in 1887, and its Chairman for the past six years, in which position he rendered valuable service to the Bank.

Voted: That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Bank, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

Trade-Mark Rights Protected.

INFRINGER OF THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL TRADE-MARK ENJOINED.

An injunction has been issued by the Superior Court of Suffolk County, in the case of Cabot vs Hill, for alleged infringement of the former's trade mark "Sulpho-Napthol," restraining the latter, his officers, agents, servants and attorneys ..... from using upon any bottles, packages or boxes containing disinfecting compound or other compound, the word "Boro-Napthol," or any other name so similar to the name "Sulpho-Napthol" as to deceive the public, and to induce purchasers to believe that they are purchasing "Sulpho-Napthol," and restraining him and them, and each of them, from putting-up, selling, or offering for sale any disinfecting compound wrapped, packed and labelled in the manner employed by the plaintiff in connection with his compound known as "Sulpho Napthol," or in a manner so similar thereto as to be an unlawful imitation thereof."

For a bad taste in the mouth take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. Warranted to cure. For sale by all druggists.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1903.

The impression is daily gaining ground that there will be anti-trust legislation at this session of Congress. All idea of a sweeping anti-trust bill has, however, been practically abandoned and the programme now contemplated consists of enacting several brief bills amending the present statutes and making some slight additions to the present laws. Attorney General Knox has sent to the House, where they were introduced by Representative Jenkins, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, two measures along this line and the Judiciary Committee has already voted to favorably report one bill which carries into effect one of Mr. Knox's recommendations. It provides a method for facilitating court procedure in anti-trust suits brought by the Federal Government.

One of the Knox bills amends the Sherman law by forbidding the giving or receiving of rebates in transportation, a fine of $5,000 being provided. It also provides that any corporation receiving such rebate shall be debarred from having its products transported and forbids the transportation of such products if the corporation discriminates in prices to destroy competition.

The other bill provides for the appointment of a bi-partisan commission to carry out the provisions of the Sherman act when amended as proposed. The Commission is to have powers similar but much stronger than those now possessed by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

That the Knox bills will be enacted precisely as offered is not likely. But that their provisions will be carried out in such measure or measures as may be eventually reported by the Judiciary Committee is practically assured. There is some soreness on the part of the subcommittee appointed by the Judiciary Commitee to draft an anti-trust measure because the Attorney General ignored its Chairman, Mr. Littlefield, and sent his bills direct to Mr. Jenkins, Chairman of the whole committee, after refusing to furnish the sub-committee an administration anti-trust measure. It is not believed, however, that the present misunderstanding will prove inimical to the cause of anti-trust legislation.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Religion a Source of Consolation." Sunday School 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning a 10.45. Subject: "Truth."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after the Epiphany.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., evening service with sermon by the pastor. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., adjourned annual meeting and prayer meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting

Married.

In this city, Jan. 1, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Daniel Nolan and Elizabeth M. Harkins, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 11, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Albert Munroe Parker of Woburn and Leila Etta (Patterson) Krey of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 8, John Buxton, aged 87 years, 3 months, 14 days.

In this city, Jan. 13, Edmund C. Cottle, aged 60 years, 3 months, 12 days.

In this city, Jan. 9, Thomas Salmon, aged 69 years, 1 month, 23 days.

In this city, Jan. 9, Edward Brogan, aged 6 years, 7 months, 14 days.

Superior
Home-Made
Mince Meat
IN GLASS JARS.
25c. per JAR.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

TREMONT THEATRE | BOSTON
BEGINNING MONDAY, JAN. 12
— FOR —
THREE WEEKS ONLY
HENRIETTA
CROSMAN
IN THE
Big New York Success
ROLAND MacDONALD'S PLAY, THE
SWORD OF THE KING
Unanimously Voted by Critics and Public the Most Artistic Achievement of Miss Crosman's Career.
New York's approval shown in a Long Run at Wallack's Theatre.
TRIBUNE—"The performance was superb."
WORLD—"The best play she has ever produced"
TELEGRAM—"A decided success."
JOURNAL—"Miss Crossman makes a big hit."
PRESS "No better entertainment in Broadway."
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

CABOT'S
Sulpho Napthol
THE HOME DISINFECTANT
Kills all disease germs. Destroys all bad odors. Purifies sick-rooms, toilets, cellars, etc.
KEEPS AWAY SICKNESS AND DISEASE.
Beware of imitations. Take only packages bearing above Trade-Mark.

Annual Sale

of Remnants, Short Lengths and Soiled Goods, Odd Pieces of Underwear, and Odds and Ends in general,

COMMENCING

TUESDAY, Jan. 13.

Those who have attended these Sales in the past know full well the advantages to be obtained. To them we would say this sale will not be a whit behind former ones. To others we urge an early call, as you will certainly find much to interest, and many Bargains that cannot be duplicated.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Compound Syrup

— OF —

Hypophosphites

counteracts the effects of excessive exertion during the holidays.

85c. Large Bottles.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
DRUGGIST,
361 Main St.

HAVE

You Visited

the largest and finest retail market in Boston? It is located at No. 105 Causeway St. opposite North Station and you can save money buying there your Meats, Groceries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit.

Bargains offering all the time.

Good Corn Beef	6c lb
Sirloin Steak	15 & 20c lb
Sirloin Roasts	15 & 20c lb
Fancy Legs Lamb	15c lb
Fancy Chickens	20c lb

All grades of coffee roasted and ground fresh every day. Complete Fish department. Reasonable purchases delivered free within 10 miles of Boston.

North Union Market,

105 CAUSEWAY ST.,
Opp. North Station, BOSTON

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To Margaret M. Taylor, the next of kin and all other persons interested in Daniel B. Barnum of Woburn, in the said County of Middlesex, minor.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Jennie F. Dixon of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, praying for the appointment of herself, or some other suitable person, as guardian;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of January A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a guardian should not be appointed and have the custody of said minor as aforesaid.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, to the next of kin of said minor, and others interested, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing a copy thereof to the said Margaret M. Taylor at her last known address at least fourteen days before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Seviah Warren, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Carleton Warren, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty seventh day of January A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM Register.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

FOR RENT.

Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls. Location: No. 16 Plympton street.

Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND,
403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Rebecca B. Fowle to Moses P. Parker, trustee for Samuel T. Parker and others, as successor in trust under the trust provisions of a certain deed from Samuel T. Parker to William C. Parker dated July 21, 1887, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1808, Folio 502; said mortgage deed being dated March 20, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2805, Page 330, for breach of condition, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on

MONDAY, the twenty-sixth day of January, A. D., 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the land to be sold, all and singular, the premises described in said mortgage deed, substantially as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the southerly side of Montvale avenue and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Montvale avenue and at land of Joanna F. Maguire; from thence the line runs easterly on and by said Montvale avenue one hundred seventy-eight and one-half (178½) feet to a passage way; thence turning the line runs southerly by said passage way and land formerly of Charles S. White about three hundred and fifty (350) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs westerly still by land formerly of Charles S. White about one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake at land formerly of John G. Flagg; thence turning the line runs northerly by land formerly of John G. Flagg, by land of Thomas T. Long, and by land of said Joanna F. Maguire about four hundred and three-tenths (400.3) feet to said Montvale avenue and point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Rebecca B. Fowle by Lewis W. Thompson by deed dated March 13, 1900, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and sewer or other assessments (if any.)

One hundred dollars cash to be paid at time and place of sale; balance in ten days.

MOSES P. PARKER, Trustee, Mortgagee.
CHESTER W. EATON, Attorney.
Wakefield, December 31, 1902.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of J. Edward Phillips late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of February, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-laws next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles E. Chase, late of Woburn in said County deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Henrietta J. Chase, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of February, A. D 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esq., First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

COAL

Can be saved by using

OUTSIDE WINDOWS.

We have a large stock.

E. A. CARLISE, POPE & CO.
2A Sudbury St., Boston.
DOORS, WINDOWS and BLINDS

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Arthur R. Gage, late of New York in the State of New York, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, and appointing William H. Dunbar of Cambridge, Mass., her agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

EUGENIE A. W. GAGE, Executrix.
Care Brandeis, Dunbar & Nutter,
220 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
December 30, 1902.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jane Sherburne, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Adm.
Woburn, Mass.
December 30th, 1902.

Houghton & Dutton
OPTICAL PARLORS.
(9th Floor.)

Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

Executors' Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license issued by the Middlesex County Probate Court and dated January 6, 1903, the undersigned, executors of the will of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

Monday, February 2, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of real estate of said deceased, to wit:—Dwellinghouse and about four thousand square feet of land on the north side of Broad street, in said Woburn, bounded southerly by Broad street; easterly by land of heirs of John Reagan; northerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis; westerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
GEORGE A. DAY.
Executors of the Will of Levi W. Cooper.
Woburn, January 16, 1903.

To Let.

A Tenement of six rooms at No. 4 Court street, $11.00 per month. E. H. RICHARDS, 25 Fairmount street.

Not Excelled.

[From the Exeter (N. H.) News-Letter.]

The large magazine section of the last number of The Boston *Sunday Herald* was a notably fine effect in these days of fast newspaper work and was probably not excelled by any American newspaper. The arrangement and artistic beauty of the illustrations, so admirably brought out by the skilful work of the engravers, and excellence of the printing produced a result that was greatly admired.

A Card.

The undersigned herein wish to express to their many kind friends and neighbors their sincere appreciation of the manifold acts of kindness and the loving aid given them in the loss of their loved one, also to extend their heartfelt thanks for the numberless tokens of sympathy tendered them in this their hour of bereavement and sorrow.

CHARLES E. SMITH AND FAMILY.

"The nicest and pleasantest medicine I have used for indigestion and constipation is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Melard F. Craig, of Middlegrove, N. Y. "They work like a charm and do not gripe or have any unpleasant effect." For sale by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

Field-marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., begins a very interesting series of four articles on The Young Napoleon in the January COSMOPOLITAN. Field-marshal Wolseley is today probably the ablest living military writer, and his work will be received with a wide welcome, not only from those interested in Napoleon's career but from all those who are interested in military affairs. Three other features in the January COSMOPOLITAN will attract attention. The first is a sketch of Russell Sage and his methods and the immense resources controlled by him. The second, a very able paper on Daniel Gray Reid and the men who have recently played so large a part in financial affairs in connection with the Rock Island Railroad The third is by Representative Walter P. Brownlow, of Tennessee, on the movement to build one hundred million dollars' worth of good roads each year, one-third to be paid by the Government.

WINCHESTER.

The dedication of the new church at Montvale seems to have been almost exclusively a Winchester religious function.

Rev. S. W. Adriance expects to leave New York on Feb. 2 for a tour through Spain, Egypt and Holy Land. What more interesting parts of the earth could one possibly visit?

It is plain to be seen that the *Star's* able and racy correspondent, "H. F. J." is not deeply in love with Lieut. Gov. Guild, which isn't a bad recommendation, at all, for Col. G. There are very few things in this world that "H. F. J." really approves of.

The series of six lectures to the Sunday School teachers of this town is to be given on Friday evening of each week by Miss Kinsman at the Episcopal church. It is earnestly hoped that they may do good, and help to elevate the standard of Sunday School teaching here.

Evidently the bright and shining *Star* of this village believes in the old saying: "the early bird catches the worm;" for, two months before Town Meeting day, it comes out flatfooted for the selection of a pair of our worthy citizens for places on the Board of Selectmen, and gives cogent reasons for its choice. The *Star* is never caught napping. It is square up with the times, "and "keeps step to the music of the Union."

Intellect and Hair.

"From the color of a man's hair may be learned a good deal in regard to his intellectual ability," says a professor of the University of Lille who has for some months been closely studying the subject. Schoolboys with chestnut hair, he maintains, are likely to be more clever than any other and will generally be found at the head of the class, and in like manner girls with fair hair are likely to be far more studious and bright than girls with dark hair. In mathematics and recitation these boys and girls, he claims, specially excel. On the other hand, he says that boys and girls with brown hair are most likely to attain distinction through their individuality and style and that those with red or auburn hair do not often excel in any respect.

WILD ANIMAL FIGHTS.

Enormous Physical Force Expended In These Fierce Combats.

In the pitched battles which sometimes take place between the great carnivora and the largest and most powerful of the ox tribe the forces of animal courage, desperation and bodily strength must be exhibited on a scale never elsewhere seen, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Such combats do occur, but have seldom been witnessed and still less frequently described. Two or three lions sometimes combine in such an attack, but from the marks seen on buffalo it is probable that sometimes there is a single combat, for it can hardly be supposed that the buffalo could escape from more than one lion.

The number of foot pounds of energy put into such a struggle must be something extraordinary. The efforts of a lion, which can strike a man's arm from the shoulder and leave it hanging by a strip of skin or which can carry a cow over a high stockade, endeavoring unsuccessfully in close grips to drag down or disable a buffalo bull, must be on a gigantic scale, and the strength which can shake him off and, it is believed, occasionally crush the lion afterward must be even more amazing. A buffalo bull has been credited with engaging three lions in mortal combat and making a good fight before he was disabled by one of the lions hamstringing him by biting his legs from behind.

Errors of Diet.

An insurance man of my acquaintance ate hearty breakfasts, with meat and coffee, a hurried lunch at noon, but also with meat, and a heavy dinner at night. He took no exercise, always rode between house and office, became fat and bloated, and his blood became so overloaded that he readily succumbed to disease at forty-five. The wonder was that he lived so long. He was a type of the average well to do citizen. Like him, most of us eat too much, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Diet should depend upon temperament and vocation. At hard work out of doors one requires more nutriment than at sedentary labor indoors. A gradual reduction in diet, even an occasional fast, will cure many ordinary ills. Add deep breathing, fresh air, body building exercises, plenty of sunshine, water inside and out, and it is astonishing how much better one feels.

Prices For Sermons.

Much has been said of the practice of buying and selling sermons, a practice, by the way, of no very special novelty. Just before Toplady was about to be ordained Osborne, the bookseller, the friend of Johnson, offered to supply him with a stock of original sound sermons for a trifle. "I would sooner buy secondhand clothes," was the tart reply. "Don't be offended," said Osborne. "I have sold many to a bishop." The price of sermons, as of all else, has varied with the times. In 1540 a bishop of Llandaff received from the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for a sermon on the annunciation a pike, price 2s. 4d.; a gallon of wine, eightpence, and boat hire—in all 3s. 4d. In the seventeenth century sermons seem to have been valued at about 5 shillings each.

Making It Clear.

Religious examination papers are an ancient and unfailing source of joy. The latest one to be put in evidence comes from an English church training college. Candidates for admission are required to give in writing some account of the religious instruction they have received, and a recent answer to the first two formal questions ran as follows:

Question: What instruction have you had in religious knowledge?

Answer: None.

Question: By whom was it given?

Answer: By the vicar.

The thing might have been expressed more logically, but not much more clearly.

A Guest's Mot.

Greville does not tell the following story in his famous "Memoirs," but it is a fitting return for his own rather malicious wit: On one occasion, when Lord Alvanley was his guest, the dining room had been newly and showily furnished, whereas the dinner was but a very meager one. While many of the guests were complimenting their host on his taste and magnificence Lord Alvanley interrupted them with, "For my part, I should prefer more carving and less gilding."

Changing the Diet.

Cannibal Chief—Wasn't that last missionary you sent us a writer of books?

Agent—Yes.

Cannibal Chief—And the one before was formerly an editor?

Agent—That is correct.

Cannibal Chief—Well, I wish you'd send us a football player next. The medicine man says we're having too much brain food.—Judge.

A Genuine One.

A man dropped his wig in the street, and a boy who was following close behind the loser picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen."

Broke.

Father—Well, my son, did you succeed in breaking in the new horses so that they would stand the noise of steam?

Son—No, father, but I broke the carriage.

In the Lover's Eye.

All's fair in love, especially the girl a fellow is in love with.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Shooting In Cambridge.

Years ago when Bret Harte, fresh from the Pacific slope, heard the list of famous men living at Cambridge he said to Mr. Howells:

"Why, you couldn't fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two volumer!"

Altogether.

"How many are there in your family?"

"Seven altogether, but we're scattered all over the United States."—Baltimore American.

Why has no religion this command before all others: Thou shalt work?—Auerbach.

Why They Were Clean.

Teacher—Now, I want all the children to look at Tommy's hands and observe how clean they are, and see if all of you cannot come to school with cleaner hands. Tommy, perhaps, will tell us how he keeps them so nice.

Tommy—Yes'm. Ma makes me wash the breakfast things every morning.

ONE TRAIT OF AN OUTLAW.

Always Willing to Stand by a Comrade In Trouble.

While Monrow was low minded, ignorant and brutal, he had one big quality that in some measure redeemed him in the eyes of the men who followed the rough life of the range. He would not desert a comrade in time of trouble, says the World's Work. Down in El Paso in the early part of his career before he had become bold enough to allow evidence of his misdeeds to become apparent he was ostensibly running a ranch and struggling along with the rest of the pioneer cattlemen. A man in his employ was caught driving off a bunch of cattle from a neighbor's herd. By some mischance the fellow fell into the hands of a newly elected sheriff and was not hanged. He was duly arraigned and held under bond of $3,000. Monrow was present at the time and offered to go on his bond. The justice would not accept Monrow.

"Nothing but cash goes in this here court," he said.

Monrow rode away. Five days later he appeared, deposited the cash bond for his friend, furnished him with a horse, and together they headed toward the south. Within an hour a band of cattlemen picked up the trail and followed it to Rio Grande. Monrow had stolen an entire herd, rushed it across to friends in Mexico and in that manner raised the security the court demanded for his friend. Of course, the man never returned for trial, and Monrow began open operations shortly afterward.

No Opposition.

They were holding a county convention when I reached Davisburg, and after dinner I went over to the hall to hear the speaking, says a writer in an exchange. It didn't amount to much until Sam Walker rose up and said:

"I hain't bin sayin' much around yere today, but the time has cum fur me to shoot off my voice. The ole woman is ag'in me, and my son Bill is ag'in me, but I want to go to the legislachur from this deestrict. The ole woman is ag'in me 'cause I can't write. What do I want to write fur? Thar'll be nuff who kin without me. My son Bill is ag'in me 'cause I can't read. What do I want to read fur? Can't I sot thar and h'ar others read?

"Yes. I want to go to the legislachur, and I hereby nominate myself. That nomination, feller citizens, is carried in my favor as slick as coon grease, and I've got jist a word mo'. I shall be right yere on 'leckshun day, and the varmint who polls a vote ag'in Sam Walker won't be residin' in this yere cold world five minits later."

A Hat Tragedy.

Not long ago a lady was choosing a hat, with the usual uncertainty of mind as to the kind of hat she wanted or whether, indeed, she wanted a hat at all. After trying on nearly every model in the shop she pounced with glee on one she had overlooked. "Here's something pretty!" she said. "Why did you not show me this before?" Without waiting for an answer she appealed to her patient friend. "There's some style about this, isn't there? How do I look?"

The friend distinctly sniffed. "It makes you look a hundred, and it's very dowdy," she said.

The other tried the hat at another angle. "It is rather dowdy," she admitted at this juncture. "Perhaps I won't risk it after all."

A voice from behind her made its third attempt to gain a hearing. "If you've quite done with my hat," it said very bitterly, "I should rather like to put it on!"

The Western Reserve.

In the early days of the Hayes administration, when Mr. Evarts was secretary of state, the members of the cabinet were discussing matters in an informal way one morning when the president mentioned that he had made a few appointments without consulting his official family, the appointees being personal friends. All the places filled happened to fall within the state department. Secretary Evarts turned to John Sherman and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have often heard and read about the western reserve of Ohio, but I must confess that I have never seen any of it."

Sterilizing Butter.

In times of cholera, typhoid and other infectious diseases butter is a dangerous thing to eat. A medical man in Egypt gives this recipe for making it harmless: Sterilize the local article by standing it in a covered jar surrounded by boiling water, which should be allowed to simmer for two hours. The jar should then be put on ice and the butter beaten with an egg whisk until it becomes solid again.

The Tarantula.

The sting of the tarantula (a name derived from Taranto, a town in Italy), the most venomous of spiders, was popularly supposed to produce a disease called tarantism, which could be cured only by music or dancing, and the dance which cured it was called tarantella. You can see the peasants dance the tarantella now, but without waiting for spider bites.

Pecan Hunts In Kentucky.

In the Kentucky bottom lands along the lower Ohio and its tributaries the apple orchards and "sugar bush" are things of tradition, says the Indianapolis News. Their places have been taken by the pecan, which yields a much greater revenue. The pecan orchard is usually distributed throughout one of those immense cornfields of several hundred acres that formed the antebellum plantations. Here they are enriched by constant cultivation as well as by the fertilizer from the overflow of the Ohio that occurs always once and frequently oftener a season. The pecan season opens special festivities. Society in the neighboring towns and cities takes it up most enthusiastically with pecan "tours," picnics, dinners—in truth, all varieties of fetes that such ingenuity can originate. The right to gather the nuts is purchased and a professional climber hired. A woods dinner is the most pleasing feature of the occasion—bacon, chicken, broiled on a spit before a fragrant fire; Irish potatoes and the real, old fashioned red sweets, onions baked in a crater of hot coals, kimmel rye bread, roasted cheese, gingerbread and crabapple cider from the farmhouse.

The Japanese Stable.

We can learn from the Japanese a thing or two about stabling horses. In Japan horses are backed into their stalls; then a door is closed at the head, which has a grain and hayrack conveniently constructed, to which the nag is secured. When needed, the door is swung back and the horse led forth. No one gets kicked, no refuse matter is visible to the visitor, and it seems to be a sensible way to construct a place for any horse.

PARIS PAWNSHOPS.

Why They Are Poor Places to Get Loans on Stolen Watches.

Of watches alone there are received here and at the twenty-two branch offices from a thousand to twelve hundred a day, about 350,000 in a year, the average loan on a watch being 30 or 40 francs. The official assured me that in this great number of watches scarcely one in a thousand has been stolen, the fact being that people who have come dishonestly by watches or other property fight shy of the mont de piete. The reason of this was presently made plain as we watched the formalities of record, and I realized how difficult it would be for any one to do business here under a concealed identity. Every client receiving a loan greater than 15 francs must produce some official document—an insurance policy, a citizen's voting card, a permit to carry arms or a rent receipt bearing his signature and throwing light upon his station in life. For loans under 15 francs the client is simply required to show an envelope through the mails to his address. All these facts, with various others, are duly inscribed upon huge record sheets, so that whoever deals with the mont de piete exposes himself to the scrutiny that must be ungrateful to folks of shady antecedents. Indeed, certain persons make this a grievance against the mont de piete and declare the Paris system an impertinent intrusion upon a client's privacy, which would seem a point badly taken if the client is an honest man.—Cleveland Moffett on Paris Pawnshops in Century.

Cards Disclose the Man.

"I wish I had not played bridge with Mr. X.," said a girl recently. "I thought him so nice before, and now my liking for him has quite gone. He was so keen about trifles, insisted upon every forfeit, questioned the score and seemed so annoyed when he lost, and yet the stakes were very small, and he was only out a few dollars; so, of course, it was not the money. It must have been the disposition of the man coming out under provocation, and the test did not show him up to advantage. Now, Mr. Z., the other man at the table, was so good natured and such a gentleman in his play that I quite like him, although I never thought him attractive before."

All games of competition may be said to assay certain characteristics, but the most crucial test seems to be card playing, and bridge is responsible for many a coolness resulting from self betrayal at the green table.—New York Tribune.

The Badger as a Fireman.

A badger which had made its home among the granite cliffs dealt with the fire god with sagacity and skill, says Nature. A friend, while painting a sea piece, discovered a badger's lair and thought to play the animal a practical joke. Gathering together a bundle of grass and weeds, he placed it inside the mouth of the hole and, igniting it with a match, waited for the ignominious flight of the astonished householder. But Master Badger was a resourceful animal and not disposed to be made a butt of practical jokers. He came up from the depths of his hole as soon as the penetrating smoke told him that there was a fire on the premises and deliberately scratched earth on the burning grass with his strong claws until all danger was past. No human being could have grasped the situation more quickly or displayed greater skill in dealing with an unfamiliar event.

The Bud of a Tree.

Among the curious things discovered by the students of plant life is the fact that a bud taken from one tree and grafted on another carries the age of the original tree with it. It has always been believed that the bud so transferred began a wholly new life, but this new theory—it may, after all, be more theory than fact as yet—shows the matter in an entirely different light.

For example, if a bud be taken from a tree that is twenty-five years old with a natural life of fifty years and grafted on another tree it will not live as long as its parent tree is entitled to live, the full fifty years, but only for the period of life then left to the tree, twenty-five years.

Extravagant.

"There was a young man in Michigan," said a United States senator, "who was deeply enamored of a beautiful young lady in my town. He lived in Detroit and one day decided that the only thing for him to do was to propose. So he went to the telegraph office and sent this message:

"'Will you marry me? Twenty word answer paid for.'

"An hour later he received this reply:

"'You are extravagant. Why pay for nineteen words too many? No.'"

A Respect For Figures.

"What do you consider the most important branch of education?"

"Arithmetic," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Give a boy plenty of arithmetic. What blights the careers of so many young men is the failure to realize that you can't subtract a $5,000 expense account from a $1,000 income."—Washington Star.

Helps.

"Yes, he always announces himself as a patron of art."

"In what way?"

"He manufactures picture cord."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Clear Course.

"She says that he is a man after her own heart."

"Then I suppose he will get it."—Judge.

It's usually easier for one father to support ten small children than it is for ten grownup children to support one father.

Minute Parts of a Watch.

The minuteness of the parts of a watch is shown by the following figures: It takes 150,000 of one certain kind of watch screws to make a pound The pivot of the balance wheel is only one-two-hundredths of an inch in diameter. Each jewel hole into which a pivot fits is about one-five-thousanths of an inch larger than the pivot, to permit sufficient play. The finest screw for a small sized watch has a thread of 260 to the inch and weighs one-one-hundred-and-thirty-thousandths of a pound. A pallet jewel weighs one one-hundred-and-fifty-thousandths of a pound; a roller jewel a little more than one-two-hundred-and-fifty-six thousandths. The largest round hairspring stud is four-one-hundredths of an inch in diameter and about nine one-hundreths of an inch in length.

Her Little Joke.

"Henry," she exclaimed as he came home to dinner, "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"What was it?" he demanded excitedly.

"The alarm clock."—Scraps.

Our Lady's Jewel Box

and the jewels to put in it form a part of our stock of jewelry. Our store is a mint of suggestions that can be acted upon at a cost most reasonable.

☞ You are welcome always.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ FINE REPAIRING in all its branches.

Croup.

The peculiar cough which indicates croup, is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by all druggists.

He Demanded Protection.

Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska in speaking had a peculiar style of delivery, and as he warmed to his subject it was his habit to move restlessly from one side of the chamber to the other, continually talking. He talked so fast that he often "spluttered," and senators were careful to keep out of range of the moisture he hissed through his closely set teeth.

Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Spooner once sat directly in front of "Mr. Punch," as Senator Van Wyck was often called because of his resemblance to that noted character, when he was delivering an impassioned utterance, and an atom of spray rested upon the hand of the immaculate Ingalls.

He adjusted his spectacles, carefully inspected his soiled hand and deliberately signaled for one of the pages to come to him. Then in one of his famous whispers, which penetrated the entire chamber, Ingalls said:

"Boy, bring an umbrella for Senator Spooner and a rubber overcoat for me."

The incident provoked general laughter, but it did not interfere with Van Wyck's speech. He simply shifted his position so as to get beyond range of his always faultlessly dressed and sarcastic colleague.—Washington Post.

Terne.

It is truly surprising what erroneous ideas are entertained by the general public concerning the true meaning of many terms in general use. A striking example of this is the word "terne" as applied to tin plate. Usually it is understood that this word is derived from the French one, meaning "dull." This is totally incorrect. Terne plate is a sheet or plate of iron and steel covered with an alloy of tin and lead in the proportion of two-thirds lead and one-third tin. It is this union of the three metals—iron, lead and tin—that gave rise to the word terne plate, terne being an equivalent to the English terne, meaning "threefold." The origin of the erroneous definition of this term was the fact that because of the large percentage of lead used in coating terne plates it is duller in hue than the ordinary tin plate, which is frequently designated "bright plate" in contradistinction to the former.

The Fire God's Wrath.

A curious story comes to us from the suburbs. A resident in the near neighborhood of London has a museum in his house in which the principal curiosity is a fire god which has been worshiped for many centuries in an Indian temple. Once when the owner of the house took a party of people to look at the museum he proposed in fun that they should all kotow to the image. This they all laughingly consented to do, all except two ladies, who declared it was wicked. The fire god was revenged within two months. One of the ladies had her house burned to the ground the week after, and the other one on a later date fell backward into the fire and sustained some terrible burns. We give the tale without comment.—London Chronicle.

Transportation Facilities.

Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, a journalist and one of the wittiest men of the Jewish race in Germany, once criticised King Ludwig's verses so sharply that he was ordered, says Household Words, to quit Munich within twenty-four hours.

The court chamberlain waited upon the journalist with the king's command and, having delivered it, considerately asked:

"Do you think that you can get away in that time?"

"Yes, I think so," Saphir said, "but if my own legs can't take me quick enough I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in his majesty's last volume of verse."

Healthful.

Miss Jellus—Your bedroom must be a very healthy place, dear.

Miss Prettiface—What makes you think so?

"Because I have noticed that when you are downstairs sometimes you are dreadfully pale, but if you go up into your bedroom for a short time you come down with a beautiful color."

More Than Justice.

Mrs. Newriche—Now, here's my latest portrait in oils, and I must say I'm perfectly satisfied with it. I'm sure it does me justice. Don't you think so?

Mrs. Cuttinge—Yes, indeed; justice tempered with mercy!—Brooklyn Life.

She Was a Poor Guesser.

Wife—That young man who calls on our daughter has me guessing.

Husband—How's that?

Wife—I don't know whether he is economical or has a grudge against the gas company.—Chicago News.

Only the Beginning.

"Is this, then, to be the end of our romance?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "My lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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IN THE NAME OF PHILANTHROPY

By O'Ryan O'Bryan

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The Dawsons were double cousins—first in days of calm, but second when storms swept over the land—girls, fourteen years old apiece, bright, fiercely energetic and up to date.

They owned two adjoining ancestral places well furnished with fathers and mothers, and from cellars to attics, particularly the attics, with chairs and things, and with servants to dust the chairs and things. They owned also one grandmother in common besides two or three others in severalty.

Said their mothers, whom grandmother-in-common's illness called away, "How fortunate that school is in session; otherwise the girls might be lonely," a maternal euphemism resulting from long years of practice.

The term closed, however, without the mothers' presence to soften the blow. Grandmother-in-common's illness necessitated a longer leave of absence, which was granted in a characteristic message: "We're all right, little mothers. Stay as long as you please. Love to gram."

This was indorsed by the Fathers Dawson.

That was what the Fathers Dawson were for—to indorse. Although much absorbed in trying to double the output of the foundry without increasing the expenses, they still reserved the veto power at home. But the possibility of the overruling two-thirds vote led them to preserve the show of authority by indorsing, always and speedily.

The mothers were becoming uneasy. The daughters were becoming uneasy too. Usually when these restless fits came on the girls were tactfully guided into the paths of philanthropy. "Great executive ability" their mothers said they had, and indeed they could dress dolls or make scrapbooks for children's hospitals if necessary, but they just doted on sales.

When a sale was announced, their subordinates drew a long breath. The mothers fell to work with a will, echoing the remark of Rosa, the cook: "Now we knows where wese at. I can stan' on my feets all day makin' canny, an' I doesn' complains, but it's dese yere surprisin's dat gibs me de misery in my haid."

The restlessness now worked itself into a fever, and as it reached its height simultaneously in both girls they started on a run from their respective homes and met under the linden tree on the boundary of their ancestral lawns.

In breathless duet they exclaimed, "Oh, Susannah, I have an idea!" "Oh, Hepsibah, I have an idea!"

Their names were neither Susannah (always spelled with an "h") nor Hepsibah. Their mothers in youthful ignorance of what good form would demand in a name later had called them Nellie and Gracie. The girls early came to despise these weakly cognomens, and when some Harvard authority in a proud spasm of reform changed their Uncle Harry's name to Henry without so much as saying by your leave they promptly said, "We'll change ours." Susannah and Hepsibah they became to each other from that moment. The fathers and mothers at first stoutly resisted, but might prevailed. The general public now knew no others.

"We'll have a sale—a 'fresh air' sale."

Then the embryo "lady board" put their heads together and gave their executive ability full play.

At night the Fathers Dawson's indorsement was called for.

"A sale? Certainly." What a relief!

When the girls' signal lights greeted each other from their windows, each Father Dawson started for the telephone.

"My dear," said Susannah's father, "rest easy. A sale is on. They are quite capable of managing the Pan-American, you know, and they can this. The servants, both men and maid, must by this time be letter perfect."

When his turn came, Hepsibah's father said much the same thing.

The mothers embraced each other fervently. "The little dears," they said and slept the sleep of the unworried.

This was Friday. The sale was set for the next Wednesday. Grandmother-in-common was now recovering rapidly.

Tuesday night the mothers said to each other, "We're homesick."

"Wouldn't a surprise be fun?"

"Let's go home. I should enjoy a sale when we haven't worked to get ready for it."

"We won't even telephone for the carriage. The girls will need all the help they can have."

This was true. A sale without the two faithful henchwomen called for manual labor as well as executive ability.

Thus it was that the waning Wednesday afternoon found the two mothers hurrying on foot up the street from the station.

"Look at all the people coming down the street," remarked Susannah's mother. "There must be a circus in town."

"Yes, or a fire somewhere. They all seem to be carrying something."

"They are mostly women and look like the Plains people."

"Not all. There's Mrs. Gaines."

Now, Mrs. Gaines was an intimate friend, and with smiling faces they stopped to greet her. To their astonishment, she only gave a vicious little flirt to an out of date orange colored workbag hanging from her arm and walked by with averted face.

Not far behind her was another acquaintance from whom they received only a cold nod.

"What in the world! Do they think mother had the smallpox, or have the Dawsons failed, or what is the matter?"

"Oh, look at that woman! I do believe she has Grandfather Dawson's white bell hat. I know there isn't another in town."

"And that one with the silk waist hanging out of a water pitcher! There must have been a rummage sale."

The horrible truth flashed upon both at the same instant.

"My old rose waist!" gasped Susannah's mother.

"My Grandmother Pelham water pitcher!" moaned Hepsibah's mother.

There was no question now. Every one past whom their hurrying steps led them bore some half forgotten treasure seen only at housecleaning time.

They were women of fine sentiment, never willing to destroy anything about which fond memories could twine, and their large ancestral attics were filled to overflowing with what Rosa significantly called "heaps of plunder," the accumulations of several generations of Dawsons, Pelhams and Gaynors and the reapings of many Christmas harvests.

They rushed on, growing more and more sick at heart as they met here and there among the throng friends who dwelt within the circle of Christmas giving. When they reached the lawn, out of the tumult of their souls rose a bubble of pride that, awful as it was, the girls had displayed their usual executive ability.

Under the linden tree sat Hepsibah, the cashier, with a goodly pile of money before her. Patrolling the grounds and keeping an eye on each grinning negro in charge of the heaps of goods, which had been carefully assorted, classified and grouped around the trees, walked Susannah, the general manager.

The mothers had been too long under the yoke to make a scene, but as they walked from one ancestral tree to another and read the gorgeous placards tacked to the trunks their emotions were many and deep:

"Shoemakers' tools used by Great-grandfather Dawson."

"Infant wardrobe of the Gaynor branch," mostly rags.

"Great-grandmother Pelham's wedding dishes," a most disreputable collection of pans and crockery ware.

"Great bargains in Christmas presents. Good as new; some never used."

At this finishing stroke the Mothers Dawson fled each to her own house and wept behind closed blinds. "They will never forgive us!" they sobbed. "No wonder Mrs. Gaines didn't speak!"

A sudden shower put an end to the sale. A little uneasy in their souls, the girls went in to report results. When the interviews were over, it was not the Mothers Dawson who came out with drooping heads. On the contrary, these emancipated ladies sped down the lawns and shook hands in solemn compact under the linden tree.

Said Susannah's mother, "Hereafter I am to be boss of my own ranch."

"Same here," said Hepsibah's mother.

Then a blush of shame spread over their faces that even in this their hour of independence their speech should betray their daughters' influence.

"I mean that from this time forth I shall control the affairs of my own household."

"And I mean that the same conclusion has been reached by me."

They have a hard job before them.

How He Kept Informed on Clocks.

A fad more or less general is the collecting of old clocks, from the tall grandfather variety to the curious timekeepers of foreign make. The garrets of old farmhouses from Maine to the Carolinas have been ransacked for the former, and there is many a man and woman in New York who keeps an eye on the pawnshops of the foreign districts for curious and ancient things from abroad.

"It is almost impossible to keep them all running," complained a woman who has two dozen aged and valuable clocks scattered through her Madison avenue home. "They seem to be in good order and run along for awhile, then all of a sudden they stop for no reason at all.

"I have found an old German who knows more about the ways of old clocks than any one in the city. I sent him my German prize a few weeks ago, and when it did not come back after the usual period of waiting I went to his shop. What do you think I found him reading?"

The friend did not have the slightest idea.

"It was a little German volume with a title something like this: 'Thirteen Hundred Reasons Why a Clock In Perfect Order Won't Run.'"—New York Tribune.

The Churchly Handmaiden.

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Wells, wardens of a prominent city church, were not in accord concerning the new rector's introduction of extreme ritual into the service.

Mr. Edwards was aggressively on the rector's side, Mr. Wells quite the reverse, and on one occasion their difference of opinion cropped out in a lively though brief dialogue which incidentally suggests the possibilities for expansion of the servant problem.

Mr. Edwards, having exhausted his arguments on his unresponsive brother warden, said:

"At least you will own that art is the handmaiden of religion."

"Yes," returned Mr. Wells savagely, "and I wish religion would give her a month's notice!"

Hunting the Wild Boar.

In Germany the boar hunt occurs annually. Trained hounds are held in leash until the lair of the boars is sniffed, and then they are let go. Off rush the bristling beasts. They run fast, and the faster they skip along the wilder and "madder" they get. Sometimes they are shot, but the correct style of killing is to use a long spear or a short swordlike knife. The hunter spies his boarship speeding along in an almost straight line, blinded with rage and ferocity. Bending over sideways to the earth, the sportsman thrusts his spear dull end downward in the soil and the sharp point slanting upward and turned directly to the boar's path. Straight on the wild hog rushes, and with all the impetus of his long flight he plunges upon the spear point and there, impaled, dies a bloody death.

"Ich Dien" or "Eich Dyn."

"Ich dien," the motto which belongs to the Prince of Wales, is usually translated "I serve," and tradition has it that it was taken by the Black Prince from the royal helmet of the blind king of Bohemia, who was killed on the field of Crecy. It is a notable fact, however, that the late Dr. William Ihne, professor of English literature at Heidelberg, rejected this theory. He held that the motto was of Welsh origin and took its rise at the time when Edward I. presented his newborn eldest son to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarban castle as their future sovereign. He held the child up in his arms and exclaimed in Welsh, "Eich dyn," meaning "this is your man." The explanation is accepted by many antiquarians.

The Easy Way.

A schoolboy, being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied:

"If you please, sir, I should like it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the upward stroke heavy and the down one light."

The Trouble In Arguing.

Nine out of ten persons with whom you argue say, "But you don't understand!" That's what you think about them—they don't understand.—Atchison Globe.

SLAVES OF FURNITURE.

The Result of Women Being Afraid of Beetles and Mice.

If man is the slave of a dog, woman is the slave of furniture. If women only knew how much more graceful—and the only way is to appeal to their vanity—they would be reclining on the floor, they would never sit up on chairs or round a table. That this is fundamentally true is proved by the fact that they are never so happy as at a picnic, where there are no chairs and tables. I really believe that the craze for putting everything on something above the floor—by which I mean tables, sideboards, etc.—grew from the custom of sleeping in ugly, cumbersome and dirt collecting beds instead of on the floor. Of course the reason why women do not sleep on the floor is because they are afraid of beetles and mice and other harmless things. Women, therefore, having invented the bed, invented the table to stand by it, and thus spread the habit of putting everything above the level of the floor.

Woman's original sin of being afraid of black beetles and mice costs man more than all the royalty, armies, navies, pension lists, prisons, poverty, schooling, national debts and wars of Europe.

I am sure I am not putting it too high when I say that the average cost of furniture per house is $1,000, and if the world would only agree not to cumber its rooms with beds and tables, sideboards, cabinets and chairs our ground rents would be about half what they are, and the overcrowding of our cities would come down proportionately.—"Domestic Blunders of Women."

The Conductor's Honest Rakeoff.

A conductor of a Sixth avenue car, during a lull in the ringing of fares, stood passing coins from one hand to the other, turning up the date of each coin as he did so. "There are more ways of making money than by 'knocking down' fares," he remarked, noting the inquiring look on a passenger's face. "Any greenhorn can pocket a dozen nickels in collecting 120 fares in a car built for forty-eight passengers, but a man has got to know something to spot a coin that has a premium value. It's surprising how many more or less rare coins pass current without falling into the hands of some one who knows their value. This was suggested to me one day, and I took to studying the catalogue of dealers in rare coins and memorizing the dates of those that are worth more than the prices stamped on them. Since then I have picked out of the money I have taken in fares several hundred coins with a premium value ranging from a few cents to $5 and have redeemed them with my own money and sold them to dealers in coins."—New York Times.

"Biography of a Snowflake."

Under this title Mr. Arthur H. Bell in Knowledge describes the life history of the aerial frost flowers of winter. In order to have a fair start in life a snowflake should be built up on a particle of dust. Then, if it has the good fortune to begin its career at the top of a cloud many miles above the earth and to pass through many atmospheric strata, differing in their temperature and the amount of moisture they contain, our snowflake is very likely to become a notable individual among its kind. In a stratum of warmer air the little flake catches moisture on its tiny spicules, and when it enters a colder stratum below the moisture is frozen, and so the flake grows. In a thawing air many flakes sometimes cohere, forming disks from an inch to two or three inches across.

Ragged Island.

Ragged island, alias Crie Haven, on the coast of Maine, is certainly happy above most islands. It has neither mice nor magistrates, though its inhabitants number nearly fifty. The solitary doctor comes over when wanted from the mainland. There is not the solace of a church, but there is also not the distraction of a lawyer. There are a few cows and horses, but neither dogs nor cats, nor is insect life, if present at all, a nuisance even in the hottest season. The natives catch lobsters and eat all that they cannot sell.

Plants That Hate Each Other.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other! Yet that is the case with two well known British plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If the field is infested with thistles, which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.—London Standard.

A Monster Bird.

Freddie—Ma, the bat is the biggest bird that flies, ain't it?

Ma—By no means, Freddie.

Freddie—Well, anyway some of 'em must be mighty big, 'cause I heard father say he was out on one last night.—Richmond Dispatch.

Juvenile Logic.

Mother—To think that my little Ethel should have spoken so impatiently to papa today at dinner! She never hears me talk in that way to him.

Ethel (stoutly)—Well, but you choosed him, and I didn't.

Ambiguous.

"Dear Father—We are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Mollie."

Conservative.

She—Why don't you go out occasionally, dearest, and enjoy yourself, say at the club?

He—But I don't want to get into the habit of having a good time.—Life.

How Ships Are Named.

French ships are usually named after French provinces or towns, victories, ideas or sentiments, but no French names, excepting those of great men in their history, are made use of. German ships bear the names of German rivers, ports, poets, states and characters in German literature. Spanish ships are almost invariably named after their cities or great commanders.

Parents.

Here is a little gem clipped from a small boy's essay on parents: "Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's the mas that make you mind."

Our Aristocracy.

"She claims, I believe, to be descended from a king."

"Yes. Before her grandfather struck it rich he was known as the poker king of White Hoss Flats."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Vague.

"I've been thinking of it ever since I started on my present trip," said the drummer thoughtfully, "and I'm hanged if I can make up my mind just what she was aiming at. You see, some time ago I realized that, traveling about the country as I am, I was taking a good many chances; so I decided to take out an accident insurance policy.

"'My dear,' said I to my wife after I had acted upon the thought, 'I have done something today that I should have done when I first started on the road. I have taken out an accident insurance policy on my life. If I am killed, the company pays $5,000. If I am injured, then I get $25 a week.'

"'For how long?' she asked.

"'As long as I am laid up.'

"'But it might be only a week.'

"'Yes.'

"'And you would only be entitled to $25?'

"'That is all.'

"'And if you get killed you get $5,000?'

"'You would,' I answered patiently.

"Well, the next morning when I started on my trip she threw her arms around me and cried:

"'Now, John, for heaven's sake whatever you do don't get injured!'"—Detroit Free Press.

An Artist's Training.

Rosa Bonheur used to say that her youth was one of great poverty; then she would add some droll stories about the family method of regulating its finance. The studio was a collection of odds and ends, and M. Bonheur knew how to turn that disorder to account.

When he received money for his work, he would take a handful of coin and throw it at random about the room. Then in times of stress, when there was apparently not a farthing left in the house, the entire family would set to work searching in nooks and corners. Sometimes they would find a five franc piece, and that warded off starvation.

To perfect herself in her study of animals young Rosa spent days in a slaughter house. The men were perplexed at seeing a young woman there and sometimes made it disagreeable for her, but good M. Emile, a butcher of great strength, announced that whosoever annoyed her would have to reckon with him. Then she was able to work undisturbed.

Baccarat.

Baccarat is a very simple game. The dealer and each side of the table have two or three cards. The object is to get as near nine as possible, and tens and court cards do not count. If the two first cards dealt do not together amount to five, the player asks for another. If above five, he does not. The sole question in doubt is whether a player whose two cards together make five ought to draw a third card or not. Because of this doubt it has been ruled by French courts that baccarat is not a game of chance, and yet it is a mathematical certainty that either the chances of bettering the hand are improved by drawing a third card or diminished. Considering, therefore, the large sums that are risked at this game, it is somewhat curious that no one has ever taken the trouble to work out the probabilities.

A Narrow Escape.

An actor named Suett having offended another actor, the aggrieved party was determined on revenge and therefore waited at the theater door to punish him.

The night was extremely wet and dark, and as the actors passed, most of whom were muffled in their cloaks, the enraged man was obliged to inquire of each of them lest he should cudgel the wrong one.

At length Suett arrived.

Rushing in, wrapped in his cloak and drenched with rain, he was addressed with the usual query:

"Are you Suett?"

"No," replied he; "I'm dripping," and so passed safely into the theater.

A Great Wheel.

Laxey, in the Isle of Man, is the headquarters of the lead mines of the island, more than half the ore being obtained there. It is celebrated also for its great wheel, which was erected in 1854. Its diameter is seventy-two feet, and so splendidly is it set that there is no oscillation, and it has been going practically ever since its erection.

Quicker Than Thought.

A little boy, hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said he knew better than that; whistling was quicker than thought.

Being asked to explain, he said:

"In school the other day I whistled before I thought and got a licking for it."—Evangelist.

He Could Afford It.

"John," she said, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?"

He looked at her sharply.

"Have you ordered it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

Immortality.

Humanity and immortality consist neither in reason nor in love; not in the body nor in the animation of the heart of it nor in the thoughts and stirrings of the brain of it, but in the dedication of them all to him who will raise them up at the last day.—John Ruskin.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 2-4—Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 105—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1, 2. And Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures.

From Philippi they had traveled about 100 miles, probably spending a night each at Amphipolis and Apollonia, as that would make each day's journey about thirty or thirty-five miles, and now at Thessalonica there is a great center, for Paul says of the believers there, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord in Macedonia and Achaia" (I Thess. i, 8). The first question which Paul asked the Lord Jesus after he knew him as such seems to have become the motto of his whole life—"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix, 6.) As our Lord after His resurrection expounded in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself and opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures (Luke xxiv, 27, 44, 45), so Paul's habit was to preach the kingdom of God and teach the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets (Acts xxviii, 23, 31).

3. Opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus whom I preach unto you is Christ.

So also taught our Lord Himself in Luke xxiv, 25, 26, after His resurrection as well as in all His earthly ministry (Matt. xvi, 21; xvii, 23; xx, 19). A sample of Paul's preaching to those who knew the Scriptures, the Jews, is found in his discourse at Antioch in Pisidia, recorded in Acts xiii, 16-41, in which he summarizes Exodus, Numbers, Joshua, Judges and Samuel and quotes from Ps. ii and xvi and Isa. lv. I think perhaps he would sometimes go back to Gen. iii, 15, 21, and show how all the Tabernacle ritual in Exodus and Leviticus was fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth, and that while the first part of Isa. liii had been fulfilled in His sufferings, the last part and all other prophecy would be as truly fulfilled.

4, 5. And some of them believed and consorted with Paul and Silas, * * * but the Jews which believed not, moved with envy, * * * set all the city on an uproar.

The believers were from Jews and gentiles, the opposition was from the Jews, but it was the great enemy of God and man working through them. He who turned Adam and Eve away from God has been in the same line of work ever since, and this is his great ambition. The Lord Jesus Christ humbled and emptied Himself to exalt God; the devil and his followers exalt themselves and would, if they could, dethrone God; but, being unable to do this, they do their utmost against Him and His people.

6, 7. These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also, * * * saying that there is another King, one Jesus.

The cry at Philippi was, "These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city (xvi, 20), but now they are accused of turning things upside down generally. Later, at Ephesus, they seriously affected the business of the silversmiths (Acts xix, 25-27), so they were continually in conflict with the world lying in the wicked one (I John v, 19). Our Lord had said that it would be so (John xv, 18, 19), but times seem to have changed now, and the world and the church seem to be on good terms, and those who are represented by the silversmiths of Ephesus may be found as trustees or even deacons or elders in the churches. But let the word of God be as faithfully and fully preached as it was by Paul, and the faithful preacher may be led to think that the world has not changed at all and that the Pharisees and the worshipers of Diana are not only in the pews, but even in some of the pulpits, and that the person who is really worshiped is very often Cæsar.

8-10. And the brethren immediately sent away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea, who, coming thither, went into the synagogue of the Jews.

One Jason, who had received Paul and Silas into his house, was made to bear the heavy end of the persecution at Thessalonica and thus have special fellowship with Jesus Christ (Phil. i, 29), and we next find the apostles fifty or sixty miles away at Berea, where, as their custom was, they began with the Jews, "To the Jew first" (Rom. i, 16) being the principle on which they always worked.

11, 12. These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so.

The Thessalonians did well, for they received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost, and they received it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh in all who believe (I Thess. i, 6; ii, 13). The Bereans, however, excelled in the matter of searching the Scriptures daily, proving for themselves that the truths taught by the apostles were really so. The believers included both men and women, and of the latter many honorable women. Contrast these with the honorable men and women of Antioch in Pisidia who expelled Paul and Barnabas from their coasts. Some choose life and some death, but in each case the faithful preacher is unto God a sweet savior of Christ (II Cor. ii, 15, 16). If all who receive the word with readiness of mind, like the Bereans, would, like them, become searchers of the Scriptures, we would have many more teachers of the word, but it is now even as it was long ago, for when for the time many ought to be teachers they have need that one teach them again the first principles of the oracles of God (Heb. v, 12).

On the Scrub Team.

"Yes, sah, when Ah was at Yale Ah was on the scrub team, sah!"

"What! Did you play football?"

"No, sah; Ah was connected with the Commons laundry, sah!"—Yale Record.

Taking It Literally.

"I see that New York spends $200,000,000 a year for the meat she eats."

"Seems tough, doesn't it?"

"Yes, most of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Among the foreign born residents of the United States the mortality is greatest in Irish and Germans and least in the Polish.

An Extreme Case.

Bjones—And you say Biffers is absentminded?

Brown—Absentminded! Why, man, he's so absentminded that when he ought to have a headache his corn hurts.—Baltimore News.

Granite is the only common rock which shows no traces of animal or vegetable life.

Fellow Mortals

By LYDIA PERKINS

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

"You are a worthless nigger, George."

"Yes, little mistiss."

"And your master and I will have to go to the almshouse."

"Yes, little mistiss; spec yo' will."

"Then what will become of you, George?"

"Go dar too."

"Do you think they would take in a nigger? You are more likely to get on the chain gang."

"Te, he, he, little mistiss!"

"What are you giggling about?"

"Dey ain't no chain gang. We goes on de fahm."

"You have been there?"

"Yes; I got sent dar 'bout a yeah ago."

"George, have you been a criminal?" His mistress looked at him with shrinking disgust.

"Spec I has," he returned glibly. "I been mos' eberyt'ing—crap shooter, buck dancer an' de res', an' crimnel," he added, with a touch of pride.

Mrs. Custis was paying no heed to the negro now. She looked dreamily out through the window at the mellow sunlight of spring. A longing came over her for her old home. She had endured the long and cruel winter with a stoical patience, but the reluctant spring made the sap of yearning rise in her veins. Suddenly she buried her face in her handkerchief, and like a faithful dog George began to whine:

"Dar, little mistiss; jes' yo' wait till de udder side de cloud flummux over, an' yo'll see 'nough silver to mek a braid pan."

"Oh, go away, you worthless nigger!" Mrs. Custis exclaimed, putting down her handkerchief, and he jumped extravagantly just for the delight of hearing her sweet old laugh, like the ringing of pure thin silver.

"But, George," Mrs. Custis resumed, with renewed dignity, "it is true that your master and I are seriously thinking of seeking public assistance." Her delicate cheek flushed at the admission; but, seeing his look of childish horror, she proceeded firmly:

"As simple as our living expenses are, we cannot longer meet them, and we must ask for help."

She threw up her little figure and proudly left the room, but she stumbled on the threshold, and the negro, with intuitive devotion, knew that her eyes were blinded with tears.

He stared with a dropped jaw at the open door through which she had gone. Then, with a volatile grin, he jumped to his feet and, performing a skillful clog dance, seized his disreputable hat and bolted from the house.

About a year before this Mr. Custis and his wife had drifted to the great city of New York. They came from Georgia, leaving their home desolate in order to be near their daughter, who had married a clever young artist. It did not take the parents long to discover that their son-in-law had difficulty in supporting his little family, so they, protesting grandly that they had an ample income, moved to a cheap little flat on the east side and in the frightful closeness of a few narrow rooms began an existence that was slow torture to their pride.

One day George Harries, one of the most unregenerate negroes in all New York, sidled up on their front steps and pulled the bell. A negro is not naturally a tramp, but he was idle and thought he could bully something from these forlorn old people.

Mrs. Custis opened the door and looked her wrath at his presumption.

"Does yo' hab any wuk fo' a po' cullud man?" he drawled insolently.

"No; I don't want any niggers to work for me!" she blazed out. "Get off my front steps!" She was preparing to slam the front door when he jerked off his filthy hat and burst out:

"'Fo' de Lawd, I didn't know yo' wuz a south'n lady; 'deed I didn't, little mistiss. Kin yo' give a po' niggah a bite o' somethin' to eat, an' I'll wuk my fingahs to de bone; 'deed I will."

And that was the beginning of a strange household—George Harries, crap shooter, low comedian and natural singer and dancer, and these poor, fine old southern people. And he was as faithful as though he was their slave—they as autocratic as though he was theirs by right of purchase.

So on this sunny afternoon in spring he shuffled along the street, dipping into old haunts that had not known him for a year. When he reached one of his former stands, he looked shrewdly about for a policeman and, not seeing one, began with great vigor and skill what is known to the initiated as a "buck dance." By the time he had danced for five minutes the crowd was so dense about the performer that it took a tall man to peep over the heads.

George paused in his dancing, took off his hat and, singing in a musical voice, "coon, coon, coon," went around collecting. This was all very well, but a policeman sauntered up. Finding the attraction was a live negro and not a dead horse, he virtuously redistributed the coins to the amused crowd, and George took a free ride to the police station.

By the time he was hustled before the desk his most reckless look had settled over his hardened face. The magistrate, who was looking bored, roused slightly when the officer explained that the negro was indulging in a disorderly dance.

"Why were you dancing?" he asked, with a yawn.

"'Cause I wuz," was the sulky retort.

"George," said the magistrate severely, "I had hoped you had stopped your evil living. It has been nearly a year since you were arrested."

A subtle change passed over the homely features.

"'Deed, boss," he stuttered, "I been livin' all right an' wuzn't doin' nothin' today 'cept a little dancin'. I ain't shot no craps in a yeah mos'—no, sah. 'Deed, jedge," the fellow suddenly blubbered, "I don't know what my po' ole marster an' mistiss is gwine to do if you sen' me down. It wuzn't fo' me I wuz dancin'. It wuz fo' dem—fo' Gawd it wuz. Dey's quality folks, an' dey'd sta've befo' dey'd baig."

"That's a likely story," began the policeman contemptuously.

The magistrate motioned him to be quiet as he said more kindly:

"George, suppose you show me what sort of dance this was."

The negro's face broke into sudden smiles. Like so many of his race, he had a childish smile and beautiful teeth. He stepped forth willingly, and it was a pleasure to watch the posturing and gestures so absolutely African and yet dramatic.

The magistrate watched him intently. When he had finished and leaned panting against the desk, his honor shot a sarcastic look at the policeman and rapped out, "Case dismissed."

George lost no time in putting the police station behind him. He was hustling along toward home when a sharp faced, theatrical looking man overtook him and briefly explained that he had seen him dance and wanted to engage him for his company of minstrels.

George had been in New York too long to make an easy bargain, and at last the theatrical manager reluctantly came to his terms. George even got an advance on the strict promise that he would report that night for orders. Then he flew over the ground to the Custis flat.

He fell up the steps and burst into the kitchen, where Mrs. Custis was cooking a meager supper.

"Law, little mistiss," he ejaculated, not forgetting to pull off his hat, "'deed de Lawd has flummuxed dat brack cloud over, an' dar's some o' de silver linin' right dar." And he triumphantly gave her $5.

Then he told how he got the money. The poor old lady's tears were streaming and he himself was sobbing like a child.

"George," she said brokenly, "the ways of Providence are past finding out."

And he answered humbly:

"Dat's so, little mistiss; dat's so."

Central's Vindication.

They had quarreled overnight, but she had no sooner reached the studio where she was preparing to threaten the laurels of the old masters than she was called to the reconciliatory telephone. The conversation began guardedly with the customary: "Is this Miss E.? Oh, good morning. This is Mr. F." But in a few seconds these perfunctory words gave place to others.

"Helen," he declared, "I was a beast."

And she replied contritely: "You must not call yourself names. I was horrid. I was a perfect little cat, Dick, and"—

But Mr. F. could not stand her self reproachings. He told her that he could not and that he would not bear to hear her slander the dearest, most generous, most noble woman in the world.

"Hush, hush—sh, Dick," she entreated. "We're forgetting that a telephone is not so awfully secret. Suppose Central should hear?"

Whereupon a strident voice took up the tale. "Central!" it sneered. "Central listening! I like that! Central's got something else to do but listen to the lovemaking of a pair of idiots. I can tell you that I've got other fish to fry besides paying attention to the like of that truck!"—New York Herald.

Who Invented the Steam Engine?

The Marquis of Worcester, while imprisoned in the Tower of London in 1656, invented and constructed a perfect steam engine and had it publicly exhibited the same year at Vauxhall in successful operation. Thirty-four years later, in 1690, Dennis Papin added the piston to the marquis' discovery. In 1698 Captain Savary devised and built a steam engine different in many details from those made by Worcester and Papin, and in 1705 Newcomb, Cawley and Savary constructed their celebrated atmospheric engine, which was complete in every detail.

The above array of historical facts notwithstanding, James Watt, who was not born until sixty years after these great men had given the steam engine to the world, enjoys the distinction of being the veritable inventor, originator and author of the most useful contrivance of the present day.

Fulton, who lived and worked in the early part of the century, is given the credit of being the man who demonstrated that steam could be applied to navigation; this, too, in face of the well known historical fact that De Gary propelled a vessel by steam in the harbor of Barcelona in 1543.

Greatness Not Free From Shame.

The transcendent power and fame with which great genius has at different periods endowed various men do not always insure them from after misery and shame.

This was strikingly exemplified in the cases of the four greatest of military conquerors—Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon. The general judgment of mankind has conceded them the first place in the lines of action for which they were severally distinguished. Yet they all met with melancholy and tragic deaths.

Two of them suffered for years the keenest humiliations which a total destruction of their hopes could bring. Two perished at the zenith of their power, just as they might have expected a long enjoyment of the fruits of their tremendous achievements.

Mean Bertie!

Bertie—Are you dining anywhere on Thursday?

Appleby (eagerly)—Thursday? No.

Bertie—How hungry you'll be on Friday!—Exchange.

The prismatic color of shells, scales of fish, wings of insects and feathers of birds depend upon the interference of light in the thin plates that compose the integuments.

Some claim that coeducation encourages matrimony. Why not? Isn't matrimony coeducation?—Saturday Evening Post.

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JAMES P. STREET, Transfer Agent, 317 Hillen St., Baltimore, Md.

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Hannibal's Downfall.

The fate of Hannibal turned upon the result of a promenade. It was after he had crossed the Alps and entered Italy, with winter quarters established at Capua. His residence was one of the best houses in the city, and while walking in the garden he heard a female voice singing not far away. Struck by the tones of the voice, he issued an order that the singer should be brought before him. He was so greatly impressed by her charms that he at once attached her to his household, disposing of the husband by beheading him. Retribution followed closely upon the cowardly perpetration of the outrage. The balance of the winter was devoted to pleasure, discipline and drills were practically abandoned, and with the advent of spring the Carthaginian army was so demoralized by the dissipation of the city that its prestige was lost, and with it came the downfall of Hannibal.

The Affections of the Arab.

An Arab—meaning a tent dweller, for in an equine sense the town dweller is no Arab—loves first and above all his horse. Next he loves his firearm; next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife or one of his wives. Daughters don't even count; I mean the Arab scarcely takes the trouble to count them unless in so far as they can minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry—in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them—she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts.

An Artful Scheme.

A newly elected official would sometimes return home late at night after his wife had retired, and when she asked him what time it was would answer, "About 12" or "A little after midnight."

On one occasion instead of making the inquiry she said:

"Alfred, I wish you would stop that clock. I cannot sleep for its noise."

All unsuspicious, he stopped the pendulum. In the morning while dressing his wife inquired artlessly:

"Oh, by the way, what time did you get home?"

"About midnight," replied the official.

"Alfred, look at that clock!"

The hands of the clock pointed at 2:20.

Clay "Butter."

It is not generally known that in many parts of the world clay is eaten on bread as a substitute for butter. This is termed "stone butter" and is used in Germany. In the northern parts of Sweden earth is often baked in bread and is sold in the public markets on the Italian peninsula as well as on the island of Sardinia, Persia, Nubia and other tropical countries. This practice probably had its origin in the knowledge that all earths have some sort of flavor and take the place of salt, a necessary ingredient in all kinds of food.

How She Caged Him.

"Are you fond of birds?" she asked innocently as she stood at the piano fumbling the music.

"I dearly love them," he replied with never a shadow of suspicion.

Then she ran her slender fingers over the keys and began to sing, "Oh, Would I Were a Bird!"—Chicago News.

Little Men.

Little men are the disappointment and defeat of God's purpose in making men. All men were intended to be great—some greater than others, but all great.—Bishop Candler in Atlanta News.

More deaths from snake bites occur in India in houses than in the fields or in the jungle.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1903. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 8.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25. 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agen

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15. 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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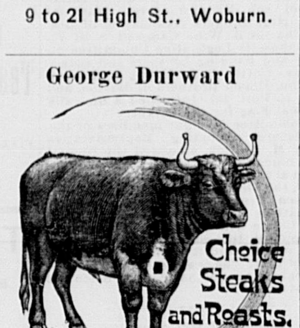

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WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Dec. 13, 1902, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45 A. M. 6 A. M. (to Winchester only), and every 15 minutes thereafter until 9 00 A. M.; and then every half hour until 1.00 P. M.; then every 15 minutes until 7 30 P M; then every half hour until 11.00 and 11 30 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 45 A. M. and every 15 minutes until 10.45; then every half hour until 2.00 P. M.; then every 15 minutes until 8 30 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.45; then 12 30 A. M On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 7 00 A. M. and every half hour until 1.30; then every 15 minutes 9 00 P. M.; then every half hour until 11 00; then 11.30 P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.00 A. M.; every half hour to 2 30 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.00 P. M; every half hour to 12.00; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 15 minute to, and 15 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street. near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.
Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10 00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M, 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7 45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8.00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M.. half hourly till 9 15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8.25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham. Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.

Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses' can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
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E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

ENTIRELY JUSTIFIABLE

By Eva Williams Malone

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Brother Hankins was up before Justice Bradbury for assault and battery —Brother Hankins, who had always considered "going to court" as the next step toward a trip to the nether regions.

Yet it was perfectly evident from the proof that Brother Hankins was guilty of the charge brought against him—that he had assaulted Deacon Eli Smith. The deacon's manifold and manifest personal defacements proved the facts, and the oaths of various witnesses clinched the proof.

Brother Hankins' counsel sought to establish the plea that there were mitigating circumstances, and Brother Hankins was allowed to take the stand in his own behalf. He pulled his foretop in the way he had been taught was the proper thing when he wanted to "use manners" and said:

"Yo' sho' ain' no mo' s'prised to see me heah, jedge, den I is to be heah, but flesh an' blood is flesh an' blood, an' dey cain' stan' no mo' den dey kin."

"But you are a minister of the gospel, Uncle Hank, and as such don't you think it is very unbecoming for you to be getting into a common fight?"

"But lemme tell yo', jedge, dis heah ain' no common fight, an' ef ary one ob my members had er been cotch in sech a box an' hadn' er fit I'd er thawt he mout be a putty good chu'ch member, but he wa'n' no piece ob a man."

"How is that, Uncle Hank?" said the judge. "It seems a very plain case of assault and battery, and I don't see where the mitigating circumstances come in."

"Dat's bekase yo' hain' 'come acquainted wid dem suckumstances an' cain' jes' zackly segasherfy how mitigatin' dey reely am, jedge. Yo' see, I wuz de paster at Possum Holler, an' dere wa'n' nuffin but peace an' good will in my congergashun tell de deacons 'gun at me to marry. My wife, yo' know, been dead sev'al mont's."

"Well, you didn't object to that, did you?" And the judge gave Uncle Hankins a knowing wink.

"Well, sah, I wa'n' jes' zackly sho' 'bout de mattah. I 'lowed I wuz putty comf'table wid my daughter Kyarline, so I said to de breddren ef hit's all de same I'd jes' stay lak I wuz. But, no sah; dey 'low hit mout mek scannel, an' hit 'u'd be better fur de chu'ch ef I'd git me a pardner f'um among de sisters; dat hit kinder keep de sisters in a stew when de paster's a widow man."

"Too many of them with an eye on him, eh, Uncle Hank?" put in the judge.

"Well, I dunno 'bout dat, jedge," said Uncle Hank modestly, "but de breddren dey put de matter so strong dat I fin'ly concluded dat ef Zion cain' prosper under de preachin' ob a widow man dat widow man could put a stop to de trouble, an' so"—

"So you concluded to take a wife, did you?"

"Well, not jes' zackly dat strong, jedge. I thawt I'd sorter browse erroun' an' see how de lan' lay, an' ef my eye light on de proper pusson an' de proper pusson's eye light on me"—

"Why, the matter would be easy enough, of course. That's perfectly natural, Uncle Hank." The judge's court seemed for the time being to be transformed into the court of Cupid.

"Well, sah, I browse erroun' 'mongst de sisters sev'al mont's an' come to de conclusion dat Sist' 'Mericy Pendergrass jes' 'bout fill de bill, an' when I 'scuss de matter wid her she 'low she hain' no dejection; dat a minister's wife am a mos' lubly an' a mos' holy callin'. But Sist' 'Mericy say she hain' no regler 'bidin' place, bein' a lady what mos'ly hiahs out, so de weddin' 'u'd hatter be kinder privit, douten no kyards, no poun' cake, no to-do ob no sawt.

"But dat sawter didn' suit me. I stole my fus' wife, hit bein' slave times, an' I jes' had a feelin' dat ef I gwine marry ergin I didn' want no sneakin' off in de dawk onbeknownst lak, so I tole Sist' 'Mericy dat ez I wuz enterin' de holy state ob mattermony fur de good ob de chu'ch (not meanin' no sinnywations 'ginst de lady) I 'low de chu'ch ort to stand de spense, an' I 'nounce at my next 'p'intment dat dere 'u'd be perseedin's ob mos' onushal intrust at my daughter Kyarline's de next Tuesday night an' all dem dat wuz willin' to fetch a poun' er so ob welcome needn' stan' back fur no fudder invite.

"Dey cotch on, an' ebberwhah I went fur de nex' few days yo' could smell de poun' cakes an' de fowels. De deacons dey all seem mighty pleased an' 'low hit's de bes' t'ing could er happened to de chu'ch, meanin' dat I wa'n' gwine stay a widow man no longer. An' Sist' 'Mericy she wuz jes' ez smilin' ez a basket ob chips, an' I didn' no mo' distrus' 'er den I distrus' yo' honnah on de bench. I made sho' she wuz straight goods, all wool an' a yard wide an' no spots.

"So I hustle erroun' an' scratch up de money fur de license, a-feelin' mo' settleder an' mo' contenteder den I is sence my fus' wife went to glory."

Here Uncle Hank paused, and a shadow fell athwart his wrinkled face. The judge suggested:

"Did the wedding come off on time, Uncle Hank?"

Uncle Hank wiped his brow reflectively and answered after some hesitation:

"Well, jedge, yo' mout say hit did, an' ergin yo' mout say hit didn', 'cordin' to de way yo' look at de matter. F'um dis heah cullud pusson's stan'p'int I'd say no, sah, de weddin' didn' come off 'cordin' to 'p'intment.

"My daughter Kyarline hab ebber-t'ing ready, an' de way de pies an' cakes an' fowels wuz brung in beat de band. De 'rangement wuz dat Deacon Eli Smith, dat white eyed scounnel ober dere forninst yo' honnah," and Uncle Hank glared at the brother mentioned—"he wuz to fetch de bride an' de license to Kyarline's at early candle-lightin', an' de weddin' 'u'd den perseed. Now, sah, jes' dar's whah de Judas Scariat come in."

"Didn't Deacon Smith bring the bride, Uncle Hank?" asked the judge, with interest.

"Didn' he brung de bride?" And Uncle Hank's eyes shot lurid flames at Deacon Smith over "forninst" the judge. "Didn' he brung de bride? Yes, sah, he brung de bride, all tiffled off to kill. But when he draw dat license on me what yo' t'ink dat son of"—

"Be careful, Uncle Hank," admonished the judge.

"What yo' t'ink dat white eyed hippercrit done? Why, sah, he had his own name put in de license to marry Miss 'Mericy Pendergrass 'stid ob mine, an' 'fo' I could git a grab on what wuz gwine on, I bein' teetotally flambusticated, he an' 'Mericy stood up befo' de preacher, an', sah, he had 'em married tight an' fas', an' me settin' dere, wid my mouf open, plumb struck dumb! An' dat ain' all, sah. When de surry-money wuz ober, dat vilyun—yes, sah, I said hit, an' I stan' ready to pay de damage—dat vilyun come up to me an' say, he did:

"''Pears lak dere's a little mistake in de bridegroom, but ez de bride said she puffer me, an' you wuz gwine inter de matter fur de good ob de chu'ch, Brudder Hankins, dere needn' be no hahd feelin's. Hadn' we all better set down to supper?'

"Yes, sah; dat's de proppersishun he mek me, standin' dere in my gal Kyarline's house, wid my bride a-hangin' on his arm! An', boss, ez I said at de fus', I ain' nuffin but flesh an' blood ef I is a preacher. When he come at me dat erway an' hit flash ober me dat he done stole my bride an' now he's tryin' to steal my weddin' supper, de flesh got de bes' ob de sperrit, jedge, an' I let fly at dat nigger an'—you know de res'." Uncle Hankins gave a satisfied glance at the court plastered, mutilated features of his treacherous rival and sat down amid something that sounded very like suppressed applause.

Squire Bradbury took his quid of tobacco from his mouth, put on his most magisterial air and said:

"After hearing the testimony the court is of opinion that this is a plain case of justifiable assault and that Parson Hankins only performed his simple duty in the premises. The prisoner is discharged. If Deacon Eli Smith does not come up promptly and settle the costs in this case, he can have the pleasure of spending his honeymoon in the workhouse."

His Knitting Work.

Aunt Alvira Fifer was what her neighbors called a "regular driver." Possessed of untiring energy and unfailing strength herself, she made little allowance for idleness on the part of any one, and she declared, says a contributor to Lippincott's Magazine, that she could "put up with a mean man easier than with a lazy one."

Aunt Alvira's husband, Uncle Ethan, was a small, wizened, weak looking man, whom Aunt Alvira declared to be "mighty wiry, if he did look so spindlin'."

One day a summer boarder who chanced to be staying at a farmhouse near the Fifer homestead wandered over to the little brown farmhouse and sat down for a chat with Aunt Alvira. The visitor took note of the enormous quantity of stove wood piled up in the back yard and overflowing from the great woodshed. The whole yard was strewn with it. The caller estimated that there were not less than twenty-five cords.

"What an enormous quantity of wood you have!" he said to Aunt Fifer.

"Yes, there is considerable," she replied. "I cal'late on sellin' most o' it in the fall."

"Who cut it?"

"Oh, Ethan did it as sort o' knittin' work. I think it's a good thing for a man to have some kind o' knittin' work to do when he's restin', and that wood pile has been Ethan's knittin' work."

Poe's Smile of Genius.

His mouth was like Apollo's bow unbent and in the natural curve said sorrow, with imagination, but when wreathed into smiles by any cheering inflorescence of his soul, disclosing a set of ivory teeth as evenly set as the opal walls of Eden, was absolutely captivating and beautiful. So remarkably pleasing was this transition from sadness to sunshiny gladness of hilarity that I now seem to see him smiling before me, lighting up the dim vistas of my memory as the rain fraught lightning does the darkness of a summer night. But there was this peculiarity about his smile, which I do not remember ever to have seen in any other person—namely, that it did not appear to be the result of gladness of heart altogether or gladness mixed with sorrow, but a pleasing satire, a smiling review of all that had just been said by him, like the triumphant world renovating laughter of the weeping heavens, expressive of that beautiful Apollonian disdain which seemed to say, "What you 'see through a glass darkly' I behold through the couched eye of an illuminated seer." Not only did he look this, but he felt it—felt it with all his inmost soul. It was, in the truest acceptance of the term, a smile of genius. —"The Poe-Chivers Papers" in Century.

Cambronne and His Needle.

The famous General Cambronne had a talent not rare in the French army. He knew how to use a needle. I knew an old lady who preserved with care a Brittany costume he made her for a fancy ball. She spoke of it as a beautiful fit at the time he measured her for it. The ornamental stitching on the corsage and apron formed designs invented by the general as he stitched, though he was of an age when the inventive faculty is dull. "What should I do to prevent tedium killing me," he once said in the hearing of this lady, "were it not for my needle?" He had little book education and never had any taste for reading. He was too sober to seek liveliness in drink, and too good a citizen to seek to play a part as a politician. He also had a loom with which he wove tapestry and furnished some beautiful things to his relatives.—Paris Cor. London News.

THE FER-DE-LANCE.

His Terrible Bite Often Causes Death In a Few Moments.

The terrible fer-de-lance will strike again and again and is the cause of great mortality where he exists, causing death often in a few moments. Over the whole earth there is none to compare with him except the notorious cobra of India. Although not a water snake, he is fond of the river and flat lands in its vicinity, seldom being met with in the hills. This denizen of the reedy swamp and sedgy river banks is found over the whole north of the South American continent as well as in the islands of Trinidad, St. Lucia and Martinique. He is truly the evil genius of the two latter, where deaths from his bite form a high percentage every year.

In Martinique especially it is necessary oftentimes in some districts to burn the cornfields so as to destroy these snakes before the negroes dare enter to cut the canes. On one estate thirty-seven fer-de-lances were killed on a piece of ground containing eleven acres.

Of a dull yellowish or clay tinted ground color, he is ringed with irregular, blackish bands, narrowing toward the back and broadening downward. This arrangement of coloring makes him extremely difficult to discern on the flat alluvial lands where the sun baked clay, mixed with the blackened color of sticks rotten and water soaked, makes a carpet of a color with his coat. He is from five to seven feet in length, as thick as a man's wrist, with a flat triangular head.

An Odd Barometer.

A common leech makes a good barometer. Fill a tumbler half full with water, put the leech into it and tie a piece of muslin over the top to keep the leech from getting out. All you have to do to find out what sort of weather we are going to have is to watch the little animal.

For example, when the day is to be fine the leech will remain at the bottom of the glass, coiled up in spiral shape and quite motionless. If rain may be expected, it will creep to the top of the glass and stay there until it clears off.

If the leech twists itself and is very restless, there is going to be a windstorm. If it keeps out of the water for several days, look out for a thunderstorm.

The indications for frosty weather are the same as for fine and for snow the same as for rain. In fact, a leech is almost as good a forecaster as the weather man himself.

A Comedy of Errors.

When Baron Haussmann went to Constantinople on a visit to Abdul Aziz, who was then sultan, he had an interview with the grand vizier, who did not know a word of French. At the beginning of the interview the old long Turkish pipes were brought in, and then Baron Haussmann began making a very long speech in French. The grand vizier could not understand a word, but listened most attentively till he noticed that his pipe had gone out and clapped his hand for a servant to come and relight it. Haussmann, thinking he was applauding, rushed toward him with outstretched hand, intending to shake hands and thank him. The grand vizier, seeing his hand put forth, shook it warmly and said "Goodby," under the impression it was Haussmann's intention to leave, and quitted the room.

The "Ear of Dionysius."

A cunningly constructed prison cavern, consisting of a large chamber connected with one of smaller dimensions, situated near Syracuse, Italy, has gone into legendary history with the title of the "Ear of Dionysius." The smaller chamber was unknown to the prisoners kept in this underground dungeon, and the tyrant by whose name it is known had a habit of secreting himself there to listen to the conversation of the convicts, who were mostly political offenders. An ingenious device constructed at the smaller end of the larger chamber transmitted the sounds through the partition, thus enabling the suspicious ruler to hear even the whispered conversations of his "suspects."

Something to Shoot.

The other day a solitary sportsman, his gun under his arm, was wandering down a country lane in Inverness-shire when he met a small boy making for the school.

"I say, my boy," he remarked, "is there anything to shoot down here?"

The boy looked around for a moment and then answered with eagerness:

"Aye, there's a skulemaister comin' owre the hill!"—London Answers.

The Giraffe.

The children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie to read his. It was as follows: "The giraffe is a dumb animal and cannot express itself by any sound because its neck is so long its voice gets tired on its way to its mouth."

Little Latitude.

"I suppose a man has to be pretty careful in order to hold his job," said the talkative passenger.

"Yes," assented the conductor sadly. "If I knock a fare down, the company kicks, and if I knock a passenger down he reports me."—New York Times.

Artistic Improvement.

Hicks—That picture of D'Auber's that you bought at the exhibition looks better in your study than it did there somehow.

Wicks—Yes. I have hung it the other side up.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

The higher a man's character the less he need concern himself about his reputation.—New York Press.

He Escaped.

"Sir," questioned an irate female shopper as she pounced upon a small man who was pacing the store, "are you the floorwalker?"

"N-n-no, ma'am," he gasped, "I-I'm o-o-only the p-p-proprietor."

There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that to love what is great and try to reach it and yet to fail.—George Eliot.

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TOXIN AND ANTITOXIN.

What These Two Terms In Medicine Mean Made Clear.

Pasteur, the great French savant, founder of the sciences of bacteriology and preventive medicine, proved in the first place that the epidemic diseases are due to minute living organisms, plants and animals and that for each definite disease there is a specific micro organism. This was the great fundamental fact. Later it became evident that these microscopic parasites cause disease by certain chemical poisons which they produce, called toxins. In many cases the micro organism, if grown in culture tubes outside the body, will produce the same toxins. After being separated from the living germs which produced them these substances will produce all the symptoms of the disease when injected into an animal body. The body at the beginning of an attack of fever is not, however, passive. Its cells react against the poisons introduced and a struggle ensues, the end of which is life or death, the fighting being purposeful and definite. The body cells secrete a specific chemical body which has the power of neutralizing or rendering harmless the particular toxin introduced. This antidote to the poisonous toxin we call the antitoxin. When a man recovers from an attack of smallpox, it is because his antitoxins have proved too strong for the toxins of the disease, and his after immunity, it seems probable, is due to the persistence within his body of the antitoxins once produced.—C. E. A. Winslow in Atlantic.

Saved by an Owl.

King Robert the Bruce, according to the well known story, once owed his safety to a spider. Among the Tartars of central Asia there is a belief that one of their khans or chiefs was preserved, long years ago, by the great horned owl. He had hidden in a thicket to avoid capture by some enemies. By and by his pursuers came to this spot.

The first thing they saw was an owl sitting on a bush. What did this mean? It signified in their eyes that this bird would not rest quietly there if any man were lying concealed close by. Therefore they argued that the khan could not be there, and so they hurried on to search for him elsewhere. At nightfall the khan made his way to the camp of his men and told them how he had been saved from certain death. His story caused them ever afterward to look upon the owl with reverence and love. They wore its feathers in their caps as a pledge of victory.

A Maniac's Poem.

Probably the mass of prison poetry which has been written on stools and bedposts and scratched on prison walls far exceeds that which has found expression on paper, and many a "mute, inglorious Milton" has begun and finished his poetical career with these "lost to sight" productions.

There is in existence a short poem, said to have been scratched by a maniac on the wall of his cell, which runs thus:

Could I with ink the ocean fill,
Were all the world of parchment made,
Were every reed on earth a quill
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God alone
Would drain that ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The authenticity of this being the work of a maniac has often been questioned because of the beauty of its expression and its sound reason, but the story stands.—All the Year Round.

To Judge a River's Breadth.

It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of any ordinary stream or even of a good sized river, and here is the way to do it:

Select a part of the river bank where the grounds run back level and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now, move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand, if necessary, and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river, a distance that may readily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all these details, you can come within a few feet of the river's width.—Detroit Free Press.

He Hastens to Explain.

The Wife—I believe that Mrs. Rivers thinks I am a fool.

The Husband—There is evidence of that!

"Of what?"

"That she thinks you are a fool, my dear."—Smart Set.

ZIGZAG VALLEYS.

The Processes of Nature by Which They Are Formed.

Volcanic action has in most cases primarily determined the configuration of the crust of the earth, but the chief agents in the formation of tortuous valleys have been streams flowing above ground or below the surface. These naturally take the course of least resistance, dislodging the softest soil, and thus gradually enlarge their channels and are flanked by rising ground.

It has been ascertained by a well known expert that the serpentine course of the valley of the Cheddar gorge is caused by the jointing in the limestone. The rock, he tells us, is traversed by two systems of joints, which appear to be vertical or nearly so, intersecting approximately at a right angle. The joint surfaces form salient and re-entrant angles, the former opposite to the latter, so that if the two sides of the glen were brought together they would seem to interlock. Water above or below the surface would soak along these open joints and widen them into fissures, and this movement, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, would follow zigzag lines, so that the natural course of the current would by its continuous action excavate a valley of this unusual character.—London Answers.

A Verified Story.

A group of railroad men in New Orleans were talking about the fastest rides they ever experienced, says the Times-Democrat. One man in relating his experiences said: "Across bayous and through marshes we rushed like mad. When we reached the Rigolets, the most remarkable thing I ever saw took place. The train was traveling so fast it sucked the water up behind it as it rushed across the trestle, and I could hear the fishes groan as we flew over this neck of the gulf. Most remarkable thing I ever saw in the way of fast runs." And he lapsed into silence.

"I am glad you reminded me of that run," said another member of the group. "I had forgotten the incident. I can vouch for all you say, for I was on the back end of the last coach, and the water which was sucked in behind the train by the vacuum almost washed me overboard, but I held on all right, and when we made the crossing and the waters had receded I picked up on the platform of the rear coach the finest bunch of fish I ever saw. They were no doubt the fish you heard groaning."

Smallpox In Olden Days.

The first accurate description of the nature and ravages of smallpox is that of Rhases, an Arabian physician, who flourished in the tenth century and was the author of books on medicine and alchemy.

This terrible scourge was also described in most of the ancient Chinese and Indian books. In China it was known as the "bean disease" and traced back to the times of the Emperor Kwang Wu, who reigned A. D. 25-28.

The earliest Chinese treatise on smallpox was published in 1323, and from this it appears that inoculation has been known and practiced in the far east since the Sung dynasty, A. D. 960-1127. Chinese experts hold that the poison is communicated by the parents to their offspring, so that all possess its germ in their constitution, waiting only for circumstances favorable to its development.

The Marine Flag.

The revenue marine service flag, authorized by act of congress March 2, 1799, was originally prescribed to "consist of sixteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white, the union of the ensign bearing the arms of the United States in dark blue on a white field." The sixteen stripes represented the number of states which had been admitted to the Union at that time, and no change has been made since. Prior to 1871 it bore an eagle in the union of the pennant, which was then substituted by thirteen blue stars in a white field, but the eagle and the stars are still retained in the flag.

Slope of Rivers.

Generally speaking, the slope of rivers flowing into the Mississippi from the east is on an average about three inches per mile. Those entering it from the west have an average descent of about six inches per mile. The average descent per mile of the Missouri after it leaves the mountains is reckoned at about a foot; the Des Moines from its source to its conjunction with the Mississippi, 7.3 inches. The entire length of the Ohio shows a fall of even five inches. The Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio to the gulf has a fall of but 2½ inches.

Friend With a Reservation.

Mooney—Brace up, man! Troth, yez luk as if yez didn't hov a fri'nd in th' whole wurrld.

Hogan—Oi hovn't.

Mooney—G'wan! If it ain't money yez wan't t' borry, Oi'm as good a fri'nd as iver yez had.—Brooklyn Life.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1903.

CAPT. WYER REAPPOINTED.

Agreeably to the expectations of the people of this city, and to the entire satisfaction of all of them, except the Democrats, Captain Edwin F. Wyer was appointed Postmaster of Woburn last Monday, Jan. 19, 1903, by President Roosevelt for another term of four years from the expiration of his present one, which occurs the latter part of this month. The appointment was forthwith sent to the Senate for confirmation, and the Captain's second commission will arrive in due season.

As remarked above, Captain Wyer's reappointment was generally expected, indeed, it was a foregone conclusion, for he had no competitors for the office, and not a lisp of opposition was heard from any quarter.

His appointment four years ago was a wise and well deserved one, as faithful service and a successful administration of the affairs of the responsible position since then have clearly demonstrated.

By judicious management and unremitting personal attention to the duties of the office Capt. Wyer has increased its revenues during his present term more than one hundred percent, and changed its place from the second poorest paying office of its class in the State to a creditable and profitable standing among the best of them. This involved work, economy, and business intelligence, all of which have been made to serve him, and for the highly satisfactory results of which he is awarded due credit. A considerable share of the business increase of the office has been secured by enlisting the cooperation of Woburn men whose stores and offices are in Boston and exciting their interest and pride in the proper support and maintenance of their home postoffice. The Captain's success in this direction has been marked. The fact is, his has been a business administration, and a large increase of revenue, and a far better financial standing, as compared with other offices, are the fruitsof it.

The JOURNAL embraces this opportunity to congratulate Captain Wyer on his well merited second appointment to the office of Postmaster of Woburn.

☞ Aspirants for the place at the State House made vacant by the death of Representative Cottle are popping up here and there, and a considerable crop of them is probable. Dr. Daniel S. Jones's Democratic friends are presenting his name as a candidate, regardless of the fact that, by courtesy, the nomination belongs to Mr. Johnson, of Reading, and will push him for all they are worth. On the other side, Mr. Edward Q. Brackett is announced as in the race for the Republican caucus vote, and is said to be willing to make some sacrifices for the good of his country. What effect his independent running for Alderman last month, in opposition to the Republican ticket, will have on his candidacy for Representative time alone can determine. It looks now, however, as though Mr. Nowell of Reading would receive the Republican nomination.

☞ At the meeting of the Board of Public Works held last Friday evening, Jan. 16, Mr. Timothy J. Ring was elected Inspector of Buildings, and Mr. John C. Andrews Water Registrar. In the latter case a motion to reconsider was made by Commissioner Kelley which operated to delay the question to a future meeting. There were only three members of the Board present when the vote was taken, Preston, Kennedy and Kelley. What the outcome will be can only be guessed at. Some good lawyers say the motion to reconsider won't stand fire.

☞ It is probably true that the Democrats of this Representative District will nominate Mr. Johnson of Reading to be voted for at the special election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Representative Cottle. He was their candidate at the regular election last November.

☞ Representative Henry M. Aldrich paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of his deceased colleague, Representative Edmund C. Cottle, in the House of Representatives last Wednesday afternoon, following which the House passed resolutions of sympathy for the family of Mr. Cottle.

☞ Mr. Elwyn G. Preston will be the first witness, with comparative figures of the coal supply in Boston within the past few months as compared with the same periods of other years.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. M. Ellis—Harness.
A. Blume—Mort. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
A. F. Converse—Citation.
H. F. A. W.—Annual Meeting.
S. M. C. Phinney—Executrix Sale.

— St. Charles concert and ball Jan. 30.

— An apron and necktie party on Feb. 9.

— It was from 5 to 8 below zero on Sunday morning.

— Fred Masson and B. B. Cahoon have gone to Mexico.

— Miss Grace Hall will be 98 years on the 25th of next month.

— Bear in mind the St. Charles concert and ball on Jan. 30.

— The days have lengthened 35 minutes. The increase is quite perceptible.

— Read the notice of auction sales of real estate in Woburn and elsewhere.

— The East End Social Club gave a whist party and dance last Monday evening.

— The South End S. C. will give a whist party and dance on Monday evening, Jan. 26.

— Lieut. Col. Murray D. Clement inspected Co. G, 5th Mass. Infantry last Monday evening.

— The Innitou Canoe Club are to have a time, a banquet being the chief attraction, on Jan. 28.

— Women's best quality storm burbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's.

— The fuel situation remains unchanged. Speculators are getting rich and the people suffering.

— Miss Bryant tells us that Supt. Emerson is gaining health and strength to an encouraging degree.

— Copeland & Bowser are cleaning out their old stock preparatory to the opening of spring business.

— Mr. Thomas G. Beggs, Jr., is a department Superintendent at the big leather factory of Beggs & Cobb.

— Copeland & Bowser make an interesting announcement in this week's JOURNAL. Please read it carefully.

— The proprietors can't reasonably complain of the quantity and quality of the Horn Pond ice crop this season.

— Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch say "Olives are cheaper." Read their ad and see if they don't.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis has lost a single express harness and wants the party who has it to return it at once.

— Our old friend and boyhood companion, Mr. Ervin Hatch of Button End, will please accept our thanks for favors.

— Mrs. John Cummings of Cummingsville finds a ready market for her wood at $6.50 a cord, sawed and delivered.

— The annual meeting of the H. F. A. W. will be held at 2.30 o'clock Feb. 3, in room 2 Savings Bank Building. See ad.

— The alarm from box 61 at 2.30 last Sunday afternoon was for a slight fire on the roof of J. M. Ellis's house on Salem street.

— Div. 3, A. O. H., will give the grand dance of the winter this evening in Lyceum Hall. Great preparations have been made for it.

— The S. of V. Basketball team of this city went to Wakefield last Saturday evening to try their hand with a Co. A, 6th Reg't team.

— Last Monday evening the St. Charles and City Hall bowling teams locked horns, and victory perched on the standard of the former.

— Rev. Dr. March returned to his study in the church yesterday after being housed for a week or two with a severe cold. He is much better.

— Towanda Club are to give their annual Ladies Night this evening. The chief attraction is to be a pianola concert—a new thing under the sun.

— The Cummingsville Social Club are to hold their second assembly of the season in the John Cummings Hose Hall on the evening of Feb. 6. They always have a good time.

— There was not a word of protest offered to the reappointment of Capt. E. F. Wyer for postmaster of Woburn. Which speaks well for his management of the office during the last four years.

— Mr. J. W. Wood of Sweetland, California, will please accept the JOURNAL's thanks for the holiday issue of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a huge sheet with pictures of California on every page.

— Supt. John Connolly keeps City Hall as comfortable as can be, notwithstanding the fact that fuel is scarse and the price steep. C. H. could hardly keep house without Super John and his old dudeen.

— The Lowell Textile School, of which Mr. William W. Crosby of this city is Principal, and which is attended by several Woburn young men, has moved into its new and spacious quarters.

— A boy had his arm broken while coasting on Montvale avenue near Bow street the other day, making two serious accidents of that kind in that section of the city within a short time of each other.

— The new officers of Hope Circle are: President, Mary A McIntosh; Vice President, Harriet N. Delano; Finan. Sec., Sarah A. Woodside; Rec. Sec., Ada C. Kendall; Treasurer, Flora E. Tripp.

— Tramps are getting numerous and annoying. If the householder could only pick out and feed the deserving, and set the dog on the others, no harm would come from entertaining tramps. But there's the rub.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course will be given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 27, by Mr. Cyrus Weeks who will discourse on "Saxonia," the same to be profusely and beautifully illustrated with pictures.

— Last Tuesday noon William Jones was seriously injured by the breaking of a shaft at the Merrimac Chemical Works. He received a severe wound on one of his hips which will be apt to lay him up several weeks.

— Next Teusday evening, Jan. 27, D.D.G. Patriarch William O Richardson will install the officers of Woburn Encampment, 72, I. O. O. F. There is to be a banquet at 7 o'clock, and the meeting for business will be held at 7.45.

— A number of professional poloists and their admirers went to Lawrence last evening to indulge in their favorite sport, and see others do it. McKay, one of the famous players of the country was an attraction at Lawrence last night.

— An interesting biographical sketch of Mr. P. M. Harwood, who was recently elected General Agent of the Dairy Bureau of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, will soon be printed in the JOURNAL for the benefit of its readers.

— The Woburn High School Ice Hockey team went to Horn Pond, Woburn last Friday to meet the Cambridge English High School team in the Suburban High School series, but the Cambridge team did not appear. The game was thus forfeited to Woburn.

— The boys and girls cherish no affection for our police, indeed, "Betsy and I are out." They had some of the nicest coasting places in the city—some real lovely hills—when what do the police do but go and put up those hateful cards, "No Coasting Here." 'Twas awful mean.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

Oldest and Largest Carpet House in New England

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN

Wilton and Brussels Carpets
Oriental and Domestic Rugs
Upholstery Fabrics

We have the largest stock in Boston, and show an endless variety of all grades of carpets and draperies. Prices always moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.
Pray Building, Washington St., opp. Boylston
Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale
Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

— At the annual meeting of the First Congregational Parish held Monday evening, Jan. 19, the following officers were chosen: Clerk, C. Willard Smith; Treasurer and Collector, Edward E. Thompson; Auditor, Frank E. Cotton; Parish Committee for 3 years, Joseph F. DeLoriea.

— The *Winchester Star* thinks the B. & N. Street Railway Company would do well to get Supt. Brackett back to their North Woburn Div., and give him full control. He brought the line up from a sort of 3-cattle team concern to one of the best and profitable in this part of Massachusetts.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are making active preparations for their annual concert and ball to be held in Armory Hall on Jan. 30. They are always a large feature in the writer's entertainments, and never fail to add largely to the funds of the Society, to say nothing of the pleasure they give.

— Mrs. Sarah B. Wyer of 56 Kilby street, widow of Mr. B. F. Wyer, a former business man of this city, who died 19 years ago, is smart at 81 years old, as her appearance on the business streets last Tuesday proved. She resides with her son-in law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Brooks.

— The fire on the roof of Capt. J M. Ellis's residence on Salem street last Sunday afternoon did no damage to speak of. It was extinguished by hosemen William Hammond with a hand chemical. Other firemen aided in putting out the fire. It would have been a serious affair had it occurred in the night.

— James E. Feeney, Esq., of the law firm of J. P. & J. E. Feeney of this city, managed the dog case of Alex. McDonald and Leonard Davis against Commodore John Ferguson, in the District Court, last week, in a successful manner. He obtained a verdict for his client McDonald of $350, and for Davis of $60.

— It isn't at all likely that Mr. George T. Connor will keep an oil stove burning all night in his store any more. Experience is an expensive teacher, but the knowledge it imparts is of the best quality. Mr. Connor found it so in a ruined stock of goods. The incident should be a warning to others who use oil stoves for heating.

— Mrs. John J. Pippy, widow of a former publisher of the JOURNAL, and her daughters Mary (Mrs. Straini) and Nellie are visiting in this city. They make their headquarters at Mrs. Taylor's, 23 Pleasant street. Mrs. Pippy and Nellie have been living of late years at Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Mrs. Straini at Newport, Maine. They have many acquaintences here.

— The J. J. Hern's men and teams have had all they could do for some time past in hauling wood from the Thompson lot in Burlington to customers in this city. The wood is oak and birch, of the very best quality, and is delivered, all prepared for range or furnace, at a low price, as prices go. People will do well to buy of Mr. Hern.

— Mrs. Ella Luce, book keeper at the Woburn Laundry, in Allen Block, reports that Mr. Moore, the Proprietor is doing a good business and it is steadily increasing. He does the very best of work, and at prices with which the public are satisfied. Mrs. Luce and her daughter Bessie, who has a fine positon in a Boston wholesale millinery house, have resumed their residence in this city.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer is now fully engaged in the discharge of her duties as Corresponding Secretary of the New England Womens Press Association, for which she is admirably fitted. She is a scholarly young woman, of correct literary tastes and instincts, and not a bit afraid of work. The N. E. W. P. A. tends to intellectual elevation, mental improvement, and is a good institution to have around.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker, heating engineer of this city, is doing a large job for the Derby Desk Company in Somerville, on which some half a dozen of his men have been employed for the last two months. The Company are putting in a new heating plant that will cost close on to $60,000, and Mr. Parker is doing the steam work. He has several other contracts on hand, and is having a busy winter.

— Miss Mattie Hart, a young Woburn lady of much obility, took part in a recital and entertrinment at the Y M. C. U., Boston, Wednesday evening, Jan. 21st. Miss Heart possesses a good voice and charming stage presence.

— Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe were the speakers at the Press Club at the Vendome, Boston, Wednesday Jan. 21st. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and Dr. Blackwell were present. Miss Ida Fitch, Mrs. Francis Hill and daughter, were guests from Woburn.

— At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn held on Jan. 16, 1903, the following Directors were chosen: John M. Harlow, Benjamin Hinckley, Julius F. Ramsdell, John W. Johnson, Charlie A. Jones, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs. At the organization meeting held on Jan. 19, John M. Harlow was elected President, and John W. Johnson Vice President.

— Mr. Chase Cole is recovering from his late illness in good shape at the home on Pleasant street. It is doubted if he could run after and gaffle onto bad Boston school boys and girls as lively as he did 20 years ago when he was head of the Truant Office in that city; but he is a long way from being a superanuated citizen, and, with health fully restored, he will be able to get around and vote the Republican ticket for a good many years to come.

— In the absence of School Supt Emerson Miss Bryant is carrying on the clerical work of the office, and performing a considerable portion of its executive duties, in an excellent manner. She is a smart and capable young woman, and the affairs of the office are conducted in the best manner by her. She receives assistance, mornings and evenings, in doing the outside work from Chairman Riley of the School Board, but the heft of the labor falls on the shoulders of Miss Bryant.

— The January thaw came along all right on schedule time, but was of short duration. Friday and Saturday of last week were the days of the thaw. It turned cold on Saturday night and Sunday was a short winter day. Monday morning, Jan. 19, was one of the coldest of the season, thermometers in different parts of the city showing from 6 to 10 below zero. The simple fact of the matter is, this has been a cold winter thus far, which, with the dearth of fuel and its high price, has made things go hard for a great many people.

— Albeit it was snug zero weather, we were favored with a call from Mr. Alfred Willoughby last Tuesday morning and he was all the way from Rockland, Maine, his present home, too. He has become a genuine Down Easter, and likes Rockland very much as an abiding place. It is a nice Maine city, the home of Congressman Littlefield, the political eccentric, and is favored and attractive as a seaport. Mr. Willoughby, who has many good friends at his former home here, made only a brief visit among us, it being of a business character.

— Because of his membership of the City Council and Presidency of the same, John W. Johnson, Esq., resigned his position on the Warren Academy Board of Trustees, which he has filled for 15, or more, years. Possible conflict of interests between the City and Academy was the moving cause of Mr. Johnson's resignation. The Trustees are Daniel March, D. D., Frank B. Richardson, John R. Carter, Arthur B Wyman, Everett E Thompson, Geo. E. Bean, William R Cutter, Clerk, all members of the First Congregational church and parish.

— The following officers of W. R. C. 161 were installed last Monday evening by Past National Chaplain Mary E. E. Knowles, assisted by Mrs. Julia Britten. The officers of Post 161 were given in the JOURNAL last week; President, Miss Susan Tibbetts; S. V. Pres., Mrs. Caretta Jones; Treas., Mrs. Rebecca Brooks; Conductor, Miss Lucia Patten; Assistant Conductor, Margaret Wandless; Guard, Estella Nickerson; Assistant Guard, Mrs. Arthur DeLoriea; Patriotic Instructor, Miss Mabel Patten; Musician, Mrs. M. A. Wyer; Color Bearers, Mrs. A. D. Jones, Miss Ida Reed, Miss Grace M. Leslie, Mrs Lizzie Tripp.

— Not sinners alone, but the good, stood on slippery places last Wednesday morning, and in places they were dangerous to limbs. The condition was caused by a heavy rain falling on ice covered roads and sidewalks, leaving a glassy surface, uneven and difficult of safe navigation. The rain caused a suspension of the school sessions, and gave the highwaymen who shovel sand a plenty of work to do.

— The Water Registrar question bids fair to become a bone of hot contention and a source of fuss and trouble. The Board of Public Works is not a pacific body, and hasn't been for some years. It ought to be abolished, or so changed as to make it a working piece of the government machinery, instead of a department of politics, and a means of advancing the interests of personal friends. It has failed to meet the expectations of its advocates. The members are at cross purposes and pulling and hauling for cheap political victories nearly all the time. A Board of Public Works, or something like it, with a single head, would be about the right checker.

— Mr. John S. True died on Jan. 3, 1890. He had been elected Representative to the Legislature, and a few days before it convened on the first Wednesday of that month he had been to the State House and had his seat assigned, but never occupied it, for he took cold that day, which resulted in pneumonia, and his death soon followed. Mr. Bancroft of Reading, who was the other Republican candidate at the previous November election and defeated, was selected by the Republicans to fill the vacancy, and was again defeated at the special election that followed. The case was similar to the present one, except that Representative Cottle had taken his seat in the General Court and served a week.

— Last week, under the guardian care and guiding eye of Capt. J. M. Ellis, the JOURNAL reporter took a comprehensive survey of that gentleman's homestead on Salem street and was greatly pleased and edified thereat. The fine residence, from the underpinning down, was duly explored and the contents of the numerous compartments examined, but what interested the reporter more than anything else was the barns, sheds, pens and coops which partly surround and buttress the dwelling, and the things and creatures they contained. But to come down to a point, the reporter confesses that the principal attraction for him, the cynosure of his watchful eyes, so to speak, was a fine exhibition of juvenile and adult swine, fat and smooth, housed in warm, straw filled pens, the elders preparing, by the gratification of excellent appetites, for the pork barrel, soon to be their resting place. These constituted a pleasant sight, but no more so than a dozen, or so, of big Brahma hens, recently purchased at Gorham, Maine, whose vocal achievements, while being proudly exhibited by Capt. Ellis, were remarkable. So, when Capt. Ellis's residence caught fire last Sunday, how natural it was for the reporter to congratulate himself on having made the above visit before what might have been the destruction of the entire scene and things viewed by him with so much pleasure and satisfaction.

City Council.

The City Council held a meeting on last Monday evening, the regularly established time for holding it. President Johnson occupied the Chair.

Voted to print 300 copies of the rules and orders as reported by the Committee on same.

Voted to print 2000 copies of the City Reports and 200 copies of the department reports.

Order from Board of Public Works requesting an appropriation of $200 for trimming trees Referred to Finance Committee.

The Standing Committees of the City Council appointed by President Johnson are as follows:

Accounts—Aylward, Linscott, Maguire, Callahan, O'Donnell.

Claims and Bonds—Felch, Greaney, Crane, Ellis, Maguire.

Finance—Johnson, Brady, Felch, Aylward, Crane, Martin, York.

Fire—Martin, Greaney, O'Donnell, Ellis, McHugh

Highways—Ellis, McHugh, Martin, Linscott, Callahan.

Ordinances—Maguire, McCormick, Linscott, Brady, O'Donnell.

Police and Licenses—Brady, Maguire, O'Donnell, McCormick, Linscott.

Printing—McHugh, Aylward, Callahan, Felch, McCormick.

Salaries—Crane, York, Greaney, Felch, Aylward.

State and Military Aid—York, Crane, Ellis, McCormick, McHugh.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL

Two of the most successful plays of James A. Herne are "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres," both of which are playing this season to crowded houses in every city in which they are presented. These two stirring domestic dramas have their scenes laid on the shores of the New England coast. James A. Herne lived for many years in the locality where the scenes of the plays are situated and he made a most careful study of the characteristics of the men, women and children with whom he was thrown into daily contact. The author did not hurriedly write the dramas. Every little detail was well thought out and every speech was carefully evolved. A male quartette and Grace Estelle Clarke, will be seen at the Music Hall for one week, commencing Jan. 26.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

The demand to see Mrs. Leslie Carter in David Belasco's great play "Du Barry" at the Hollis St. Theatre, Boston, has been so great, that after considerable persuasion, Mrs. Carter has consented to give two extra matinees, on Wednesday, January 28, and Wednesday, February 4. During Mrs. Carter's Boston engagement she has only appeared at the Saturday matinees, but there have been hundreds of requests from persons living in near-by cities for extra matinees, and it is in compliance with these requests that the additional performances will be given. "Du Barry" as played by Mrs. Carter and a company of recognized artists numbering over one hundred and fifty is positively the greatest theatrical offering that the Boston stage has ever seen. Theatre-goers will find that the extra two Wednesday matinees will afford a splendid opportunity to view the performance. Seats for the extra matinees are now on sale at the Hollis St. Theatre box office, as indeed are the tickets for all of Mrs. Carter's last performances, ending Feb'y 7. The matinees begin at 1.45 o'clock, and the curtain rises in the evening at 7.45 o'clock.

For a bad taste in the mouth take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. Warranted to cure. For sale by all druggists.

—23rd YEAR—
ROSE GLYCERINE LOTION
Chapped and rough skin of hands and face vanishes in a night by its use.
THE PILL BOX
SOLE PROPRIETOR. 25c. a Bottle.

Woburn Woman's Club Anniversary.

At an adjourned meeting of ladies interested in forming an association for mutual intellectual improvement held at the residence of Mrs. George H. Young on Feb. 23, the "Woburn Woman's Club" was duly organized by the adoption of a constitution, and the election of the following officers: President, Miss Emma A. Putnam; Vice-Presidents, Miss Susan Edgell and Mrs. George H. Young; Secretary, Mrs. W. W. Hill; Treasurer, Mrs. Edward F. Johnson; Directors, Miss Mary A. Frost, Mrs. Jacob Brown, Mrs. George A. Simonson, Mrs. Frank D. Whitcomb, Miss Maria Carter, Mrs. P. L. Converse, Mrs. W. V. Killan, Miss Jennie Buxton. Mrs. Frederick Winsor was present and in a very pleasant and interesting manner summarized the thoughts suggested by a year's experience of a similar organization in Winchester. The Woburn Club enters upon its work with about fifty members.—*Woburn Journal, March 2, 1883.*

The Woburn Woman's Club, which has started out under the most favorable auspices and encouraging conditions, will probably occupy Fraternity Hall for their meetings. It is a good place and well located for public gatherings. We have a good deal of faith in this Club, for it is composed of a large number of our best and most cultivated ladies, and the objects sought to be obtained are in the highest degree important and praiseworthy. It is officered by ladies who have the best interests of their sex at heart, and we have no doubt that great good will grow out of the organization.—*Woburn Journal, Mar. 9, 1883.*

Thus is given from the files of the JOURNAL the official birth and successful launching of the Woburn Woman's Club, the 20th anniversary of which was splendidly celebrated on last Friday evening, January 16, 1903, at Music Hall, when a large number of invited guests, ladies and gentlemen, from home and abroad, were handsomely entertained by the officers and members of the Club.

From 6 to 7 o'clock in the evening a reception was held, which was followed by a banquet furnished by Messrs. Whittemore & Girard, the famous Boston caterers, oratory, music, and social intercourse of a pleasant nature.

The following order of exercises will convey to the mind of the reader a better idea of the character of the entertainment than can otherwise be given, and will doubtless be scanned with interest:

PROGRAMME.

Welcome.	Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward
1883—1903.	Miss Clara Sheldon Carter
The Club Husband.	Mrs. E. Maria Bean
What Next?	Rev. Henry C. Parker
An Outlook for the Twentieth Century.	Mr. Sam Walter Foss

About 175 ladies and gentlemen were present and enjoyed the banquet and festivities of the evening. It was pronounced by those who have been regular visitors at the annual functions of the Club to be the best "Gentleman's Night" that the organization has ever held. It was a fashionable affair there appearing in the assembly many elegant costumes worn by ladies belonging to the upper social circles, and gentlemen in dress suits, which added lustre to the brilliancy of the occasion. The table of the Directors, admirably arranged by Mrs. Emma S. Eaton and other Directors, was presided over by Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, President of the Club, and surrounded by some 40, or more, of Woburn's prominent people.

The general arrangements were under the direction of Madams Susie A. Newcomb and Nellie T. Gilbert, Chairmen of the Hospitality Committee.

The Hall was finely decorated for the occasion, the official color of the Club predominating, and, brilliantly illuminated, presented an exceedingly pleasing appearance, which was increased by the presence of large red pinks at the plates on the tables. The committee having charge of the decorations were entitled to much credit for their good work.

The Highland Orchestra, or the members of it, Miss Maud H. Littlefield, Miss Dora A. Winn, Mr. John J. Hern, and the Manager, Mr. John C. Andrews, contributed materially to the pleasure of the company by the excellent orchestral music furnished by them during the evening. No feature of the "Night" was more highly appreciated by the members and gusts than this one furnished by the Orchestra.

The introductions, or reception proper, participated in by nearly all present, passed off smoothly, and was a pleasing item in the excellent programme. The parts were all well performed by the receivers and received.

The tables not only looked inviting, but were so in reality. The lateness of the hour at which the banquet was served had whetted the appetites of the guests to a keen edge for the great variety and excellent quality of the viands with which the banquetting boards were laden, and the large company, especially the clergymen, fell to at the work of demolishing them with a zest highly complimentary to the committee and caterers. To some of those present this part of the Order of Exercises was the most important and enjoyable of all.

Rev. Dr. Norton inuoked a divine blessing on the meeting.

But the cream of the affair was the addresses delivered at the festive boards at the close of the gastronomic exercises, and the lecture by Mr. Sam Walter Foss, a platform orator of wide and favorable repute. It is quite often the case, in a majority of them, perhaps, that postprandial toasts, or sentiments, and responses, are a bore—pointless, inane, lacking thought, a framework to hang ancient jokes and anecdotes on; such, however, was not the case in this instance; they were good, pat, and entertaining. A bit too lengthy, perhaps, but not wearisome. They were classed under the general head of "Audible," a happy and appropriate designation.

The address of welcome was of course, delivered by the President of the Club, Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward; it was well done. She is a scholar, capable of putting thoughts into good English, and presenting them in a manner to secure the attention of intelligent hearers. She is a woman of fine address, selfpossessed, and graceful in attitude and gesture, which is more than half the battle in the discharge of a duty of the character of that which fell to her lot to perform. Addresses of welcome are susceptible of a great variety of forms of construction, although limited in substance; but Mrs. President Hayward's, on this occasion, was not open to the charge of triteness in thought, theme, or manner of delivery. It was a good, well written, admirably spoken production, with which her large and cultivated audience were well pleased.

Miss Clara Sheldon Carter was then gracefully introduced by President Hayward to respond to the sentiment, "1883 1903." It was handsomely done. Miss Carter is a brainy woman; she is original in thought and style of expression; beaten paths have no attractions for her. Her address was real literature, requiring thought and ability to construct, or build up an entertaining story on a scant foundation of reality. She was secure of the attention of her audience from beginning to end. People are interested in the things Miss Carter writes or speaks; they are of their own kind; studied and always composed of pure metal. Her response pleased the people at the tables.

Probably no member of the Club was better qualified to respond to the toast, "The Club Husband," than Madam E Maria Bean. She arose to address the audience with a full knowledge of her subject, gained from an experience of 18 or 20 years. She knows whereof husbands, including Club ones, are made. She has profited largely from the lessons taught her by experience and observation. She handled the subject with the assurance and ease of an expert, and her address was a star performance of the evening. Mrs. Bean is a cultivated woman, College bred, discerning, and of sound judgment, so what she says about Club husbands "goes." Possibly long and efficient service on the School Board may have been an aid in the composition of her excellent after dinner speech. At anyrate the company were highly entertained by it.

When Rev. Henry C. Parker essays a speech, after an hour's work at a bountifully supplied table, something good, something out of the ordinary, is confidently expected; so, when he arose to talk about "What Next?" all ears were turned in his direction, and remained in that attitude until the last word of the address was uttered. Gallantry prevents the suggestion by us that the committee on "Audibles" kept "the best of the wine for the last of the feast," but we might be pardoned for going as far as to say that no speech of the evening surpassed it, and that its excellence was fully appreciated and admired. No report of it can be written that would convey to the mind of the reader a fair idea of its merits, or even explain what the production really was. Suffice it to say that Mr. Parker's response gave complete satisfaction, and those who expected a good one from him got it.

The speaking closed with a lecture by Mr. Sam Walter Foss. He is a popular lecturer and deserves the reputation he has won on the platform. The Woburn Woman's Club think there is nobody equal to him as a literary entertainer. His lecture was a medley of good things in prose and poetry, presented in a quaint sort of a way; nothing highflown or strained about it; with broad streaks of dry humor interspersed, and it was keenly relished by the company.

The Woman's Club may well congratulate themselves on the splendid success of their Gentlemen's Night.

The Funeral.

The funeral of Representative Edmund C. Cottle was held at the family residence on Highland street at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, 1903. The religious services were conducted by Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, and Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church. The Schubert Quartet of Boston sang "Passing out of the shadow," "Still, still with thee," and "We shall meet." The services were solemn and impressive. The clergymen paid warm tributes to the personal worth and head and heart virtues of the deceased.

There was a large attendance at the residence, many neighbors and friends, besides representatives of societies and institutions, assembling there to pay their respects to the memory of one who, in life, they respected and admired. The Messrs. Tripp were the undertakers, and the pall-bearers were: Wm. Beggs, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, John W. Johnson, of Woburn, and Ira Vaughn and George Vaughn, of Salem. The burial was at Woodbrook.

The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, testifying to the high regard in which Mr. Cottle was held by his fellow citizens and general public. A large share of the flowers were wrought into emblems, the principal contributors being Mrs. Cottle, the bereaved widow, and Agnes, the daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Cottle, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Marion, the grandchildren, employees of the F. E. Cottle Leather Company, C. E. Kelliher, Mt. Horeb Lodge A. F. and A. M., Burbeen Free Lecture Fund corporation, Directors of the Woburn First National Bank, Hide Brokers Association of Boston, Charles B. Winn Camp of S. of V., Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Banks and Banking, brothers and sisters of Mrs. Cottle, F. L. Young & Kimball of Lynn, Homer Brothers of Boston, and G. A. R. Post 161 furnished a fine silk National Flag for the casket.

A committee of eight members of the Legislature, including Representative Henry M. Aldrich, attended the funeral in an official capacity; and the Woburn National and Savings Banks, the Masonic Order, the Grand Army of the Republic, Burbeen Free Lecture Fund, and other associations were represented.

Mr. Cottle will be missed by all classes of people in this community. He was a good citizen, and it could be truthfully said of him: "he was an honest man"—the highest praise that can be bestowed on anyone.

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Fergus Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep which she had not done for several days. The son was so much pleased with the relief it gave his mother that he has since recommended it to many others. For sale by all druggists.

A Good Word for E. C. Cottle.

Edmund C. Cottle, of Woburn, who last Wednesday was sworn in as a member of the lower branch of the State Legislature, died Tuesday afternoon on a train while on his way home from the State House, evidently from heart trouble caused by his hurrying to the train. Mr. Cottle's life illustrates the possibilities open to the industrious and frugal young man. We remember when he came to Woburn to work in the lowest place in a great leather establishment in that town, and recall how, step by step, he rose to become the sole owner of it and acquire other property besides, through keen business traits and honest industry; to be honored by his fellow citizens by election to prominent places in the municipal government; to be given places of trust in monied institutions. We recall also that he responded to his country's call and served with honor in the War of the Rebellion; that as a Comrade of the G. A. R. he has performed his duty in that organization since the war closed and been helpful to those left dependent by the fortunes of war. His life and character is the richest legacy to his family, although he had retired from business with a considerable fortune well invested.—*Arlington Advocate.*

Literary Notices.

Several years ago a suggestion was made to President Eliot of Harvard that, inasmuch as the first thing a young man ordinarily did on graduating from college was to choose his life-work, it was important that each student should have presented to him a thorough discussion as to the advantages and temptations of each of the leading professions, so that in determining his life-work he might act with the fullest knowledge attainable. THE COSMOPOLITAN has begun this discussion in its January issue by taking up the legal profession. Besides pointing out what the young man has to encounter in entering upon a lawyer's career, THE COSMOPOLITAN considers at length the revolution which has taken place in the legal profession because of the reorganization of business in great aggregations like the U. S. Steel Corporation, and modern business instruments, such as trust companies, title and guarantee companies, and fidelity insurance companies.

— The alarm from box 35 at 11.05 Tuesday evening was for a slight fire in Newman's greenhouse, Willow street, Cummingsville. The alarm from box 54 at 7 45 Wednesday evening was for the upsetting of a lamp in the house of Patrick Farry, Hudson st. No damage.

"The nicest and pleasantest medicine I have used for indigestion and constipation is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Melard F. Craig, of Middlegrove, N. Y. "They work like a charm and do not gripe or have any unpleasant effect." For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Amiable Sins." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning a 10.45. Subject: "Love."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday after the Epiphany.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Preaching We Need." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., evening service with sermon by the pastor. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 14, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Edward F. Mulkeen and Margaret M. Reynolds, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 14, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Patrick H. Doherty and Elizabeth F. Smith, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 14, Thomas Lane, aged 38 years.
In this city, Jan. 15, John F. Parker, aged 87 years, 19 days.
In this city, Jan. 15, Mary E. Maloney, aged 57 years, 5 months.
In this city, Jan. 21, Annie Savage, aged 51 years.
In this city, Jan. 16, John A. Doherty, aged 58 years.
In this city, Jan. 19, Mary (Harkin) Quinn, aged 70 years.
In Danvers, Jan. 19, James C. Wardwell, aged 42 years, 2 months, 25 days.

OLIVES
Are Cheaper!

Best Queen Olives, qts.,	55c. per Bottle
Best Queen Olives, pts.,	30c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, pts.,	25c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, ½ pts.,	20c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives in small bottles (2 styles), 10c. per bottle.	

STUFFED OLIVES
10c., 32c. and 50c. per Bottle.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON
BEGINNING MONDAY, JAN. 12
— FOR —
THREE WEEKS ONLY
HENRIETTA
CROSMAN
IN THE
Big New York Success
ROLAND MacDONALD'S PLAY, THE
SWORD OF THE KING
Unanimously Voted by Critics and Public the Most Artistic Achievement of Miss Crosman's Career.
New York's approval shown in a Long Run at Wallack's Theatre.
TRIBUNE—"The performance was superb."
WORLD—"The best play she has ever produced"
TELEGRAM—"A decided success."
JOURNAL—"Miss Crossman makes a big hit."
PRESS "No better entertainment in Broadway."
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

Executrix's Sale.

Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday the 11th day of February next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described estate, belonging to the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney, and situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to wit:

A certain lot of land situated in said Woburn, opposite the Boston & Maine R. R. Station in said Woburn, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the street in front of the R. R. Station of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and running thence across an 18 feet passageway and land of Nathaniel Simonds, southwesterly, 110.28; thence northwesterly by other land of the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney and land of Sarah M. C. Phinney, 95.5 feet; thence northeasterly by estate of Dr. Graves and land of Boston & Maine Railroad, 104.58 feet; thence easterly four feet; thence southeasterly by said Railroad, 92.20 feet, containing 10,310 sq. ft. more or less.

Also a certain tract of land adjoining the tract above described together with the buildings thereon, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the before mentioned estate, at the easterly corner thereof, thence southwesterly by land of Almira P. Richardson, 98.8 feet; thence northwesterly by Bennett street, 94 feet; thence northeasterly by land of Mattie A. Thayer and land of B. Champney, 97.77 feet; thence southeasterly by land before described, 95.5 feet; containing 9,450 sq. ft. more or less.

An undivided half of both of the above described lots belonging to the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney, and the other undivided half belonging to Sarah M. C. Phinney. The entire interest to be sold at the above time and place.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY, Executrix
of will of Robert J. W. Phinney.

Jan. 21, 1903.

About a Harness

Some one has taken from my stable on Salem street, or borrowed, a SINGLE EXPRESS HARNESS which the party who has it is notified to RETURN AT ONCE to

JACOB M. ELLIS,
27 Salem St., Woburn, Mass.

CABOT'S
Sulpho Napthol
LIQUID CLEANLINESS
THE HOME DISINFECTANT
Kills all disease germs. Destroys all bad odors. Purifies sick-rooms, toilets, cellars, etc.
KEEPS AWAY SICKNESS AND DISEASE.
Beware of imitations. Take only packages bearing above Trade-Mark.

Early Spring Styles.

To know what these are going to be, look over the February Butterick Patterns just received.

These February patterns show skirts with outside box plaits at the back, bolero jacket effects, some further developments in Norfolks. A new lot of Russian styles, tucked Empires, Blouses with capes, &c.

A Butterick Pattern enables you to make your own dress. Butterick Patterns can be relied upon for up-to-dateness. Fashion Sheets free at our Pattern Counter.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Compound Syrup

— OF —

Hypophosphites

counteracts the effects of excessive exertion during the holidays.

85c. Large Bottles.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
DRUGGIST,
361 Main St.

HAVE

You Visited

the largest and finest retail market in Boston? It is located at No. 105 Causeway St. opposite North Station and you can save money buying there your Meats, Groceries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit.

Bargains offering all the time.

Good Corn Beef	6c lb
Sirloin Steak	15 & 20c lb
Sirloin Roasts	15 & 20c lb
Fancy Legs Lamb	15c lb
Fancy Chickens	20c lb

All grades of coffee roasted and ground fresh every day. Complete Fish department. Reasonable purchases delivered free within 10 miles of Boston.

North Union Market,
105 CAUSEWAY ST.,
Opp. North Station, BOSTON

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To Margaret M. Taylor, the next of kin and all other persons interested in Daniel B. Barnum of Woburn, in the said County of Middlesex, minor.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Jennie F. Dixon of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, praying for the appointment of herself, or some other suitable person, as guardian;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of January A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a guardian should not be appointed and have the custody of said minor as aforesaid.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, to the next of kin of said minor, and others interested, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing a copy thereof to the said Margaret M. Taylor at her last known address at least fourteen days before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Seviah Warren, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Carleton Warren, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty seventh day of January A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM Register.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

FOR RENT.

Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls.

Location: No. 16 Plympton street.

Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND,
403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

OSBORN GILLETTE.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Alvin T. Morrill and Ludovica Dimon Morrill, his wife, in her right to Charles L. Dimon, dated April 1st, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2644, Folio 518, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction, on the premises first hereinafter described, on

Tuesday, the seventeenth day of February, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singulrr the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:— The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce,

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely;—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by land of John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to a mortgage of $5,000, and to all unpaid taxes, tax titles or other municipal liens.

$500 will be required to be paid at time of sale. For further particulars apply to A. Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston.

CHARLES L. DIMON, Mortgagee.

Boston, January 21, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frances Anthony, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Robert West of said Woburn who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of February, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of J. Edward Phillips late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of February, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by pulishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-laws next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles E. Chase, late of Woburn in said County deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Henrietta J. Chase, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of February, A. D 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esq., First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Ragister.

COAL
Can be saved by using
OUTSIDE WINDOWS.
We have a large stock.
E. A. CARLISE, POPE & CO.
2A Sudbury St., Boston.
DOORS, WINDOWS and BLINDS.

Houghton & Dutton
OPTICAL PARLORS.
(9th Floor.)

Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

Executors' Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license issued by the Middlesex County Probate Court and dated January 6, 1903, the undersigned, executors of the will of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

Monday, February 2, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of real estate of said deceased, to wit:—Dwellinghouse and about four thousand square feet of land on the north side of Broad street, in said Woburn, bounded southerly by Broad street; easterly by land of heirs of John Reagan; northerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis; westerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
GEORGE A. DAY.
Executors of the Will of Levi W. Cooper.

Woburn, January 16, 1903.

To Let.

A Tenement of six rooms at No. 4 Court street, $11.00 per month. E. H. RICHARDS, 25 Fairmount street.

Estate of Sarah E. Fisher, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Sarah E. Fisher, and notice is hereby given that six months from the sixth day of January A. D. 1903, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the third day of March, 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the seventh day of April, 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

FRANK L. PERRY, Executor.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Home for Aged Women for the election of Officers, and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held in Room 2, Savings Bank Building, on Tuesday, February 3d, 1903, at 2.30 P. M.

MARY E. CONN, Secretary.

WINCHESTER.

The officers of the National Bank, recently elected by the Board of Directors, are: Frank A. Cutting, President; James W. Russell, V. P.; C. E. Barrett, Cashier.

The last issue of the *Star* contained a good view of Main street, Woburn, in 1856. It formed a part of Mr. Thompson's last weeks instalment of his interesting "Town History."

On Thursday evening, Jan. 29, St. Mary's Benevolent Society are to give a whist party and dance in Lyceum Hall. Tickets are now on sale. Whist will hold the boards from 8 to 10, and dancing from 10 to 1.

The burden of my good friend, H. F. J's song in the *Star* last week was pool tables. He seems to be ferninst them, or at least, opposed to having them established in the centre of the town. The question naturally arises, what is he going to do about it?

Rev. B. A. Dumm of Stoneham gave a fine address at the Men's Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon. The Association is getting on nicely and is prospering. It is a good institution, the beneficial effects of which are clearly and widely felt.

Town Meeting talk is being heard here and there and the chances of prospective candidates discussed. The opinion prevails that changes will be made in the Board of Selectmen and perhaps in some other offices. Town Meetings are a boon to the people.

Mr. John Maxwell, the veteran leather manufacturer of other days, has been at Pell City and Fort Worth, Tennessee, for the last two months, and is enjoying the mild weather and business rush there very much. He was not well when he left here, but is now hearty, vigorous and happy. Some years ago Mr. Maxwell invested heavily in real estate at the places named above, and is now reaping a good harvest from it. The two towns, near together, got a black eye in their early days, which seriously threatened Mr. Maxwell's investments, but the tide has lately turned, and things are booming. A large cotton factory has recently been built at Pell City, and another will soon be added, which has given immigration an impetus, and will greatly swell the population. Five important railroads centre at Pell City, for which a large and handsome depot is soon to be built. Some 30 cottages, for mill operatives and others, have been erected this season, and building is rushing. Mr. Maxwell was fortunate in his investments both at Pell City and Fort Worth, for the latter place has also taken a new lease of life, and is going ahead in building and business in fine shape.

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We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. All druggists.

Exercise.

Miss Primrose—Don't you ever give your dog any exercise?

Miss Hollyhock (fondling a fat pug dog)—Of course. I feed him with chocolates every few minutes just to make him wag his tail.

Then He Got Mad.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallacher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away angry.—London Tit-Bits.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A Story of the Author and the Manuscript of "Daniel Deronda."

George Eliot was conspicuous as a person who was kindly and sympathetic in a high degree. She was "ever ready to be amused and interested in all that concerned her friends." She had also a keen sense of humor and sometimes made her friends laugh as well as laughed with them. She was solicitous about her manuscripts and was afraid she should lose them. Blackwood had occasion to send her the manuscript of "Daniel Deronda." She would not have it intrusted to the mail, and Mr. Blackwood said he would send it by his footman the next day.

"Oh, don't," the author said. "He might stop at a public house and forget it!"

Mr. Blackwood explained that this footman was a perfectly sober man of high character and went on to praise the man's virtues, but this did not reassure her at all. "If he is the sort of chivalrous Bayard that you describe," she said, "he is just the kind that would stop and help at a fire!"

This was a contingency that Mr. Blackwood could not bear to consider. He promised that some member of his family would bring the manuscript, and next day, in fact, Mr. Blackwood drove over with it.

How Lightning Kills.

The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thundercloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over any certain place, the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath also partakes of the last mentioned influence. If, while the man, animal or other object is in this condition, a discharge takes place from the cloud above, the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent, or, in language that we can all understand, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate thing, will do so with such force as to almost invariably produce instant death.

According to the above, which seems a tenable hypothesis, to say the least, a person is really "struck" by the ground current and not by the forked fury from above at all.

Kant's Relaxations.

The only relaxation Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, allowed himself was a walk, which he invariably took during his life at Konigsberg at about the same hour every afternoon. His usual stroll was along the banks of the Pregel toward the Friedrich's fort, and in these walks he was always a careful observer of the phenomena of nature. He told his friends one day how, as he passed a certain building in his daily walk, he had noticed several young swallows lying dead upon the ground.

On looking up he discovered, as he fancied, that the old birds were actually throwing their young ones out of the nests. It was a season remarkable for the scarcity of insects, and the birds were apparently sacrificing some of their progeny to save the rest. "At this," added Kant, "my intellect was hushed. The only thing to do here was to fall down and worship."—Chambers' Journal.

Repairing a Crown.

What curious old records one comes across sometimes in unexpected ways! Here is one which rather calls to mind certain fairy tales beginning "Once upon a time" and going on to recount extraordinary proceedings quite as if they were the most natural and common things in the world. It has reference to Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault and is kept with other documents at Harwich, their majesties having had at the time a palace at Felixstowe. It runs thus, "For repairing ye queen's crown which ye king threw into ye fire, item 3s. 6d." The points which strike one in this memorandum are the violence of the king's temper and the cheapness of the mending process.

A Doctor With Experience.

One day, while mending the roof of his house, Chodja lost his balance and, falling to the ground, broke a rib. A friend of his went hurriedly for a hakim (doctor).

"Hakim, have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?" was the first question Chodja asked the doctor.

"Thank God, no!" replied the hakim.

"Then go away at once, please," cried Chodja. "I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is!"

The Migratory Crab.

The West Indian migratory crab is the only creature that is born in the sea, matures in fresh waters and passes its adult life on land. Once a year these creatures migrate in thousands from the uplands of Jamaica, deposit their ova in the sea, then migrate to the rivers and streams, pass through a fresh water stage, after which they follow their parents to land until the time comes for them to return to the sea to lay their eggs in turn.

Same Old Story.

Stern Father—What an unearthly hour that fellow stops till every night, Dora? What does your mother say about it?

Daughter—She says men haven't altered a bit since she was young, pa.

A Factor In Progress.

A trained, educated mechanic is the most powerful factor in the progress of nations. Such a man thinks, provides for the unexpected, multiplies his forces and dares the world to meet him.—Galveston News.

An Enduring Record.

Standing side by side in an old Long Island cemetery are four tombstones. They commemorate the virtues of the successive wives of one of the town's inhabitants. A peculiar thing about the monuments is that not alone do they perpetuate the memory of each of his helpmates, but they serve as a sort of financial barometer to record the husband's rising fortunes.

The first wife had a modest little headstone. The second wife's memorial was on the same order, but it was at least two feet taller. The third wife differed both as to style and size, being greatly superior to either of the others, while to the fourth and last was granted the distinction of a granite shaft.

One Quality Frequently Lacking.

"Do you believe that egotism and genius go together?"

"Not always. There would be a lot more genius if they did."—Chicago Record-Herald.

By the time a man gets old enough to talk well he has learned the value of not talking at all.—Chicago News.

Grub Street, London.

Up to the seventeenth century Grub street was on the outskirts of London. It was a street tenanted by bowyers, fletchers, makers of bowstrings and everything else that appertained to archery. Later on John Fox lived in Grub street, though he did not write his famous "Book of Martyrs" there. Fox's residence in Grub street occurred about 1572. John Speed, the tailor archæologist, was a resident of Grub street, where he was famous as the most responsible parent, having a family of twelve sons and six daughters. Grub street of old and Milton street today is noted for its great number of alleys and courts.

From Grub street issued such famous old literary skits as "Jack the Giant Killer," "Tom Hickathrift," "The Wise Men of Gotham" and scores of others now a part of every boy's library. Probably literary men first began to populate Grub street in any numbers during Cromwell's time. Then a great number of seditious and libelous pamphlets were circulated, and as the authors for safety had to seek obscure living places they found a fitting retreat in the maze of alleys which webbed the Grub street section. At any rate, by the commencement of the eighteenth century Grub street had become quite notorious as the poor authors' quarter of London.

Man and His Chin.

In man the front of the lower jawbone possesses a well marked projection, known as the chin or mental prominence, covered by a fleshy pod of corresponding shape. In all other backboned animals the jawbone slopes back without any such protuberance. It is a singular fact that the presence of a well marked chin is associated with firm character and well marked intellectual qualities. This is one of the best founded rules in character delineation by physiognomy. The late Professor Huxley used to illustrate the matter by drawing a profile with good chin on the blackboard and then wiping out the chin and replacing it by a receding curve. Any one who repeats the experiment will be surprised at the result. The reason is not clear, but we may perhaps say that a well developed jaw is associated with good digestive powers, which have more to do with character than one might at first sight suppose.

Antiquity of Grains.

Nearly all the grains now in use are of unknown antiquity. Wheat was cultivated in all latitudes as far back in the past as we have authentic knowledge. Barley is thought to have originated in the Caucasus, but it was known and used everywhere in the most ancient times. Oats, like rye, were unknown in ancient India and Egypt and among the Hebrews. The Greeks and Romans received it from the north of Europe. Had there been an early civilization on this continent the wild oats found here and there would probably have developed into the useful cereal now considered absolutely essential to the proper nourishment of horses. This continent is credited with having given Indian corn to the old world, but this useful cereal was doubtless known in India and China many hundred years before the discovery of America.

A Dog Story.

An elderly clergyman living some few miles from a market town and somewhat absentminded withal was in the habit of driving there weekly, where he put up his horse at a particular inn, his dog always in attendance. One day when returning with a friend he was much annoyed to discover that the dog was missing and insisted on driving back to find him. The inn was reached, and there, sure enough, was the dog, and not only the dog, but the parson's horse as well. The hostler had put another horse into the vehicle, but the dog, recognizing the mistake, elected to stay with his animal friend rather than return with his master.—"Letter of a Dog Lover."

She Remembered.

"Rev. Mr. Stern's remarks over poor John were so sympathetic, I thought," said the widow's friend.

"Sympathetic!" replied the Widow Gayrake. "He said John 'had gone to join the great majority.'"

"Well?"

"Well, in his sermon several Sundays ago he declared that the great majority of people go below."—Philadelphia Press.

The Others.

Don't live for yourself and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others and, as it were, forgets himself is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

Feminine View of It.

Mrs. Wederly—So you have never met the woman you thought you could marry?

Singleton—Never.

Mrs. Wederly—Well, I don't wonder at that. As a rule, women are hard to please.—Chicago News.

Too Bad.

Wife—So they returned your manuscript? It is too bad.

Husband (who thinks he can write)—Yes; that is what the editor said about it.

Settled the Matter.

Criticus (looking at a picture of the impressionist school)—If that's high art, then I'm an idiot.

Cynicus—Well, that is high art.

In this mechanical age the mechanical man may not reach the highest honors, but he is generally able to pay rent.—Saturday Evening Post.

Rubbing It In.

He was mumbling about tough steak and cold coffee and making himself generally disagreeable.

"Don't growl so over your breakfast, John," said his wife. "Nobody is going to take it away from you."

Her Odd Years.

"Madge says she is twenty odd years old."

"That makes her more than forty."

"How do you make that out?"

"Count the even years too."—Newark News.

There is nothing quite so provoking to a busy man as to have some idler come along and arouse his curiosity.—Atchison Globe.

Well Dressed.

She—Go away, you nuisance! You don't know when a woman is well dressed.

He—Oh, yes, I do. It is when she is head and shoulders above her gown, and when the lower part of it is in the way of a fellow's feet.—Boston Transcript.

Character In the Hat.

"Does the hat reveal character?" said an observant person whose specialty is character reading. "Of course it does.

"The man whose hat fits him exactly and is set square and straight on his head is nearly always an orderly, deliberate man, regular in his habits, but very often commonplace as regards mental attainments.

"Men of large mental powers, thinkers and philosophers, affect hats a trifle too large for them. They are men of large ideas, and their big hats will often be found in conjunction with loose, easy fitting clothes, for in this, as in other matters, the body reflects the mind.

"I distrust equally the man who wears his hat at the back of his head and he who habitually goes about with it tilted to one side. The first is of a candid, easy going type, but apt to be flighty; the latter, with a disposition for sport and frolic, is at the same time often frivolous and conceited. Neither of them, however, will be a coxcomb, like the man whose hat is too small for him, nor 'deep' and crafty, like the wearer of a hat which is always pulled down over the eyes."

Danger In Poisons.

It is lamentable that neither repeated warning nor sad experience seems to have the desired effect of making the ordinary person cautious in the use of poisons. In the last few days three children have died presumably from taking poison that was carelessly left within their reach. One would suppose that such accidents would by this time have become almost impossible, yet they are constantly recurring with a frequency that demands further warning. If parents would learn to keep poisons in a place where they could not be reached by others there would be fewer accidents.

It is the old principle of familiarity breeding contempt. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon every one that the only immunity from danger is through constant care and precaution. It is a lesson that needs to be impressed upon every individual without exception.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Old English Superstition.

Attention has been called to the survival of folklore in rural parts of England by evidence given in a stabbing case tried at the Essex assizes. To quicken the healing of the wounds, the knife with which they were inflicted was smeared with grease and laid on the bed of the patient. The purpose served by the application of grease or oil to the knife or to any steel instrument that has inflicted wounds is to prevent it from rusting, for if the steel is allowed to become rusty the wound is supposed to be affected and festering and mortification follow the progress of the rust. Another quaint belief is that the application of an oiled knife is a certain and quick remedy for scalds and burns.

Could Believe Some of Them.

An amusing story is told of a New England minister who often speaks in behalf of a certain charity in which he is greatly interested. He has a fine voice and a graphic way of telling incidents both humorous and pathetic, so that his hearers are often "moved to laughter or to tears."

At the close of one meeting, at which he had spoken with great effect, and a large gain for the charity had been the direct result, a little old lady approached the minister.

"Oh," she said earnestly, "I've been so interested in hearing about those poor, dear children! And I suppose a great many of those stories you told are really true, aren't they?"—Youth's Companion.

Animal Sense Perceptions.

In the course of an article on animal sense perceptions, in which special attention is directed to nauseous or offensive odors as a means of protection, the editor of the Zoologist warns his readers against regarding animal etiology too much from the human standpoint. Because animals cannot speak we must not assume that they have no modes of communication; it is by no means certain that the ordinary explanation of "warning colors" is the true one, while the evil smell of the durian fruit does not render it distasteful either to the orang or to man himself.

Curiosity.

"What did that lady have the screen across one part of the room for, ma?" asked little Harry, who had been making a call with his mother.

"I suppose she had something there she didn't want seen," replied his mother.

"And was that the reason, ma, that when you thought she wasn't looking you peeped behind it?"

Complimentary.

"Gentlemen," said a judge addressing the jury in a recent Irish case reported in Law Notes, "you have heard the evidence. The indictment says the prisoner was arrested for stealing a pig. The offense seems to be becoming a common one. The time has come when it must be put a stop to; otherwise, gentlemen, none of you will be safe."

The Easy Part.

Teacher—After all the trouble I have taken, you are most imperfect in your lesson. Surely, you could not have found it so hard to learn!

Pupil—It wasn't because it was so hard to learn, teacher, but because it was so easy to forget!

Amused Them.

Artist—Have you taken my picture to the exhibition?

Porter—Yes, sir. It seemed to please the gentlemen very much.

Artist—What did they say?

Porter—Oh, they didn't say anything. They only laughed.

Ancient Decorative Art.

Though it is difficult to say where the decorative value of pottery and of china began to be appreciated, there is little doubt that it originated in the east. Ancient Chinese drawings still in existence show that the process of manufacture has varied but little in the course of the years and that many contrivances claimed as modern European inventions have been known for centuries in the east.

In Chinese official annals, which are said to be perfectly authentic, the invention of porcelain is dated at about 200 years before the Christian era, although Father Entrecolles, residing in China at the commencement of the seventeenth century, dates it long before this, and tells us in a most interesting manner of the great porcelain works of King Te Ching, one of the most ancient and celebrated of the Chinese factories. He says that in his time there were no fewer than 3,000 ovens at work, which gave to the town at night the appearance of one vast furnace with innumerable chimneys.

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Croup.

The peculiar cough which indicates croup, is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by all druggists.

Sunday In the Olden Time.

The mother in her best black gown and with her foot stove, if the weather was cold; the father, freshly shaved, in his high black stock and equally uncomfortable tall black hat, and such of the sisters as were at home filled the two broad seats of our wagon, with perhaps one of us youngsters wedged in, though we preferred to walk in good weather. Then the vehicle moved out of the front gate and joined the procession of carriages going in the same direction, impelled by the same pious duty. With the foot stove or without it went luncheons for the noonday hour, for the religious exercises were an all day affair, with forenoon and afternoon services, and the Bible class and Sunday school in the interval which the minister took for rest between his sermons. It was not supposed that his hearers needed rest. There were sheds for the vehicles, and the man who was kind to his beasts usually put into his wagon with the family sandwiches a small bag of grain for his team. The services began at half past 10 and were over at half past 3 unless the afternoon sermon was "lengthy," as it was very apt to be.—I. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

The Character Scared Him.

David Garrick had a brother in the country who was an idolatrous admirer of his genius. A rich neighbor, a grocer, being about to visit London, this brother insisted on his taking a letter of introduction to the actor. Not being able to make up his mind to visit the great man the first day, the grocer went to the play in the evening and saw Garrick in "Abel Drugger." On his return to the country the brother eagerly inquired respecting the visit he had been so anxious to bring about. "Why, Mr. Garrick," said the good man, "I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but there's your letter. I did not choose to deliver it. I happened to see him when he did not know me, and I saw that he was such a dirty, low lived fellow that I did not like to have anything to do with him."

East Indian Children.

East Indian children from their tenderest years are more carefully trained in certain respects by their mothers than the children of the most civilized peoples. The moment the youngest baby ceases nursing its lips are closed by its mother. If the baby does not keep them closed, she uses mechanical means rigidly and even cruelly. When the baby is put to sleep, it is strapped on to a board, its head slightly raised and its chin lowered, which tends to keep the mouth shut. The result is that when the teeth are forming and making their first appearance they meet and continually feel one another. Thus they take their relative positions and that healthful and pleasing regularity that gives to the American Indian as a race the most manly and beautiful mouths in the world.

Not Much of a Showman.

The showman's little boy had a Noah's ark which he examined with some contempt.

"Say!" he exclaimed at last. "Noah wasn't much of a feller, was he?"

It was suggested to the youngster that Noah succeeded in gathering together a pretty good menagerie.

"Good!" exclaimed the boy scornfully. "Huh! Where's the two headed calf and the six legged goat and the ishthyosaurus and the elegiantopard and the magnicintelope? Why, if Noah set up as a showman in these days he couldn't make expenses."

"He couldn't?"

"Of course he couldn't. Why, say, he didn't have a thing in his ark except animals that actually exist."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shelley Liked Plums.

The poet Shelley was walking one day in London with a respectable solicitor when Shelley suddenly vanished and soon after as suddenly reappeared. He had entered the shop of a grocer and returned with some plums, which he offered to the attorney with great delight. The man of fact was as much astonished at the offer as Shelley was at his refusal.

Why the Razor Was Dull.

"I wonder what makes my razor so dull," said a man, looking at the blade he had so carefully sharpened only a day or two before.

"Why, father," spoke up little Johnnie, playing marbles on the floor, "it was just beautiful and sharp only this morning when I made my wooden boat with it."

Behind the Scenes.

"Hurry up, Rowland," called the leading lady, "the people are mad because we are keeping them waiting."

"Then I will not go on at all," stormed the heavy tragedian.

"Why not?"

"Because I refuse to play to a madhouse."—Chicago News.

After a man is fifty you can fool him by saying he is smart, but you can't fool him by saying he is pretty or sweet.—Atchison Globe.

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TWO KINDS OF A HERO

By Edward Broderick

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"You'd scarce expect one of his inches"— was the colonel's comment. But the gallant old soldier was ashamed of his words. "By George! It was one of the bravest deeds ever seen on the plains," he affirmed, "and we'll greet him properly with a band and a parade and a ball—the ball of the season. You must see to that, Jeanne."

The colonel's daughter lifted sparkling eyes from the newspaper. "It was glorious," she breathed, "glorious!" She bent over the paper, her cheeks glowing. Over and over she had read the account of Lieutenant Weisoll's gallant charge on the Indian stronghold at Checauba gulch. All the west rang with praises for the lieutenant.

Jeanne McDermont had lived her twenty years a hero worshiper. She loved the colonel not so much because he was her father as because he was her hero. And even the colonel could point to no better day's work than this of little Lieutenant Weisoll's.

"Papa!" she called with a rather timid voice.

The colonel after a moment spoke an encouraging "Well, Jeanne?"

"I"— she began, "I—Lieutenant Weisoll—I never told you. He asked me—to—well, he asked me. It was just before he left, and I was so sorry for it all. I told him 'No.'"

"And now you'd change your mind, you hero hunter, you!" Her hand was pressed over his lips.

The colonel sat and smoked. Like his girl, he was a hero worshiper. Suddenly he remembered something and, after a moment's frowning, spoke:

"Why, Jeanne, there's a little gossip down in town. A broken down violin player, a fellow degraded by drink, came two weeks ago looking for Lieutenant Weisoll. When sober, they say he's a quiet, gentlemanly man, sad and thoughtful; but he's seldom sober. He plays in the saloons and—everywhere. When drunk, he has given out that Lieutenant Weisoll is his brother and has told a story that may be true.

"They were, this story runs, a poverty stricken family, these Weisolls, when John, the elder brother, and Harvey were growing up. From his boyhood John, skillful with the bow, was their chief support. It was through his friendship with a congressman that Harvey secured his appointment for West Point. The younger brother was given every chance to work his way up. John played at the smaller theaters and at summer resorts and at beer gardens. His weakness for drink was fought and overcome by his hopes and pride in his brother and the need of untiring work. Well, Harvey was graduated and came west. But now his brother is a hopeless and disgraceful drunkard. That's the tale."

"What does it matter what his brother is? He is a hero!" broke in Miss McDermont.

"Yes, I know," said the colonel; "but they say what broke down this musician brother's will and—heart, they say, was something a bit snobbish—mean, considering the circumstances—on Harvey's part. The cadet was ashamed of the player, they say. Of course it is all gossip and a drunken player's tattle. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you."

"Yes," answered the girl softly; "it does no harm. I won't believe a meanness of the man who took Checauba. That attack couldn't have been made by a—a—a puppy."

* * * * * * * *

It was the evening of Lieutenant Weisoll's homecoming day. The young warrior had been driven through the streets behind the regiment's band, through ranks of cheering townspeople. Now, in the cool of the evening, he was walking home with Jeanne McDermont from the parade ground.

He smiled up at the tall girl and walked as he always did—eyes noticeably straight ahead. Lieutenant Weisoll never turned aside. The right of way he took, like many short men of pompous mien, as a matter of course. Harvey was not quite pompous, not even tonight when he felt his pride and happiness complete. He knew that he had won more than glory.

He talked gayly of the romance in this frontier town and of how dreary it had seemed at first. "How I wanted an exchange!" he cried, then softly, "And now I want a life tenure."

She flushed and smiled. "Well, the old dust certainly has a wonderful, roseate glow." Behind them walked the colonel, silent and thoughtful, and several ladies and officers.

In the main street before the little frame hotel a crowd of town idlers and soldiers were gathered. The strains of violin music came from the center of the group, and there was a hush over the square. For once Lieutenant Weisoll turned aside and crossed the street to avoid the men. Miss McDermont's eyes were intent upon them, but suddenly she glanced up at her companion with something of anxiety and doubt.

Some one on the outskirts of the crowd caught sight of the lieutenant and set up a cheer. There was instant confusion, and the crowd began to break. Jeanne looked and saw a bent little figure standing by the hotel steps. He moved forward now and, assisted by a stout soldier, began to cross the street. He was weak, and she could see his trembling. The violin was hugged closely to his shabby gray coat. His head was uncovered and bald on top, and a shock of yellow curls fell about his ears and over his forehead. The girl's gaze was held by the large, hungry blue eyes—eyes fixed on Lieutenant Weisoll. She saw the man by her side start in surprise. The musician walked steadily and alone now, and as he came nearer to them he raised the violin and drew from it some hauntingly sad notes from "Robin Adair." Harvey touched her arm and quickened his step, but the man was close to him, and now he stretched out both hands with bow and violin in them and called in low tones:

"Harvey, Harvey, my brother! I knew you would win out, and I never minded waiting, and when they told me all about it here I wasn't surprised. I only said, 'The day I've been living on for is near,' and"—

The lieutenant had been detained by the girl's hand upon his arm. He made an impatient gesture, as if to force her on. The musician, seeing, cried out:

"Why, Harvey, I'm John, John—your brother John!" His voice rose to a frightened shriek.

"Come!" snapped Weisoll to Jeanne. "Come, come!"

She whispered in pained amazement, "But your brother, John; your brother—your brother!"

He felt the pain in her voice. His face was crimson. The colonel and the ladies and the officers were close upon them. The man with the violin, weak and dazed, but not drunk now, stood before them, his hands outstretched.

"I never saw this fellow before, Jeanne." The lieutenant spoke loudly. "I have no brother. This is merely a drunken joke. I"—

His voice had risen to a shrill pitch. His face had gone from crimson to white, and she knew that he was lying. She saw the eyes of the fallen and denied brother fill with tears. He turned away.

Jeanne turned on the lieutenant. "You coward!" she cried in ringing tones. "You coward!"

He shrank back before her scorn. She turned to the brother and, putting out both her hands, clasped his hand that held the bow.

"I'm glad to know you, John Weisoll," she said brokenly. "I'm proud to know you, John Weisoll."

Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—Mrs. M. E. Hughson, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements.

Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Lelah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony.

"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Look For the Beautiful.

There are superb personalities that go through life extracting sunshine from what to others seems but darkness, seeing charm in apparent ugliness, discerning grace and exquisite proportion where the unloving see but forbidding angles and distortion and glimpsing the image of divinity where less beautiful souls see but a lost and degraded human being.

Yet it is the heritage possible to all who will take the trouble to begin early in life to cultivate the finer qualities of the soul, the eye and the heart.

It is said that the most disgusting object, if put under a magnifying glass of sufficient power, would reveal beauties undreamed of. So even in the most unlovely environment, in the most cruel conditions, there is something of the beautiful and the hopeful when viewed through the glass of a trained and disciplined mind.

A beautiful character will make poetry out of the prosiest life, bring sunshine into the darkest home and develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings.

It is not circumstances so much as the attitude and quality of the mind that give happiness, contentment and divinity of service.—Success.

Agreed to Disagree.

Dandy and Laddie, collie dogs, were brothers and much attached to each other. They were owned by brothers, too, farmers in New Hampshire. Laddie's master lived at the old homestead, says a contributor to the Unique Monthly, Dandy's master conducted the next farm, and the two men pastured their stock in common.

Each dog visited the other frequently, till one day while Laddie, Dandy's guest, was gnawing a bone, a pet kitten belonging to Dandy's family came too near, and Laddie snapped at her. In an instant Dandy flew at his throat, and they were only separated after a severe fight.

Neither dog ever crossed the boundary line between the two farms after that.

Laddie drove his flock of sheep daily down the lane till he reached the dividing wall, where Dandy solemnly took charge and drove them to pasture. At night Dandy brought back the sheep, and Laddie would be waiting for his share of the flock every time.

Never once did they take the slightest notice of each other or cross the line after the fight.

George I. and the Stage.

George I. was a lover of the stage and, as his predecessors had done, caused his "servants" to play before him at court. In 1718 his majesty ordered the great hall of Hampton Court to be converted for the time into a theater. There, under the direction of Steele, "whose political services had been poorly recompensed by granting him some theatrical privileges," seven performances were given. Among the plays were "Hamlet," "Sir Courtly Nice," "The Constant Couple," "Love For Money," "Volpone" and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Among the players were Colley Cibber, Pinkethman, Johnson, Thurmond, Booth, Mills, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Younger.

In former times the fee paid by the sovereign to his servants for a play acted at Whitehall had been £20. For these plays at Hampton Court, King George, besides paying the actors their ordinary day's wage and traveling expenses, gave £350 and added £200 for the managers. The players were required to act at any time upon receiving a day's notice.

Kettle Bridges.

Perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges in Russia and Siberia, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up of the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a number of kettles and fastened by means of ropes to form a raft. A sufficient number of these rafts, each of which will bear the weight of half a ton, are fastened together, and in the space of half an hour a bridge is formed on which an army may cross in confidence and safety.

Mackay's Sarcastic Wit.

Once when the press in the Carson City Appeal had just started to run, John Mackay rushed into the editorial sanctum and called to Sam Davis in an excited tone of voice: "Sam, stop the press! Stop the press!" "What's the matter, John?" Davis asked in alarm. "Why, old man Crooks" (famous for his stinginess)—"old man Crooks has just presented a peck of apples to the orphans' home, and he'll be broken hearted if you don't have a column and a half about it in the paper this afternoon."

Not One.

"Just one," said the lover as he stood upon the stoop with his girl; "just one."

"Just 1," said the mother, putting her head out of the bedroom window above. "Well, I guess it ain't so late as that, but it's pretty near 12, and you'd better be going or her father will be down."

And the lover took his leave with a sad pain at his heart.

Not Ready.

An editor, replying to certain rumors as to his financial condition, says:

"The statement that we are about to fail is without foundation. We haven't money enough for that—not yet!"—Atlanta Constitution.

ATHLETICS IN ENGLAND.

They Arouse Great Enthusiasm and Produce Strange Trophies.

Athletics attract much more attention in England than in America. The people are more enthusiastic, and it is not unusual to see 15,000 or 20,000 people attending the games. There are sports three and five times a week, so that an ambitious runner can fill his trophy room with any number of suitable prizes. An American champion has no idea of the reception that awaits him. The many sports committees attend him, and he is shown the hospitality of the cities.

It is no extraordinary thing to be invited to a dinner in your honor or to stay a few days with the lord mayor of the city. All of these affairs, one must admit, are a great handicap to his training.

The prizes abroad are, as a general rule, very valuable, much more so than in America. They are not wholly confined to silverware, such as cups and the like, but it is nothing extraordinary to see an athlete departing from the races with a sewing machine or hatrack, and in some cases I have seen orders for beds. The lucky competitor, as a rule, can have any article he desires, and, as many British athletes are married, they generally take the most serviceable article.—Arthur F. Duffey in Outing.

Two of a Kind.

"My word, Fitznoodle," said a war office clerk, according to the London Express, to a colleague who sat at the next desk, "just look at that workman on the roof of that building over the way."

"What's the matter with him?" inquired Fitz, glancing through the window at the individual indicated.

"Matter," retorted the other, "why, I've been watching the lazy beggar for the last twenty-five minutes, and he hasn't done a stroke of work all the time."

At the precise moment at which the above conversation occurred a British workingman was addressing his "mate."

"Sy, Bill," he remarked in a tone of deep disgust, "d'ye see that 'ere loafin' war offis clurk in that room darn there? S'elp me, if Hi ain't bin a-watchin' 'im fur nigh on arf a hower, an' the bloomer's done nothin' but stare hout o' the winder the 'ole blessed tyme. That's the sort o' chap as we pys taxes ter keep!"

East Indian Children.

East Indian children from their tenderest years are more carefully trained in certain respects by their mothers than the children of the most civilized peoples. The moment the youngest baby ceases nursing its lips are closed by its mother. If the baby does not keep them closed, she uses mechanical means rigidly and even cruelly. When the baby is put to sleep, it is strapped on to a board, its head slightly raised and its chin lowered, which tends to keep the mouth shut. The result is that when the teeth are forming and making their first appearance they meet and continually feel one another. Thus they take their relative positions and that healthful and pleasing regularity that gives to the American Indian as a race the most manly and beautiful mouths in the world.

Not Much of a Showman.

The showman's little boy had a Noah's ark which he examined with some contempt.

"Say!" he exclaimed at last. "Noah wasn't much of a feller, was he?"

It was suggested to the youngster that Noah succeeded in gathering together a pretty good menagerie.

"Good!" exclaimed the boy scornfully. "Huh! Where's the two headed calf and the six legged goat and the ishthyosaurus and the elegiantopard and the magnicintelope? Why, if Noah set up as a showman in these days he couldn't make expenses."

"He couldn't?"

"Of course he couldn't. Why, say, he didn't have a thing in his ark except animals that actually exist."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shelley Liked Plums.

The poet Shelley was walking one day in London with a respectable solicitor when Shelley suddenly vanished and soon after as suddenly reappeared. He had entered the shop of a grocer and returned with some plums, which he offered to the attorney with great delight. The man of fact was as much astonished at the offer as Shelley was at his refusal.

Why the Razor Was Dull.

"I wonder what makes my razor so dull," said a man, looking at the blade he had so carefully sharpened only a day or two before.

"Why, father," spoke up little Johnnie, playing marbles on the floor, "it was just beautiful and sharp only this morning when I made my wooden boat with it."

Behind the Scenes.

"Hurry up, Rowland," called the leading lady, "the people are mad because we are keeping them waiting."

"Then I will not go on at all," stormed the heavy tragedian.

"Why not?"

"Because I refuse to play to a madhouse."—Chicago News.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 25.

Text of the Lesson, I Thess. v, 14-28. Memory Verses, 16-18—Golden Text, I Thess. v, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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14, 15. Ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men.

These words seem to include all the exhortations of these two verses concerning the unruly, the feeble minded, the weak and the being patient to all. All are summarized in verse 10, where we are taught that under all circumstances we should "live together with Him." In chapter iv, 17, we have set before us the beautiful prospect of being "ever with the Lord" in our glorified bodies, but while we sojourn in these mortal bodies He is ever with us (Matt. xxviii, 20) and should be to us the greatest reality in all our daily life.

16-18. Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

See these precepts reiterated in Phil. iv, 4-7; Eph. v, 20. The law taught Israel to rejoice before the Lord their God and to rejoice in their feasts (Deut. xvi, 11-15). The psalter said, "Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing" (Ps. c, 2), and taught that "God is our exceeding joy" (Ps. xliii, 4). The prophets taught to rejoice in the Lord and joy in God and pointed onward to a time of everlasting joy and gladness when sorrow and sighing shall flee away (Hab. iii, 18; Isa. xxxv, 10). If before the great redemption was finished people could be thus joyful, how much more now that Jesus the crucified has risen from the dead and by His presence at the right hand of God makes all things sure to His redeemed! How to pray without ceasing is illustrated by the servant who associated prayer with every act in her life—in her washing, dressing, cooking, etc., thinking of His blood, His righteousness, Himself, the Living Bread. Always thankful and living in His will is illustrated by one of Mrs. Bottome's stories of a waiter who, accidentally jostling another, received some hot water on him and pleasantly said to the one carrying the water, "Never mind; it is all in the will."

19, 20. Quench not the Spirit. Despise not prophesyings.

While unbelievers resist the Spirit believers may grieve or quench the Spirit (Acts vii, 51; Eph. iv, 30). By any sin or unbelief we grieve the Spirit. By refusing to listen to Him or by refusing to utter that which He gives us to say we quench the Spirit. He has spoken in prophecy as well as in other portions of Scripture, but many Christians turn away from prophecy altogether, giving no heed to Rev. xix, 10; II Pet. i, 19; Rom. xv, 4; II Tim. iii, 16, 17.

21, 22. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil.

The only way to prove all things is by the whole word of God. Consider all that the Spirit has written upon any and every subject, believing every word and remembering Ps. cxix, 89, "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven." In these days of many doctrines, of Christian Science (so called), theosophy, spiritualism and the much false teaching from supposed orthodox pulpits it is indeed a time to prove all things and try the spirits whether they are of God (I John iv, 1). Test every doctrine by the incarnation, the atonement, the resurrection and the return of Christ and hold fast the faithful word (Tit. i, 9).

23, 24. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. * * * Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.

How beautiful is this name of our Father in heaven, "The God of Peace." See also Rom. xv, 33; xvi, 20; Heb xiii, 20; II Thess. iii, 16. The experience here described seems impossible, and it is indeed to sinful men, for all that God asks of us is impossible to us. He demands righteousness and absolute perfection, and we have neither, nor can we obtain them by any works of ours, but He provides all fully and freely in Christ. He has called us to a partnership in which He provides everything, and He asks us to accept freely and just let Him be the doer of it all (I Cor. i, 9; x, 13). The R. V. teaches that it is at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ that spirit, soul and body are to be blameless, not before that event, for we cannot have our immortal bodies till Jesus comes as taught in chapter iv, 16, 17. In Christ, as the Father sees us in Him, we are even now washed, sanctified, justified and perfected forever (I Cor. vi, 11; Heb. x, 10, 14), but we wait till the resurrection of the just for the full realization of it.

25-27. Brethren, pray for us.

Paul loved to be prayed for. So well may we. He knew that the Lord Jesus was ever praying for him, yet he also knew that it is the will of God that we pray for each other. See Rom. xv, 30; II Cor. i, 11; Eph. vi, 18, 19; Col. iv, 3; II Thess. iii, 1; Heb. xiii, 18. The more we pray the more we are like the risen ascended Christ, who ever prayeth. Let me suggest three most important prayers which all Christians would do well to pray continually—Matt. ix, 38; Isa. lxii, 6, 7; Rev. xxii, 3.

28. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen!

We greatly need to understand grace, for by it we are saved, in it we stand, and the fullness of it we shall see when Jesus comes (Eph. ii, 8, 9; Rom. iii, 24; v, 1, 2; I Pet. i, 13). Perhaps it is nowhere more fully set forth than in II Cor. viii, 9, and its application to us in II Cor. ix, 8. See also John i, 14, 17; I Tim. i, 14. Note how it begins and ends nearly all the epistles and let us ever rejoice in His word to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (II Cor. xii, 9).

Curiosities About Observatories.

The first recorded observatory was on the top of the temple of Belus. The tomb of Osymadias in Egypt was the second. This last contained a golden astronomical circle 200 feet in diameter. Another at Benares, India, is believed to be almost as ancient as either of the other two. The first in Europe was erected at Cassell in 1561. That of Tycho Brahe at Uraninburg was built in 1576. The Paris observatory dates from 1667, and that of Greenwich is two years older. The one at Nuremberg was erected in 1678 and that at Berlin in 1711. The famous Bologna tower was built in 1714. The Stockholm, Utrecht, Copenhagen and Lisbon observatories were built in 1740, 1650, 1656 and 1728 respectively.

A Self Evident Fact.

"Time was," said the tramp sadly, "when I owned a big plantation."

"You seem to have a good deal of real estate on your hands yet," replied the woman of the house, casting a cold and sarcastic eye upon his grimy paws.—Washington Times.

SYMMES' HOLE.

The Peculiar Theory That Was Once Advanced by a Scientist.

Probably the oddest idea ever for a moment entertained by a scientist was that of John Cleves Symmes concerning the condition of the interior of our globe. Symmes was a jurist, a scientist, or, as the French would say, a "savant," of international reputation, an explorer "on his own hook" and an all round man of letters, yet one would think that some of his ideas must have originated with the king of Bedlam. He believed and lectured before learned college societies in support of his views that the earth consists of from five to seven hollow concentric spheres and that at the poles there is a round opening entirely through each of the several spheres.

According to this queer theory, these spheres are placed one inside the other, like a nest of crockery ware, with an open space of a few hundred miles between each. Furthermore, he believed that both the outside and the inside of each of these bubblelike spheres are inhabited, which would give not less than ten and probably fourteen "theaters of action" instead of the one habitable surface with which we are all acquainted to a greater or lesser degree. Symmes lived for many years near Newport, Ky.

The Glass We Eat.

"How much glass do you suppose you consume daily?" a physician asked of one of his patients the other day, says the Philadelphia Record, and then went on, in response to the other's interrogative look: "It is a fact that we all swallow each day more or less glass, the manufacturers not yet having reached the point where their product is impervious to the action of fluids. He who drinks beer consumes the most glass. A chemical analysis of any bottled beer inevitably reveals some of glass' constituents. But the water drinker, too, swallows his share. In a carafe or in a glass pitcher have you never noticed the odd line which marks the level that the water has had? Well, that line shows how the water has changed the appearance of the glass slightly by absorbing some of its components. And so every day, when we drink beer or water or milk, we consume a little glass. But it does us no harm. I have yet to hear of any disease that it has ever caused."

Horses With Four White Feet.

In France and I believe in European countries it is a most ominous sign for a rider, and especially a soldier, to want a horse with four white feet. The famous general Lasalle, who was very superstitious upon this point, never knowingly mounted such a horse. The day of his death, after several ominous events which had happened to him that day, such as a broken mirror, a broken pipe, the picture of his wife broken at the very moment when he went to look at it for the last time, he mounted a horse not his own without glancing at the feet. The horse had the unlucky signs. Mounted upon this horse, he was struck by a shot fired at a moment when fighting had ceased by a Croat among the prisoners just taken at the battle of Wagram.

On the other hand, these four white feet are a mark and token of consideration with the orientals, who do not fail to mention the fact in the pedigrees of their horses.

What Is Said About Ears.

You never saw a poet or a painter with large, coarse ears that stand out from the head like extended wings. That kind of an auricular appendage betokens coarseness of mind. A long, narrow ear that lies flat to the head is a sign of pugnacity. Never trust a man with a thin, waferlike ear. He was born a hypocrite, if not a thief. A very small ear betokens a trifling mind, lacking decision. Ears set very high on the head indicate narrowness of mind. A large, well shaped ear that does not spread itself to the breeze is indicative of generousness. Most of the world compellers had large ears and well developed noses. Although there are so many millions of people in the world, no two pairs of ears are alike. Each has a marked individuality.

Military Salutes.

Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty, and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze upon. The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position, with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

Evading a Law.

When Ben Butler was a young lawyer, the selectmen of Lowell, then a town, issued a mandate that all dogs should wear muzzles. The next morning Ben walked downtown, followed by his big Newfoundland dog, with a very small muzzle tied to the end of its tail. Ben remarked, "My dog is wearing a muzzle."

Followed Orders.

"Max, did you peel the apple that I gave you before you ate it, as I told you to?"

"Yes, ma."

"That's a good boy! What did you do with the peel?"

"Ate it!"

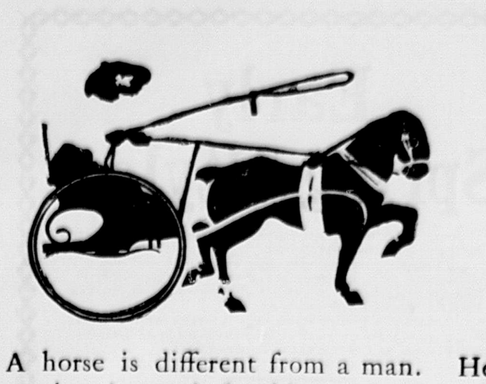
The first day a man is a guest, the second a burden, the third a pest.—Laboulaye.

A Munchausen Yarn.

Baron Munchausen, when hunting for deer upon one occasion, encountered a magnificent animal, but found himself without shot. Speedily gathering together a handful of cherry stones he loaded his gun with them and fired at the deer, hitting him squarely between the eyes, not killing him, however. The deer managed to escape, but some time later the baron encountered him again and was surprised to see a beautiful cherry tree growing out of the animal's forehead, covered with blossoms and fruit.

Milo Was a Glutton.

Milo, the famous athlete of ancient Greece (born 520 B. C.), was victor at both the Olympic and Pythian games for six times in succession. On one occasion he ran four miles with an ox on his shoulder, killed the animal with a blow of his fist and then ate the entire carcass in one day. An ordinary meal for this gluttonous Titan was twenty pounds of bread, twice that much meat and fifteen pints of wine.



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A KING'S POEM.

Autograph Verses by James I. In a Book Owned In Boston.

An interesting volume in the Boston Public library is Montaigne's "Essays," printed early in the seventeenth century, which was owned by James I., the English king who was so largely responsible for the publication of the accepted version of the Holy Bible. The book is the first English translation of the great French author and was made by John Florio, a friend of many of the famous Elizabethan writers, including Shakespeare himself, who drew several suggestions from its pages for well known passages in his plays.

The Boston library copy has a modern binding, but the ancient fly leaf is preserved on which is written the following poem, in King James' autograph:

Here lyeth I nakit to the anatomie
Of my fraill hairt, o humane devitie
O trust the Almychtie, lyk the Almychtie's word
O put on me thy robe as guhylom lord
Thou putest once more in thy blest bellefe
And in my souill thy secretst law engrave.

The queer words and quaint spelling are characteristic of early Scotch poetry, which King James, as a Scotchman himself, took great delight in writing, and perhaps the average reader will have no more difficulty in deciphering the royal meaning than in making out a page in a modern Scotch dialect novel.

Liquid Oxygen.

Liquid oxygen when first formed is milky in appearance owing to the presence of some impurity which may be removed by passing it through ordinary filter paper. When pure, it is of a pale blue color, which, however, is not due, as some have thought, to the presence of liquid ozone, which is of a dark blue color. Liquid oxygen is a nonconductor of electricity, but is strongly magnetic. It may be lifted from a cup by presenting the poles of a strong electro magnet. It seems to have very slight chemical activity, since it will extinguish a lighted match and has no action on a piece of phosphorus dropped into it. It is well known that the A and B lines of the solar spectrum are due to oxygen, and from experiments on the top of Mont Blanc it is thought they are largely if not wholly due to the oxygen in the earth's atmosphere. Professor Dewar showed that these lines come out very strong when liquid oxygen is interposed in the path of the rays from an electric lamp.

The Forgetmenot.

Everybody knows the pretty little forgetmenot and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river and, owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor, was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!" ("Forget me not.") And ever since the flower has been looked upon as the emblem of fidelity.

London Police Methods.

This is the modus operandi of London's police: Two citizens engage in a street fight; crowd gathers to see the mill; four "bobbies" appear, working their way through the press with a "by your leave" or "kindly let me pass;" they have neither billies nor guns. Two seize each combatant, leading him aside with no rough hands and arguing thus in chiding tones: "Aren't ye 'shamed o' ye'self? What's the good o' fightin'? Leave scraps to dogs. Now, run along an' behave ye'self. There's a good chap." These words are accompanied by a pat on the shoulder and a gentle shove away from the scene of conflict. Rarely is there an arrest. A brutal clubbing is unknown. The London police are peacemakers.—New York Press.

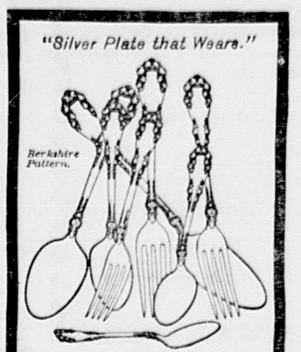
Moslem Etiquette.

All true Moslems when eating must begin with salt and finish with vinegar. If they begin with salt, they will escape the contagion of seventy diseases. If they finish with vinegar, their worldly prosperity will continue to increase. The host is in etiquette bound to be the first to start eating and the last to leave off. Tooth picking is considered an act of grace in the true Moslem, for the angel Gabriel is reported to have brought a toothpick from heaven for the prophet after every meal. The priests recite certain passages of the Koran before and after lunch and dinner, and also before drinking water at any hour of the day.

A New Clerical Order.

An Oxford correspondent writes: "A friend of mine, a rector in this neighborhood, told me the other day the following: He was preparing some boys for confirmation and asked one of them what were the three orders in the Church of England, to which he received the reply, 'Bishops, priests and demons,' and on my friend making him repeat his answer to see if he had mistaken him the same reply was made."—Westminster Gazette.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



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Knew What She Wrote.

The need of a lead pencil caused a lady who rode in a street car the other day no small embarrassment.

She sat running over her shopping list when suddenly she thought of something to add to it. She looked in her pocketbook and ransacked all its divisions, cardcase and all, but no pencil did she find. Modestly she hesitated about asking her neighbors, but with a quick resolve she finally leaned toward a gentleman seated by her and, holding up her list, said loud enough for those in adjacents seats to hear, "Excuse me, sir, may I borrow your necktie a moment?"

The gentleman's astonishment was expressed in his silent facial contortions until the lady reddened deeply.

"My necktie, madam?" he replied, with arched eyebrows.

"Didn't I say 'pencil?'" she asked. And then everybody, grinning behind newspapers, knew what the lady added to her list.—Exchange.

Some Missouri Names.

The people have given singular and amusing names to many neighborhoods in Missouri, says the Kansas City Star. In Caldwell county are Zion, Lickfork and Polo. Echo Dell, Gabtown and Dawson City are in Worth county. In Nodaway county are Toad Hollow, Sunrise and Possum Walk, and in Henry county is Coal. Pigeon Creek and Centennial are in Atchison county; River Dots, Splawn Ridge and Civil Bend in Daviess county; Sleepy Hollow and Ivy Hill in Sullivan county, and Esrom Echoes in Butler county. These are just a few names picked at random from the country correspondence of the county seat press. Sometimes a pretty or suggestive name is given a neighborhood, but generally the aim of the christener seems to have been to confer the harshest or most amusing appellation he could think of.

Loveless Marriages.

Marriage without love is almost a crime. In fact, it would be regarded as one if the world were as true, as simple, as sincere, as it ought to be. But society has so long wandered in a maze of complexity, and marriage, from monarchs downward, is undertaken for such a variety of reasons apart from love, that only a few retain the correct impression about it. And of these few the majority are women or girls who would rather die than marry a man they did not love. Sir Walter Scott knew this well when he wrote "The Bride of Lammermoor." His noble, gentle, true and tender spirit, aware of what love is, could well compute the horror of a loveless marriage.

Imagination and Illness.

An interesting experiment was recently made by an English physician in reference to the relative power of imagination of the two sexes. He gave to a hundred of his hospital patients a dose of sweetened water, and shortly afterward entered the room, apparently greatly agitated, saying he had, by mistake, administered a powerful emetic. In a few minutes four-fifths of the subjects were affected by the supposed emetic. These were mainly men, while all of those not affected were women.

Where Licorice Grows.

On the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates the licorice plant is chiefly grown. These great rivers flow through flat, treeless prairies of uncultivated and nearly uninhabited land. For three months of the year hot winds blow, and the temperature reaches 104 degrees.

For six months of the year the climate is moderate and salubrious, and for three months bleak and wintry, the thermometer going down to 30 degrees at night.

Both Dangerous.

"Hi, Br'er Jake, what struck you? You look like you done had a tussle wid a wil'cat."

"I has. I los' my las' cent in er poker game las' night, en when I git home Marth' Ann she git me inter anudder poker game en skin what wuz lef'."—Washington Times.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 9.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY–To Boston,** 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M, and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

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Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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Councillor-at-Law,
No. 410 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
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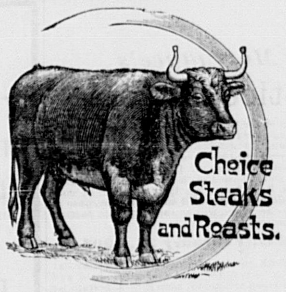
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward


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Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12 52 P M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P M., and then every 30 minutes until 11 22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A.M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12 07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10 07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.
Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10 00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M., 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8 00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 9.15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8 25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.
FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**
Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.
Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.
Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.
Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.
Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses' can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
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Telephone 39-2.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

HIS CRACK JOB

By Jeannette Benton

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Occasionally the gov'ner did society. He seldom went into any but the best, because there he found the "smart" young women who emphasized their social standing by minute accounts of their mistresses' diamonds. The gov'ner had often materially increased his bank account by those financial pointers.

One Tuesday night he dropped into Wiley's. It was sometimes a little mixed there, and he met almost immediately a flirtatious young woman who, he found, was general housemaid to a young couple in the suburbs. She prattled interesting things while they were sitting out a dance.

"I am dead tired tonight," she confided. "We had a 1 o'clock luncheon today—twenty-four covers laid, an' the tables one glisten of solid silver an' cut glass. We are 'it' when it comes to solid silver."

"You must have the coin," the gov'ner remarked casually.

"Oh, not special. It's weddin' presents. They've both got rich folks, an' they give them just scads an' scads of solid silver."

The gov'ner regarded her with beaming interest.

"A gauzy butterfly like you oughtn't to wear themselves out with work. What's your push out there?" he inquired tenderly.

Miss Nellie tossed her head.

"Just me an' him an' her an' the baby, an' he gone half the time."

She unconsciously lowered her voice. "He's gone now, an' she thinks I'm there in bed. I am goin' to Mulhall's party tomorrow night too."

"Suppose the crooks do the house, an' her alone?" he suggested.

Miss Nellie squealed.

"Mercy me! You don't think I'd fight 'em if I was there, do you? Oh, she's got a telephone right in her room. She could get help easy enough."

The gov'ner smiled. It was a leisurely matter to finish a job and get comfortably away after the telephone bell had called for help. It was surprising no one had got on to a dead open and shut job like that.

Three o'clock the next morning found him padding gently up the still half country street. Just ahead of him were the dim outlines of a large lawn heavily shaded with trees.

He vaulted the fence and strolled leisurely up through the trees. "Not even a bloomin' dog!" he murmured pityingly.

Ten minutes later he walked quietly into the house and found his way into the hall. He generally found the hall first and radiated from there.

He had hardly stepped in when a door on the upper floor opened sharply.

"Nellie! Nellie!" called a frightened voice. "There is something dreadful the matter with the baby, and the telephone won't work! Nellie!"

The voice rose to a shriek of terror. There was a rush of muffled footsteps through the upper hall.

The gov'ner listened sympathetically. "Nellie is at Mulhall's an' good until 5 o'clock," he murmured.

There was an instant's silence; then the voice broke out afresh in deeper terror:

"Oh, she's dying—she's dying!"

The gov'ner scratched his head distractedly. He hated to see folks in trouble.

"Baby! Baby!" The voice was heartbreaking. "Isn't there anybody to help me?"

An instant later he stood at the door of the lighted chamber.

"Can I do anything for you, ma'am?" he inquired politely. "I heard you as I was passin.'"

A woman knelt by the bed. She was very childlike looking. She swept the hair back from her face and regarded him with terror stricken eyes.

A baby lay on the bed. Little rings of dark hair curled damply on its pallid forehead. Its little face was ghastly blue and pinched. Suddenly its head drew back more violently and its limbs commenced to twitch in long, convulsive shudders.

She clutched the gov'ner's arm and shook it fiercely.

"Can't you do anything?" she demanded.

"I don't know," he said; then his face cleared. Heaven knows from what recess of his life he drew the information, but he found it.

"I know," he said briskly. "It's hot water. Go get some hot water in somethin' big enough to put the kid in."

She disappeared like an arrow loosed from a bow.

The gov'ner slipped his long, dexterous fingers soothingly along the clammy little body.

There was a sudden splash in the hall, and the girl mother came breathlessly in with a small tin bathtub.

"Get its duds off!" he said authoritatively. "This water ain't hot enough, but it'll have to pass now."

The poor little mother's fingers were trembling, so they were nearly useless. She turned great, imploring eyes on him.

"Please put her in!" she half whispered. "I am afraid to lift her."

"Blest!" murmured the gov'ner; then he stooped and lifted the tiny convulsed body into the water. He felt it relax slightly in his hands as the water submerged it.

"Throw a blanket or something over to keep in the heat!" he commanded. "Then skin out, can't you, an' get some hotter water? Get a move on you too."

She had already gone.

He knelt by the chair, regarding the small face he was supporting above the blanket anxiously. It was less pinched now and lay limply on his hand, small and pathetic.

"Such a little kid," he said softly—"such a bloomin' little kid!"

The long lashes slowly lifted, and the dark eyes gazed into his. Slowly the purpled lids closed again, and a tremor shook its body.

He swore softly. "Ain't she ever comin'? This layout will freeze the kid in a blasted minute!"

He gathered the baby up in the blanket and commenced to pace the floor, watching the tiny face with strained attention.

The blue shadows deepened under its eyes; the tiny waxen nose pinched closer and closer; the small mouth seemed settling into a terrible calm.

He swore as he walked. In that way he managed in a measure to relieve his feelings.

"Is she dead?" asked a choked, breathless voice at the door.

The girl mother's face was ghostly, but the only thing he saw was the steaming kettle in her hand.

"Naw," he snarled; but he was not so sure.

He lowered the child carefully into the water.

"Now, just keep pouring—a little, a little, to keep it warmin' up."

Ten, fifteen, minutes passed.

A faint white glimmer of life commenced to tremble across the baby's face. The blue shadows slowly faded, and the wax white nostrils filled.

The gov'ner heaved a mighty sigh.

"She's comin' through," he announced triumphantly. "Now give me a dry blanket."

He wrapped her warmly in it and laid her, weary and sleepy, but palely pink, on the bed.

Then he shook himself like a man coming out of a trance. He suddenly remembered his burglar's kit in the lower hall. Dawn was breaking, too, and it might not be so easy getting back with it to town.

The girl mother looked at him with moist, grateful eyes.

"You are so good," she said, with quivering voice. "Baby would have died if you hadn't"—

She hesitated. Some way she could not quite place him. He did not look like a workingman. He was not a gentleman. She dimly remembered that he had sworn at her dreadfully.

She went to the dresser and picked up a little steel meshed purse. Inside lay a ten dollar bill and a dollar.

"Would you mind," she said desperately, "if I gave you a dollar? I wish I could give you more, but it is all the money I have, and Fred won't be back until the last of the week."

Her small, tremulous fingers clung to his an instant, and a tear splashed down on them.

"I can't thank you. I can't thank you," she sobbed.

The gov'ner looked at her helplessly, at the $10 in the purse and the little heap of diamonds over on the dresser.

Then he went down stairs, the dollar in his hand.

Startled the Tailor.

A London tailor was once measuring Dr. Parker, who had a quaint sense of humor, for an overcoat, when suddenly the doctor broke forth in his most sepulchral voice:

"Can you measure the ineffable?"

The assistant looked up and saw that the doctor was extremely grave. He said:

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

The doctor raised both his hands with a grand upward sweep and said:

"Can you measure the ineffable? Can you comprehend the infinite?"

"We'll make you a nice coat, sir," returned the puzzled assistant. Tapping the doctor's shin, he said:

"That's about the length, sir?"

"Longer!" ejaculated the doctor in determined tones.

"There, sir?"

"Longer!" thundered the great man.

The tailor remonstrated. As a technical professional he could give points on tailoring to any preacher that ever wore a head.

"If you have it any longer, you won't be able to walk," he remarked conclusively.

The doctor looked on him compassionately and, once more extending his arms toward the skies, said confidentially:

"I don't want to walk; I want to soar!"

A History Making Trifle.

It was but a trifle that gave Spain for so many generations the lordship of the new world and enabled her by the wealth which she derived from that source to become the most powerful nation in Europe. It is well known that Columbus, discouraged with the refusals which he met at so many courts, dispatched his brother Bartolomeo to ask aid from Henry VII. of England. But on the way the messenger fell into the hands of pirates, and by the time he reached London was so destitute that he had to try to earn the money to clothe himself in proper style before he could be presented at court. But by that time it was too late. Even the fact that Ferdinand and Isabella furnished the funds to equip the expedition was mainly due to the accident that Juan Perez de Marchena, the queen's confessor, happened to be passing when the weary mariner was knocking at the door of La Rabida monastery to beg a little bread and water for his boy Diego and was impressed with the noble face of the dusty traveler. Had Bartolomeo reached London in time, had Columbus been a little later or earlier at the monastery door, the fate of Europe might have been changed and the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race altered.

Primitive Sleds.

From history we learn that the boys in the time of George III. coasted on sleds made of a small board, with beef bones as runners. But these dropped out of sight when an inventive genius built one out of a barrel stave, for his invention was extensively copied. The barrel staves were called "jumpers" and "skippers" and were made of a single barrel stave of moderate width, to which was nailed a twelve inch seat post about amidships. A piece of barrel head constituted the seat. To navigate this craft required no little skill, the revolutions performed by the rider while "gettin' the hang of the derned old thing" being akin to the antics of a tenderfoot on a bucking broncho. A more stable and docile jumper was made by fastening two or three staves side by side, but these were not considered as fast travelers as the single staves.—Outing.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

The Two Men Separately and the Two In One Being.

Aristotle was an extraordinary man. Plato was an extraordinary man. That two men each severally so extraordinary should have been living at the same time in the same place was a very extraordinary thing. But would it diminish the wonder to suppose the two to be one? So I say of Bacon and Shakespeare. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Shakespeare should exist is extraordinary. That a human being possessed of the necessary faculties to make Bacon should exist is extraordinary. That two such human beings should have been living in London at the same time was more extraordinary still. But that one man should have existed possessing the faculties and opportunities necessary to make both would have been the most extraordinary thing of all.

Great writers, especially being contemporary, have many features in common, but if they are really great writers they write naturally, and nature is always individual. I doubt whether there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with their several styles and practiced in such observations.—James Spedding's "Essays."

Physiological Autographs.

Every human being carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical marks which do not change their character and by which he can always be identified, and that without shade of doubt or question. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak, and this autograph cannot be counterfeited, nor can he disguise it or hide it away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and the mutations of time.

This autograph consists of the delicate lines or corrugations with which nature marks the insides of the hands and the soles of the feet. If you will look at the balls of your fingers, you that have very sharp eyesight, you will observe that these dainty curving lines lie close together, like those that indicate the borders of oceans in maps, and that they form various clearly defined patterns, such as arches, circles, long curves, whorls and so forth, and that these patterns differ on the different fingers.—"Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Strange Uses For Mirrors.

The celebrated Beau Brummel during the first years of his exile, while yet his fame as a dandy was pre-eminent, had the ceiling of his bedroom covered with mirrors so that even while at rest he could study elegance and assume a graceful pose. For such a purpose a glass ceiling is, however, not unique, and the notorious Duchess of Cleveland had such another constructed to gratify her vanity.

For a far different reason a certain Yorkshire gentleman of the last century had his ceiling paneled with mirrors. Ardently devoted to the sport of cockfighting, he continued to the last to enjoy his favorite pastime and even when on his deathbed his room was the scene of many an exciting fight, which, lying on his back, he saw reflected in the glass overhead.

A Tender Husband.

In connection with a slight affection of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant's eyes a very pretty story is told indicative of General Grant's tender devotion to her. When he was president, she became somewhat sensitive about her eyes—she suffered from strabismus—and consulted a specialist to see what could be done for her. The specialist told her he thought he could improve her eyes, but the operation would be painful. She consulted her husband to learn whether he would advise the operation. "Don't have it done, dear," said the general, pressing her cheeks with his two hands. "Let those dear eyes stay just as they are. If they were changed, I might not recognize my sweetheart."

Distance Traveled by Odors.

As an illustration of the distance odors are carried it is noteworthy that the fumes and exhalations from the sulphur springs of Colorado can be distinguished at a distance of fully twenty miles. The delicious perfume of the forests of Ceylon is carried by the wind twenty-five miles out to sea, while in foggy weather travelers 100 miles from the land have recognized their proximity to the coast of Colombia by the sweet smell brought them on a breeze from the shore.

His Inheritance.

"And now," said Professor Longhunger as he greeted Mr. Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent; "he inherits it from his mother."—Schoolmaster.

The Savage's Forebodings.

The savage regarded the first white man thoughtfully.

"If I try to fight him," he said, "he will exterminate me, and if I try to live in peace with him he will cheat me out of everything, and I will starve to death. What chance have I got?"—Chicago Post.

His Clerical Robes.

"Pooh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties."

"That ain't anything. Our minister wears his nightclothes every time he preaches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some plants are affected by chloroform just as animals are. The sensitive plant loses its irritability in air charged with chloroform vapor.

Dry and Moist Air.

A cubic foot of dry air weighs more than a cubic foot of moist air at the same temperature and pressure. The addition of vapor to a cubic foot of dry air enlarges the volume of the mixture if the air is free to expand, as in the atmosphere, and as the vapor has only about two-thirds the density of dry air at the same temperature and pressure the density of the mixture is less than that of dry air.

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Lowest Prices in Boston in
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— AND —
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CATCHING CRABS.

Choptank River Fishers Land Them by an Ingenious Method.

Those who crab for market on the Choptank river, Maryland, have an ingenious method of catching crabs in quantity. A rope about the thickness of a clothesline several hundred feet long is kept coiled in a keg. At intervals of two feet along the entire length of the rope the fisherman has untwisted it and inserted between the strands short pieces of salted eels. The torsion of the strand holds them tightly in place. Each end of the rope has a keg buoy attached, together with a heavy stone. Arriving at the favored place, usually on oyster beds, he throws a keg overboard and pays out a highly scented rope as he sails. When the other end is reached, he anchors it with another stone and throws out another buoy. After lowering his sail he waits a few minutes, then takes his stand on the bow of his boat. Alongside of him is his landing net, with a handle six feet long. He raises the buoy and stone and, hand over hand, pulls his boat along the line. When a crab, clinging to its refreshment, comes in sight, he seizes his net, dashes it under the crab and flings it into the boat. The wary crab may loosen his hold and dive for the bottom, but such is the fisherman's dexterity that his net is swifter than the crab. One seldom gets away. Several hundreds of crabs are often taken at each overhauling of the rope. When he has caught all he wants, he packs them in barrels and sells them to a local dealer, who ships them to market.—Country Life In America.

"Doing" Europe In Your Mind.

According to a Cairo contemporary, persons who wish to let their friends know that they are "doing" Europe on a princely scale the while they are living in retirement for a time need only apply to an agency in Paris, which will undertake to send your letters to practically any place in Europe you may select and there to have them posted for you on any date you may choose. The demand for such an institution arose out of the absolute horror the Parisian of "high life" has of being suspected of remaining in Paris or its environs in the bathing season. One feature of the joke is that you can not only get your letters posted from some distant spot, but you can get answers received for you and reposted to your temporary hiding place. There are great possibilities for American travelers in this. Why not stay in America and "do" Europe?—New York Tribune.

Insurance Has Its Humor.

An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later while conversing with a friend in his office he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout cane.

"Ye rascal!" he yelled, springing toward the agent. "Ye wanter cheat me?"

Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully built man. The Irishman, struggling to get free, shouted:

"Let me git at the spalpeen! Think ov it, chargin' me foive dollars fer an acshident ticket fer me ole woman, an' she jest broke her leg a-fallin' down shtairs! Wot's the good of the ticket anyhow?"

Male Blushers.

One of the most ill founded of all popular delusions is that blushing is the special characteristic of the female sex. As a matter of fact, except in the case of very young girls, men blush far more readily than women. The well bred woman never blushes at all, while it is a matter of everyday experience that in the excitement of business or political discussions men's cheeks redden with very little provocation. Whatever may have been the case a hundred years ago, the modern woman shows her emotion not by blushing, but by turning pale.—London Tatler.

Mathematics of Love.

"Margaret," he began, "I have $3,750 in the bank. I own half interest in a patent churn company that clears $1,700 a year. My salary is $20 a week, with prospects of a raise to $22. I have an aunt who will leave me twenty-seven shares of a railway stock now quoted at 53. Tell me, Margaret, will you be mine?"

"Wait," she replied, "till I get a pencil."

For she never had been good at mental arithmetic.—Newark News.

The Baths of Caracalla.

The Romans appear to have been well off in the matter of bathing places in the first and second centuries. In the baths of Caracalla 1,600 bathers could be accommodated at one time. The inclosed area was 360 square yards, but it included a course for foot racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are 8 and 10 feet thick and in some places as much as 50 feet high.

THE BRAVE WOLVERENE.

Not a Little Wolf, but a Dignified Forest Monarch.

Not "little wolf," as the ignorant think, is the significance of wolverene, but something of greater dignity—an embodiment of the terrible spirit of the wild fire of the prehistoric forests. Wonderful in its strength and courage, a tree climber on occasion, not immense of size, but with limbs and claws great, out of all proportion to its size, with a muzzle almost hoglike, but with great white fangs, the beast had still an element of the grotesque in its makeup, with its sweeping, bushy tail and the broad bands of yellow white upon its back and shoulders. Woe to the smaller beast or the deer upon which it dropped from some great low hanging branch or before which it suddenly appeared in the dense windfalls!

Of all the continent, the Michigan peninsula was the chosen habitat of the wolverene, and he struggled long before backwoodsmen drove him from his heritage. So enduring was he, so desperately courageous, that his name became a synonym for pluck and prowess, and proudly the people of Michigan accept the nickname which has been given to him.—Outing.

What Is a Well Dressed House?

"What in theatrical parlance is a well dressed house?" said a dramatic writer, and after a silent pause he continued: "I went the other night to a show, and as I passed in the doorkeeper said to me, 'We have a well dressed house tonight, sir.' I supposed he meant that the audience was sporting its best clothes, but I found on looking about that this was not true, and so between the acts I asked him what he had meant. He answered: 'I meant that the house had been seated by the box office man very cleverly, so that it balanced well, and so that the fact that it was not small was not perceptible. To dress a house is to distribute an audience all over it so it looks full when it is, as a matter of fact, far from being so. There are here enough people to fill about the first seven rows of the orchestra, but the house is well dressed, and on looking at it you have the impression that it is fairly well filled. Every ticket seller should see to it that his house is dressed properly. That is why you so often fail to get seated as far up front as you would like.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Why Shakespeare Endures.

What interests us in Shakespeare's plays is not the plays themselves, but the (strictly irrelevant) truth and beauty that he poured into them. We love them for their matchless poetry and their matchless insight into the human soul. "Hamlet" is for us nothing but the study of a contemplative man distracted by the necessity to be up and doing, "Macbeth" the study of a noble mind degraded by ambition, "The Merchant of Venice" the study of racial strength against contempt and persecution. Nothing to us now the actual framework of these studies: everything the studies themselves and the language in which they are set forth. Our pleasure in the production of a Shakespearean play is according solely to the illuminative rightness of the conception of the chief character or characters and to the sonorous beauty with which the verse is declaimed by all.—Saturday Review.

The Spanish Schoolteacher.

The teacher of any land may be overworked. He may suffer from the parsimonious policy of the powers and be underpaid even in our own enlightened country, but in few countries, certainly not in the United States, could such a story as the one which follows be truthfully told:

In the streets of a Spanish city, says the author of "The Land of the Dons," a police officer stumbled on the corpse of a ragged and emaciated pauper. In making out his report he asked what he should enter as the dead man's profession.

"What did he die of?" asked the magistrate.

"Starvation," replied the policeman.

"Put him down as a schoolmaster," replied the magistrate.

Tonsilitis.

An attack of tonsilitis can usually be warded off by painting the inflamed tonsil with tincture of iodine. If you are unsuccessful in the attempt and the tonsils ulcerate, swab them at once with guaiacum and repeat in five or six hours. This I learned from a well known throat specialist of St. Louis, and I find I can almost always recover without the services of my physician.—Good Housekeeping.

Pigeon's Milk Not a Joke.

The joke about pigeon's milk has a foundation in fact. After the incubation of the young has been completed, the crops of the parent bird become thicker and secrete a sort of curd, with which the young are fed. This description of nourishment is necessary for them, for if the young pigeons are deprived of it during the first week or two after hatching they are sure to die.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 30, 1903.

THE B. P. W. IMBROGLIO.

On January 16, instant, John C. Andrews, the nominee of Water Commissioner Preston, was elected Water Registrar by three of the five members of the Board of Public Works present at the meeting. As soon as the vote was declared Commissioner Kelley, served a notice on Clerk McAvoy of his intention to move for its reconsideration at the then next meeting. Clerk McAvoy, feeling some uncertainty as to his duty in the premises, invoked the aid of City Solicitor Doyle.

On Monday, Jan. 26, instant, while the matter was still in the hands of the Solicitor, Commissioner Preston installed Mr. Andrews in office and set him to work. Hearing of this, the Mayor was on hand Monday evening, and promptly suspended Mr. Andrews from the office. On Tuesday evening Solicitor Doyle's opinion, favorable to the position of Commissioner Kelley was delivered; the vote which elected Mr. Andrews on the 16th was reconsidered; and Mr. Redmond E. Walsh was nominated for the position. It went over a week under the rules, and will be acted on at a meeting to be held on Feb. 3. As Commissioner Doherty was instrumental in bringing Walsh into the field, and as Mayor Feeney and Commissioner Kelley are unchangeably opposed to Andrews, it would seem as as though Walsh's election is virtually assured. But "there is many a slip between cup and lip."

CANDIDATES.

On the announcement of a vacancy in the Representative delegation from the 28th Middlesex District, and a move to fill it was in order, the weight of Republican sentiment, as expressed by the leaders of tho Party, appeared to be in favor of giving the nomination to Mr. Charles H. Nowell, the Reading Republican candidate at last fall's election.

Consequently Mr. Nowell was interviewed by representative Woburn Republicans at his Boston & Maine office in Boston, and agreed to take the nomination, if it should be made and tendered him without a contest. He would engage in no fight for it.

Thus the matter seemed to the settled and the way made smooth for Mr. Nowell's nomcuation. In reality, however, the matter was not settled, for, since then several Woburn gentlemen have announced their candidacy, and it now looks as though a hot contest for the nomination might ensue.

Among those who have already entered the race are ex-Senator Alvah S Woon, Griffin Place, Elmore A. Pierce and Edward Q. Brackett, all of Woburn, and one, at least, in Reading.

The situation seems to be decidedly mixed.

☞ State Senator John N. Cole of Andover, publisher of the Lawrence *Telegram*, is the author of a Bill pending in the Legislature which, if enacted, will hit the nail on the head. A synopsis of it is given in this issue of the JOURNAL. Its object is to compel Street Railway companies to furnish proper waiting-rooms for the accommodation of their patrons at such points as Mayors and Aldermen of cities, and Selectmen of towns may designate. Such waiting-rooms are a long felt want on the lines in this section, and especially this winter has their absence been severely felt, and universally condemned. Complaints on this score against the Boston & Northern Company are heard every day. It is earnestly hoped that Senator Cole's Bill will become a law.

☞ It is with pleasure that we note the appointment of Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, a native of Wakefield, now a resident of Reading, to the important position of Librarian of the Boston Public Library, succeeding James L. Whitney, who has recently resigned after thirty years' service. It requires a peculiar skill, a genius for original departures, a grasp of detail, and general administrative ability, to run a library of the importance of the institution at Copley Square, and it is thought by the Trustees that Mr. Wadlin is equal to the task.—*Wakefield Citizen & Banner*.

The appointment of Mr. Wadlin was the best that could possibly have been made. He has the ability, taste and temperament to perform perfectly the duties of the office. His administration of the affairs, as Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of the Statistics of Labor for a number of years past, was a model one. He is a man of intellect and rare capacity for executive work. The Trustees of the Boston Public Library will learn, in time, that they found in Mr. Wadlin the right man for the right place.

☞ Representative Bennett of Saugus has pending a suit against one Donohue for slander. Apparently because the libel law may furnish an obstacle to his successful prosecution of it he proposes to amend the Revised Laws of Section 93 of Chapter 173 by striking out the following: "In an action for libel, or slander, he may introduce in evidence, in mitigation of damages, and in rebuttal of evidence of actual malice, acts of the plaintiff which create a reasonable suspicion that the matters charged against him by the defendant are true." The same attempt to amend was made last year and failed. Let us stop any tinkering with the libel laws. We have had the Revised Laws but one year, and the law of libel ought to be undisturbed, if we cannot improve it. Once begun no one can tell where amending will stop; we ought at least to retain what we have, if we cannot do better.

☞ During the week beginning Mar. 16, Boston is to hold a great automobile show, the first ever seen there. John C. Kerrison, Press Agent, tells us that it is to be the biggest exibition of autos ever seen, and will beat the New York show all hollow.

☞ Hon. George F. Bean, of Class '81 attended the 30th annual reunion and banquet of the Sons of Brown at Young's Hotel, Boston, last Wednesday evening, and was re-elected Secretary of the Association.

SPECIAL ELECTION.

Last Wednesday morning City Clerk Finn received a warrant from the House Speaker ordering the election of a Representative in the 28th Representative District (Woburn and Reading) to be held on Tuesday, March 3, 1903, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Representative Edmund C. Cottle. Representative Henry M. Aldrich introduced an order in the House last Monday for a special election, the result of which is stated above. He was not at first clear in his mind that an election was wanted by the voters of the District, suggestions having reached him from various sources that one was not needed; but he finally settled on the step taken, which was the better way.

☞ Representative Aldrich of this city conducted the Cottle memorial exercises in the Legislature in a manner that warmly commended itself to the family and friends of the deceased Representative and the public. His announcement of the sad event and eulogistic address accompanying it were made with a feeling and in terms highly creditable to our member of the House.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

The U. S.—Notice.
Snow-McKay— . tone.
Tremont Theatre—King Dodo
J. G. Maguire—Probate Notice.
J. G. Maguire—Probate Notice.
J. G. Maguire—Mortgagee's Sale.
J. W. Johnson—Mortgagee's Sale.

— Another fine January thaw this week.

— Read E. J. Gregory's auction ad in this paper.

— The last Burbeen lecture of this season will be given Feb. 24.

— Mr. Adam Bustead is filling the office of night watchman at City Hall.

— The days have lengthened 50 minutes, and the sun is getting a good purchase on the frozen earth.

— Tufts College Glee Club will give one of their fine concerts here on Feb. 27. Guy Marion is manager.

— Mr. Reade attended the dinner of the Undertakers Association at the Nottingham, Boston, last Wednesday.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys' rubbers 50c.

— The North Woburn Athletic Association will give a first class minstrel show on the evenings of Feb. 19 and 20.

— Woman's Relief Corps 84 held memorial services for the late Musician Mrs. Katherine Smith, on Friday, Jan. 23.

— To the extent of $1.50 and upward on a cord Mrs. John Cummings's sales of wood this winter have been a public benefit.

— Mr. G.F. Jones would have visited his office yesterday had the weather been better. He is improving in health every day.

— Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., will give a necktie party in Knights of Columbus Hall on the evening of Feb 9. Make a note of it.

— Mr. Hugh D. Murray has begun building operations on his new leather factory on Broad street. Mechanics went to work on it last Monday.

— Maud Hortense Littlefield is teaching a good violin class this winter. She is a superior player and instructor, and has no trouble in securing pupils.

— Next Monday is Candlemas, or Ground Hog Day. The old saw says that farmers, on that date, should have on hand "half their wood, and half their hay."

— A boulevard for Woburn is the platform on which Mr. Elmore A. Pierce is running for the Legislature. Brackett is running on his good looks and Aldermanic record.

— Rev. G. L. Collyer, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of this city delivered a fine address at the Men's Meeting of the Winchester Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon.

— Particular attention is asked for the executrix's sale of real estate by Mrs. Phinney, a notice of which appears in this paper. The property is centrally located and valuable.

— The alarm from box 56 last Sunday morning was for a fire that badly damaged a double dwellinghouse occupied by James Cassidy and Thomas Mulherin, Main Street opposite Lake Ave.

— The Sunshine Club are to give an entertainment and hold a candy sale in the vestry of the Unitarian church from 3 to 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon Feb. 7. The price of the tickets is 5 cents each.

— Col. W. T. Grammer takes great pleasure in reading Thompson's "Town History" in the Winchester *Star*, and scanning the portraits of people he once knew and associated with which embellish the work.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor went to Moosehead Lake, Maine, yesterday to take pictures of the hospital and surroundings that Dr. Hatch of Lynn has established there for the cure of pulmonary complaints.

— Last Sunday Mr. Joseph B. DeLoriea slipped on the ice and fell near his house on Sturgis street when returning from church, and was quite seriously injured. Dr. Lane was summoned and attended to the case.

— Mr. Alvah Foster, Superintendent of the Dow block, uses Pennsylvania soft coal to make steam with and likes it. It involves a trifle more work and care, but is a good heat producer when properly handled.

— It has been the opinion of a good many sensible people for some time past that the Woburn Board of Public Works had ought to be abolished, and the present wrangle in that body will tend to strengthen the opinion.

— Mr Joseph Linnell of Montvale avenue has been confined to his home by rhuematism for six months, but is improving in health and will get around again as soon as warm weather comes to bless the earth and mankind.

— The School Board held a regular meeting last Tuesday evening. Only a small amount of business presented itself for consideration. It was voted to overhaul and improve the heating apparatus of the Cummings School.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

Oldest and Largest Carpet House in New England

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN

Wilton and Brussels Carpets
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Clearance Sale

Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

— A full crop of prime ice has been harvested from Horn Pond this winter, the houses are chockful, and the ice men are happy.

— It snowed moderately all day Sunday. The fall of three inches was dry and feathery, not of the kind that makes sleighing.

— Two weeks from tomorrow, Feb. 14, comes St. Valentine's Day. Mrs. Mary Jennings will have a full supply of pictures and poetry for the anniversary.

— Crawford wears the champion's belt for the quality and variety of confectionery kept for sale at his popular store. His homemade candies beat the band.

— Mr. J. J. Hern sells and delivers the very best of wood, and has all the orders for it that he can attend to. He don't sell it in bags, but gives 128 solid feet for a cord.

— It was 4 below zero last Saturday morning, which suggests the thought that we have had in these parts more zero weather this winter than during the corresponding season in the last 20 years.

— C. M. Strout & Co. are selling firstclass oil stoves and oil to go with them at reasonable prices. They do not believe in trying to get rich in a day at the expense of a suffering community.

— The epidemic of small-pox which the doctors, a year ago, bespoke for the winter of 1902-3 hasn't shown up yet to any alarming extent. Boston and the suburbs are uncommonly free from it at this time.

— Chairman Riley of the School Board, who is substituting for Supt. Emerson in some of his work, and doing it in a satisfactory manner, ordered and obtained of Ellis and Hayward coal for some of the schools last week.

— Landscapes hereabouts have suffered from the woodsman's axe this winter, but much human suffering has been alleviated and prevented by it. Some large tracts of land have been stripped of their principal ornaments, the trees.

— We are under everlasting obligations to Mr. Warren Teel, A. P. M., of Davenport, Iowa, for a copy of "Sunrise," a ponderous pictorial presentation of the natural and artificial attractions of New Orleans, and sections of the Pacific Coast.

— The fog last Wednesday night excelled in density anything of the kind anybody ever saw in this region. It was so dark and dangerous that the steam train and electric car schedules had to be reduced, and both modes of travel were slow and late.

— We have received copies of the newspapers published at Pell City, Alabama, from Mr. John Maxwell and thank him for the same. He is owner of valuable real estate in that rapidly growing place, and is there looking after it at the present time.

— The concert and ball of St. Charles C. T. A. S. is to come off this evening in Armory Hall in great style. Everything is ready for the word "go," and the best orchestra to provide dancing music will be on hand early and often. Don't fail to attend.

— William Murphy, a salesman at the store of Mr. Thomas Moore, fell on the ice while on his way home Saturday night and, striking his head, was rendered unconscious, in which condition he remained until Monday evening, when he partially revived.

— Angelo Crovo still leads the procession as a Woburn fruiterer, and well deserves the honor. He is the most successful caterer to the public demand of good fruit in town, and people take stock in his goods and himself. They say "Angy is all right," and so he is.

— The attention of the readers of the JOURNAL is respectfully asked for the advertisement of King Dodo at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, to begin on Monday, Feb. 9, and a careful consideration of the same. No comic opera draws like King Dodo; it is the capsheaf; its late tour through the United States was a signal triumph from beginning to end. Everybody in Woburn will want to go to the Tremont Theatre to enjoy King Dodo.

— Mr. W. H. Lewis has been very sick, so has Mrs. Flora Nichols.

— A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woburn Public Hack Association was held in front of the Postoffice last Tuesday afternoon to discuss future weather problems, and consider a proposition to order an assessment on the members for the benefit of the Sinking Fund.

— President G. Stanley Hall says that Dr. Forbush, who is to lecture before the Woburn Woman's Club Friday, February 6, "understands the natural boy and how to approach and handle him, and has also put himself abreast of the new psycho-genetic and pedagogical literature."

— Having sold his last carload of coal, Capt. J. M. Ellis has ordered another one, of the best quality of anthracite, from the Pennsylvania mines, which is expected to arrive here in a few days. The price of it will be apt to make the eyes of local dealers stick out. Capt. Ellis expects to be able to sell and deliver it for $10 a ton!

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course will be given on Monday evening, Feb. 9, by Hon. Henry Watterson, the famous Kentucky Editor and Author. His subject is to be Abraham Lincoln, the Martyr President, who was also a Kentuckian by birth. Mr. Watterson is a great lecturer and conspicuous figure in American politics and life.

— The next meeting of the Board of Public Works is to be held Tuesday evening, Feb. 3, when, it is presumed, Mayor Feeney and Water Commissioner Preston will lock horns over the election of Welch as Water Registrar, who was nominated last Tuesday evening, after the removal of John C. Andrews by the Mayor. In the mean time Miss Lizzie Calnan holds the fort.

— The lecture by Cyrus Weeks in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening was one of the very best yet given this season. "Saxonia" was the subject handled, which was a concentrated, boiled down, double distilled history of about everything under the sun, containing perhaps a little too much learning to be readily absorbed by the common mind. It was finely illustrated. There was a full house.

— Dr. Irving R. Bancroft writes that he will soon sever his connection with the Boston Smallpox Detention Hospital, of which he has had charge for a year or two, as the epidemic is about ended in that city, and his professional services are no longer required. His numerous Woburn friends need not hesitate to meet and shake hands with him. Dr. Bancroft will continue to reside and practice in Boston.

— Lieutenent Charles W. Parks of the Civil Engineering Corps of the Navy, a Woburn man, arrived at the Charlestown Navy Yard Tuesday from Porto Rico, and immediately assumed charge as the engineering head of the important Yards and Docks Department there, having charge and direction of the construction of the new dry dock and all the mamoth shop buildings going up at the Yard, as well as planning and recommending for future improvements.

— We learn, with regret, that our old friend, Mr. Harrison Bates of Winchester, is not real rugged this winter. His 91st birthday will come around pretty soon and his staunch old associate, Mr. J. W. Hemingway, ought to be preparing to give him another big celebration. Mr. Bates was born and raised in Penobscot county, Maine, came to Woburn in 1844, and went to work as a carpenter for the late Dwight Eager. He enjoys the respect of everybody.

— A man, about 35 years old, supposed to be James Murphy of Cambridge, was discovered early last Sunday morning by the carrier of Sunday papers from Boston to suburban towns and cities, lying dead on Montvale avenue beyond East Woburn, and notified the police of the fact. He was known in this city and had been seen here Saturday in company with another man, both being intoxicated. He was a hard drinker, and, it is supposed, fell where he was found and froze to death It was a pitiful case, and a sad warning to those who look on the wine when it is red, which at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

— E. B. Parkhurst has been sick with the Grip.

— Mrs. Ann Kent, relict of the late Jonathan P. Kent, died at her home, 43 Elm street, N. W., last Tuesday, aged 84 years.

— Mr. Charles H. Foss, aged about 80 years, fell near his house, 67 Green street, last Tuesday, and was quite severely injured.

— Yesterday all the letter carriers, clerks, etc., of the Postoffice, wore carnation pinks on their lappels in honor of the birthday of President McKinley.

— At the Henry Watterson lecture in the Burbeen Course, on Feb. 9, no rush tickets will be issued to minors, and no minors will be admitted on rush ticket.

— C. M. Strout & Co. have a few firstclass parlor stoves, both new and second-hand, which they will sell regardless of cost. Anyone in want of a parlor stove for another season will save good interest money by buying now.

— Last Saturday Rev. Dr. Norton had an attack of grip which unfitted him for the performance of his Sunday duties at First church. Happily, a friend of his, the President of Pomona College, California, was visiting at the Parsonage, and kindly volunteered to take Dr. Norton's place in the pulpit. He preached an able sermon. Dr. Norton's son, now at Amherst, was a student at Pomona College before the family moved East last year.

— Mrs. C. P. Jayne came over from the Sailors Snug Harbor at Quincy, of which her husband, Capt. Jayne, is Superintendant, last Monday to attend the meeting of the W. C. T. U. held at the home of Mrs. Amos Langill on Francis street. She is a zealous and active temperance woman and has done much for the cause. Mrs. Almira T. Whittemore of Arlington, 80 years old, was also present at the meeting. She has been a resident of Woburn in years past, and has many friends here.

— In selecting an advertising medium Uncle Sam exhibits the same shrewdness and sound common sense that he does in all his other business transactions. For example: he received notice, a few days ago, from Hon. Henry Clay Evans, Consul General of the United States at London, England, of the death of John Mullen of Woburn City at London, on August 15, 1902, and immediately thereafter selected the Woburn JOURNAL as his medium through which to notify the friends of the deceased of the melancholly event. See ad.

— Meeting of the L. C. S. Alliance in Unitarian church Thursday after noon, Feb. 5. Miss Lillian Freeman Clark will speak at five o'clock upon "The advantages and disadvantages of growing older." Supper at 6 30 o'clock. Dramatic entertainment at 8 o'clock. Two bright plays will be presented "The Way to His Pocket", by five boys, three of them taking girls parts; and "Good Bye", by Mrs. Elliott Trull and Miss Kate Barker. Supper and Entertainment 25 cents. Entertainment only, 15 cents. The public are invited.

— Arthur Whitcher has lately obtained and proudly exhibits at his drugstore a collection of ancient documents relating to Woburn transactions in early times which are not only interesting, but valuable, as antiquarian curiosities. Some of them date back to a period not long subsequent to the incorporation of this town in 1642; others are of later date; but none are less than 100 years old. In the lot is a list of the members of the First Baptist church of Woburn in 1803; an order to Mr. Lawrence, an ancestor of General Lawrence of Medford, to collect money of the people to pay minister Fox; several unrecorded deeds given more than 200 years ago; and other old writings. It is presumed that Mr. W. R. Cutter, the antiquarian and genealogist, craves Mr. Witcher's rare collection.

— Last Monday morning a change was made in the timetable of the North Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railroad which, it is hoped, will remedy the evils of passenger congestion at Medford. It is high time that something was done by the Company for the public good, but it is doubtful if this change accomplishes the object sought. The storm centre of the trouble is at Puffer's Corner, or Winthrop Square, and not until the cars run, without change, directly from Woburn and Lowell into Sullivan Square will the difficulty be fully obviated. Since the Lexington & Boston Company have run their cars to Sullivan Square the receipts have increased 30 percent, the reason for which is obvious. The Boston & Northern will be obliged to adopt that measure, or suffer a material loss of patronage, for the public will not put up with the present mismanagement, disarrangements, and delays at Medford, much longer. We know that last Friday passengers waited in the cold at Medford from 45 to 120 minutes for cars to Woburn.

Installation of Officers.

The officers for ensuing term of Woburn Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., were installed on Tuesday evening by District Deputy Grand Patriarch William O Richardson of Stoneham, and Suite; G. S. W., Fred H. Chase; G. S., Wm. H. Ralph; G., P. G. M. Austin S. Esty; G. H. P., Fred P. Melvin; G. I. S., Danforth S Steele; G. M., James A. Jonas. Previous to the installation ceremony, the members of the Encampment and invited guests partook of a supper served in the banquet hall. The officers are as follows: C. P, James R. Graham; H. P., James R. Rendall; S. W., Don C. Page; Scribe, Alvah S. Foster; Treasurer, Alonzo L. Perham; J. W., Walter A. Hanson; O. S., Thomas J. Shannon; I. S., John A. Thompson; W., Geo. B. Woodside, Edwin F Tebbetts, George H. Woodside, John A. McLean; Guide, Charles E. Tripp; Guards, Bernard Romsisky, Robert Scott.

"The nicest and pleasantest medicine I have used for indigestion and constipation is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Melard F. Craig, of Middlegrove, N. Y. "They work like a charm and do not gripe or have any unpleasant effect." For sale by all druggists.

—23rd YEAR—

ROSE GLYCERINE LOTION

Chapped and rough skin of hands and face vanishes in a night by its use.

THE PILL BOX

SOLE PROPRIETOR. 25c. a Bottle.

CHERIDAH SIMPSON.

As PIALO in "King Dodo," Tremont Theatre, Feb. 9.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLONIAL.

Intense interest is centered in the presentation of the Drury Lane Theatre, London, spectacle "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" at the Colonial Theatre on Monday evening February the 2d. This colossal entertainment was imported to this country a little over a year ago by Klaw & Erlanger, and scored such an emphatic hit that the theatregoing public can look upon Drury Lane spectacles as a fixture in the American theatrical world for some time to come. Klaw & Erlanger launched successfully last Wednesday evening at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, another Drury Lane spectacle entitled "Mr. Blue Beard." Mr. Arthur Collins, the managing director of Drury Lane, and also the originator and producer of these spectacles, is coming to Boston to personally direct the first night of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" at the Colonial. The original cost of staging this spectacle at Drury Lane was over $100,000. Klaw & Erlanger expended an additional $50,000 in transferring the equipment from London to this country and importing several hundred English and French ballet dancers in addition to the Grigolatis troupe of aerialists who furnishes the startling surprise "The Flying ballet", which is the big feature of the Ballet of Seasons. A whole army of thespians numbering about five hundred are pressed into service in the interpretation of this stupendous extravaganza. "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" will not be presented in any other city in New England outside of Boston. At the termination of the Colonial Theatre engagement the equipment, together with the imported French and English ballet dancers, will be returned to Europe. During the Colonial Theatre engagement the curtain on the matinee performances will rise at 1.45 P. M., while the evening performances will be started precisely at 7.45 P. M. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday during the Boston run, and notwithstanding the tremendous expense this attraction is under and the fact that it has never been presented at less than $2.00 prices for the entire lower floor, an agreement has been made between Rich and Harris controlling the Colonial Theatre and Klaw & Erlanger, directors of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," that a scale of prices ranging from $1.50 to $.50 would be in force during the presentation of this attraction at the Colonial Theatre.

MUSIC HALL.

In the run of successful plays this season none has met with any greater success than Marion Russell's story of heart interest, entitled, "The Little Church around the Corner," which comes to Boston Music Hall next Monday for a single week's engagement. Everywhere this play has been presented this season it has drawn audiences which have crowded the theatres to the very doors. The plain, simple tale unfolded as the play progresses is one that should appeal to all classes of human nature. Miss Russell has struck the nail of public approval fairly on the head in her new play and the play comes to Boston bearing the endorsement of press, public and the clergy.

W. C. T. U.

During the fuel famine we are meeting at the homes of the members. We find the gatherings very pleasant social occasions. The meeting last Monday was at the house of Mrs. Langill and was well attended. Comfort Bags for sailors have largely occupied our attention, for the last month. Each bag has contained a letter to our unknown friend, and now the answers to the letters are coming. Some of these were read at our meeting, and were of much interest, showing appreciation and gratitude. One writes, that he shall always keep the bag, in memory of our society. Another closes with these words: "May blessings fall about your pathway, as thick as bluebells in a Highland glen"!

The fact was brought out at our meeting, that Middlesex county has the largest membership of any county in the United States. Another encouraging fact is, that at the recent State convention, Woburn was on the "Honor Roll," as being one of a few towns or cities in the State, which had increased its membership 25 per cent, the past year.

At the close of the afternoon, our hostess hospitably served us with "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and other pleasant things.

The next meeting will be held on February 23, with Mrs. W. P. Fox, Main street.—PRESS SUPT.

Woman's Club.

William Bryan Forbush, PhD. Litt. D., pastor of Winthrop Church, Boston, Lecturer at Hartford Theological Seminary, President of the General Alliance of Workers with Boys, Author of the "Boys Round Table," "The Boy Problem," etc., will lecture before the Woman's Club Friday, February 6, on the subject "Humor and Pathos of Boyhood." The Lake Orion Assembly *Bulletin* says: "Dr. Forbush is the best authority on Boy Life and Boy's Work in this country." The *Outlook* says: "It should be sufficient commendation that President G. Stanley Hall, than whom no more competent critic in such matters can be found, speaks of Dr. Forbush's work with boys as hardly less than epoch-making. It is grounded in a thorough understanding of boy nature, and a firm grasp of the psychological principles involved in rational treatment of it."

G. L. N., Rec'd Clerk.

For a bad taste in the mouth take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. Warranted to cure. For sale by all druggists.

CONTUSIONS, SPRAINS, CUTS,

Resulting from bad falls, may be quickly relieved and cured by

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK. LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Draws out all pain and soreness, reducing swelling, inflamation and irritation.
Take no other. This is universally prescribed by physicians.
Look for Trade-Mark.

Mortgagee's

Notice of Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick D. Coulon and Mary Coulon, his wife, in her right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Louisa C. Hudson, dated November 6, 1895 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2546, Page 194, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Monday, February 23, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, containing eighteen thousand nine hundred and fifty eight square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on Buck street, so called, from thence the line runs east of south by and with said Buck street, two hundred feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs south of west still by said Buck street, eighty-two and one-half feet to land of the heirs of Josiah Leathe; thence turning the line runs northwesterly by said land last named one hundred and ninety-two feet to land formerly of Thomas Richardson; thence east of north by land last named one hundred and sixteen feet to the point of beginning. Together with the right at all times to use said Buck street, for all proper uses of a street or passway in common with others having the same right.

One hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale, and the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Mortgagee.
JOHN W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, January 23, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Celia Callahan, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

THOMAS J. FEENEY, Executor.
No. 53 Warren Ave., Woburn, Mass.
January, 23, 1903.

Estate of Sarah E. Fisher, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Sarah E. Fisher, and notice is hereby given that six months from the sixth day of January A. D. 1903, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the third day of March, 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the seventh day of April, 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

FRANK L. PERRY, Executor.

Street Railway Stations.

Representative Cole of Andover has introduced a bill into the Legislature, which would, if it becomes a law, afford convenience and comfort to the travelling public.

The provisions of the bill are as follows:

Under the direction of the Mayor and Aldermen of cities, or the Board of Selectmen of towns, all Street Railway Companies operating cars in this commonwealth shall provide suitable waiting rooms, with conveniences for public comfort, for the accommodation of their patrons at such points as said officials may designate.

Said waiting rooms shall be made satisfactory in design, appearance, and conveniences afforded, to the Mayor and Aldermen, or the Board of Selectmen requiring them.

In case of any neglect of the Railway Companies to comply with the requirements of city or town officials within a reasonable time, said officials may appeal to the Railroad Commissioners, who shall have full power to enforce the provisions of the law.

Any Street Railway Company aggrieved by such requirements shall have the right to appeal to the Railroad Commissioners, and the decision of said Commissioners shall be binding upon all parties interested.

A penalty is also provided to enforce the law.

Seriously Injured.

Those who are so unfortunate as to suffer from a severe contusion, sprain, bruise, cut or burn, as the result of a fall, or any other cause, may find quick relief and sure cure in Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL. For reducing inflammation, relieving extreme pain, or annoying irritation, as well as for stopping profuse flow of blood from a cut, a strong hot solution of SULPHO NAPTHOL is the very best thing you can use. It is universally prescribed by Physicians.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Discipline of Success." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning a 10.45. Subject: "Spirit."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after the Epiphany.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Mine Own Vineyard Have I Kept."
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Coming Home."
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 21, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John Francis Rooney and Catherine McKay, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 25, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Percy Granville Boutwell and Margaret Tenney, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 26, by Rev. Daniel March, Ralph Frederick Heselton and Harriet M. Carter, both of Reading.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 27, Mrs. Ann Kent, aged 84 years, 10 months, 12 days.

In North Billerica, Mass., Jan. 20, 1903, Annie G., wife of Frank J. DeLoriea of Woburn, Mass.

In Portville, N. Y., January 22, 1903, Thomas McDonald, formerly of Woburn, aged 69 years, 10 months, 20 days.

OLIVES Are Cheaper!

Best Queen Olives, qts., 55c. per Bottle
Best Queen Olives, pts., 30c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, pts., 25c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, ½ pts., 20c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives in small bottles (2 styles), 10c. per bottle.

STUFFED OLIVES

10c., 32c. and 50c. per Bottle.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

TREMONT Theatre - Boston

"There is No King but Dodo"

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

BEGINNING MONDAY, FEB. 9.

AFTER A

Triumphal Tour

Of the United States

HENRY W. SAVAGE

AGAIN PRESENTS

KING DODO

THE RECORD-BREAKING

COMIC OPERA

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"PRINCE OF PILSEN"

Raymond Hitchcock

A BRILLIANT SUITE, AND

70 SURPASSING ..SINGERS.. 70

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
Seats Ready Tuesday, Feb. 3.

By E. J. GREGORY. - Auctioneer,

Executrix's Sale.

Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday the 11th day of February next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described estate, belonging to the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney, and situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to wit:

A certain lot of land situated in said Woburn, opposite the Boston & Maine R. R. Station in said Woburn, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the street in front of the R. R. Station of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and running thence across an 18 feet passageway and land of Nathaniel Simonds, southwesterly, 110.28; thence northwesterly by other land of the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney and land of Sarah M. C. Phinney, 95.5 feet; thence northeasterly by estate of Dr. Graves and land of Boston & Maine Railroad, 104.58 feet; thence easterly four feet; thence southeasterly by said Railroad, 92.20 feet, containing 10,310 sq. ft. more or less.

Also a certain tract of land adjoining the tract above described together with the buildings thereon, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the before mentioned estate, at the easterly corner thereof, thence southwesterly by land of Almira P. Richardson, 98.8 feet; thence northwesterly by Bennett street, 94 feet; thence northeasterly by land of Mattie A. Thayer and land of B. Champney, 97.77 feet; thence southeasterly by land before described, 95.5 feet; containing 9,450 sq. ft. more or less.

An undivided half of both of the above described lots belonging to the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney, and the other undivided half belonging to Sarah M. C. Phinney. The entire interest to be sold at the above time and place.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY, Executrix
of will of Robert J. W. Phinney.

Jan. 21, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Thomas Salmon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JULIA A. SCALLEY, Admx.
No. 10 Arlington Road, Woburn, Mass.
January 26th, 1903.

Early Spring Styles.

To know what these are going to be, look over the February Butterick Patterns just received.

These February patterns show skirts with outside box plaits at the back, bolero jacket effects, some further developments in Norfolks. A new lot of Russian styles, tucked Empires, Blouses with capes, &c.

A Butterick Pattern enables you to make your own dress. Butterick Patterns can be relied upon for up-to-dateness. Fashion Sheets free at our Pattern Counter.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

ORDERS RECEIVED
— FOR —
FLOWERS
— OF —
EVERY DESCRIPTION

From the MISHAWUM FLOWER CO. Carl Everberg, Manager. Funeral designs and bouquets a specialty, and satisfaction always given. All orders filled promptly and at short notice.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
DRUGGIST,
361 Main St.
TELEPHONE: 151-2 Woburn.

HAVE
You Visited

the largest and finest retail market in Boston? It is located at No. 105 Causeway St. opposite North Station and you can save money buying there your Meats, Groceries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit.

Bargains offering all the time.

Good Corn Beef	6c lb
Sirloin Steak	15 & 20c lb
Sirloin Roasts	15 & 20c lb
Fancy Legs Lamb	15c lb
Fancy Chickens	20c lb

All grades of coffee roasted and ground fresh every day. Complete Fish department. Reasonable purchases delivered free within 10 miles of Boston.

North Union Market,
105 CAUSEWAY ST.,
Opp. North Station, BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bartholomew Donahoe to Leonard Thompson dated November 1st, A. D., 1888, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1879, Page 220, said mortgage being duly assigned to John G. Maguire by Maria L. Thompson and Lewis W. Thompson, Executors of the will of Leonard Thompson, deceased, by assignment dated January 20, A. D., 1903, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3015, Page 407, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the twenty-first day of February, A. D., 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of a private street leading southerly out of Church street in said Woburn, containing about sixteen hundred and forty square feet, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on a private street, or court, leading southerly out of said Church street at a stake at land of Stephen A. Ferrin; from thence the line runs easterly by said land of Ferrin about forty-one feet to a stake at land formerly of Daniel Fahey; thence southerly by land formerly of said Fahey about fifty feet to a stake at land of Henry Bishop; thence westerly by land of said Bishop and said Stephen A. Ferrin about forty-one feet to a stake at said private street, or court; thence northerly by and with said street, or court, about fifty feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises described in a deed from Leonard Thompson to Bartholomew Donahoe dated November 1, 1888. Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens. A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance within ten days, at the office of the undersigned, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., January 26th, 1903.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January, 22, 1903.

Information has been received at this Department from Mr. H. Clay Evans, the Consul General of the United States at London, England, of the death on the 15th of August, 1902, at London, of John Mullen of Woburn City.

Per despatch No. 56.
Dated December 17, 1902.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

FOR RENT.
Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls. Location: No. 16 Plympton street.

Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND, 403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
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C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
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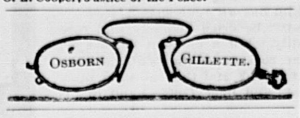

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Alvin T. Morrill and Ludovica Dimon Morrill, his wife, in her right to Charles L. Dimon, dated April 1st, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2644, Folio 518, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction, on the premises first hereinafter described, on

Tuesday, the seventeenth day of February, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely;—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by land of John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to a mortgage of $5,000, and to all unpaid taxes, tax titles or other municipal liens.

$500 will be required to be paid at time of sale. For further particulars apply to A. Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston.

CHARLES L. DIMON, Mortgagee.

Boston, January 21, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frances Anthony, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Robert West of said Woburn who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of February, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of J. Edward Phillips late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of February, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-laws next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles E. Chase, late of Woburn in said County deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Henrietta J. Chase, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of February, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esq., First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Home for Aged Women for the election of Officers, and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held in Room 2, Savings Bank Building, on **Tuesday, February 3d, 1903,** at 2.30 P. M.

MARY E. CONN, Secretary.

To Let.

A Tenement of six rooms at No. 4 Court street, $11.00 per month. E. H. RICHARDS, 25 Fairmount street.

Woburn Visited by a Great Benefactor.

Edward H. Callahan Co. Druggists secure sole right to dispense eminent physician's prescription.

A story of twenty-five years of Endeavor—What the result makes possible—How it affects the conditions of the people of Woburn—Immediate and lasting benefit.

Some 25 years or so ago a young physician, fresh from his studies in a leading Medical College, received an appointment which put him on the medical staff of the Bellevue Hospital of New York City. The appointment was a fitting tribute to the young physician's ability and learning; it was an honor that could come to but the very brightest of young physicians. Bellevue Hospital at that time, as it does today, stood for the highest attainment in medical and surgical skill and represented the most advanced thought and methods; established connection with it guaranteed abundant and diversified experience under the most skilled tutoring in the whole world, giving to the physician thus fortunate a superb and unequalled equipment of general practice.

In his few years of active participation in the practice of medicine and surgery in Bellevue Hospital, the skill of this young physician was called into play in thousands and thousands of cases representing every phase of every disease known to medicine. Always more than an ordinary observer, his skill and success in reading correctly the symptoms of the many cases brought to him for treatment soon won for him an enviable reputation among the medical fraternity as a wonderfully clever diagnostician—which means that he correctly interpreted the symptoms presented by his patients and was thus enabled to name the exact disease or ailment with which they were suffering. To be a rapid and correct diagnostician is counted in the medical profession as a wonderful attainment. More than half of the failures of physicians to cure their patients is due to not being able to read their symptoms correctly and fix on the exact ailment to be treated. Let it be understood that our young physician became expert in this branch of medical science.

AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

Constant and keen observation of the varying symptoms exhibited by hundreds of different ailments in their various stages of development showed that a certain set of symptoms were presented with remarkable frequency. Thoroughly aroused by the possibilities of this astounding discovery, the Bellevue Hospital physician made even closer observations than was his custom, he studied, he compared notes until it was revealed, beyond all power of contradiction, to his wonderfully developed and skilled perception that these symptoms were positively exhibited, in varied forms perhaps yet truly and plainly apparent, in every ailment or disease which afflicted the human body.

Recognizing the fact that his genius and skill and research had revealed a wonderful secret, this physician determined to keep his discovery to himself and use it for the benefit of suffering humanity in exclusion to physicians of all schools. He had practically discovered the conditions which bring on disease and sickness and with this knowledge it was but a step to perfect a medicine which would remove these causes for disease and sickness and therefore make these conditions impossible.

Believing that his sphere of usefulness would be increased, this physician withdrew from the hospital service and took up private practice. For 25 years this physician has been curing disease and sickness whenever his services were demanded; his fame has become continental, and many of his successes are marvellous, being heralded far and wide as evidences of miraculous skill and perception.

10,000 TESTIMONIALS FROM THE CURED.

In all those thousands and thousands of cures this eminent physician used but one prescription—the one which he perfected years ago to cure the real causes for all diseases as revealed by his remarkable discovery while a member of the staff of Bellevue Hospital. With the evidence of thousands of miraculous cures of all kinds of sicknesses covering a period of 25 years of the most active and varied practice, certainly this prescription must constitute the most marvellous power for good ever placed in the hands of the suffering public. Yet this is just what this eminent physician is doing; he is placing this prescription in the hands of one reliable druggist in every town in the land and allows him to dispense it. This eminent physician compounds this prescription himself, that is, it is compounded in his laboratory under his personal direction and supervision. Thus carefully prepared and placed in the hands of one recognized, reliable druggist in every town and city, the originator is certain that his prescription is distributed to the sick and suffering as originally compounded and without being tampered with in any way.

A TIMELY VISIT. COLDS, PNEUMONIA AND GRIP PERMANENTLY CURED.

The coming of VITONE TONIC at this time when colds, pneumonia and grip are pretty universal is particularly fortunate. Here is a prescription which is more than a cure for these conditions; it is prevention. VITONE TONIC is a prescription that protects the weakest as well as the strongest against the dreaded results of severe and uneven weather. Every possible precaution should be taken to prevent catching cold or the grip, for these are but a step from pneumonia and consumption. VITONE TONIC is taken into the blood at once and almost immediately its positive and soothing influence is felt in the irritated and affected regions; fever is driven out of the blood; the strained nerves are quieted; the inflamed surfaces are soothed; and the condition known as a "cold" ceases to exist. Irritating coughs that rack the body and strain the throat are quickly quieted and cured by VITONE TONIC in its peculiarly subtle and positive manner. These wonderful changes and cures are brought about by the certain and never-failing action of the healing influences of the wisely chosen herbs, roots and barks which are the basis of this universal medicine. The weakening and depressing effects of grip and "colds" are overcome and the whole body strengthened in every nerve, muscle and fibre, so far-reaching and perfect is the action of VITONE TONIC.

NOT AN OPIATE NOR ALCOHOLIC STIMULANT.

Patients are asked to remember that while the action of VITONE TONIC is positive and immediate, while its effect is soothing and calming, while it strengthens with a mighty power, yet there is in its composition absolutely nothing of an opiate nature, that the stimulation secured is natural and not alcoholic. Its power consists in absolutely perfect adaptation to meet diseased conditions with a directness and despatch that is miraculous in its certainty of purpose.

VITONE TONIC is an elegant and finished product with an agreeably pleasant bitter taste—there's health in every dose. For sale at 75 cents for large bottle, by Edward H. Callahan Co., Druggists, Woburn, Mass.

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Fergus Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep which she had not done for several days. The son was so much pleased with the relief it gave his mother that he has since recommended it to many others. For sale by all druggists.

Every Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Warranted.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. All druggists.

Houghton & Dutton
OPTICAL PARLORS.
(9th Floor.)

Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer

Executors' Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license issued by the Middlesex County Probate Court and dated January 6, 1903, the undersigned, executors of the will of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

Monday, February 2, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of real estate of said deceased, to wit:—Dwellinghouse and about four thousand square feet of land on the north side of Broad street, in said Woburn, bounded southerly by Broad street; easterly by land of heirs of John Reagan; northerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis; westerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
GEORGE A. DAY.
Executors of the Will of Levi W. Cooper.

Woburn, January 16, 1903.

WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Fannie M. Carleton is boarding at West Medford this winter.

The annual reports of our churches, this month, have been edifying and encouraging.

The *Star* had a generous instalment, with many portraits, of Thompson's "Town History" last week.

Mr. A. N. Terry of Stoneham did some excellent singing at the Men's Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon.

I'll be derned! A "Much Interested Mother" don't want gray bricks for the new schoolhouse because the color will not harmonize with the Unitarian church.

The McKay factory here will not be abandoned at present. Some of the branches of manufacturing that have been carried on here will continue until all the plans of the Company are perfected.

Mr. Henry F. Johnson is a candidate for Selectman next March. He rides on the top wave of popularity, and will surely be elected! If, in the inscruitable ways of Divine Providence Henry should be removed from our midst what a gap he would leave!

"The political pot is boiling," and things are being got into shape for March meeting. Speeches are in course of preparation. The candidates for Selectmen are increasing in number every day. Strange to say, not less than two men who have been "mentioned" have declined to run.

Bowling has superseded all other sports in this town. Thus does history repeat itself. Fifty or sixty years ago "10 pins" and "props" were about the only masculine games indulged in, or known, even, and nowhere did they flourish more vigorously than at the Horn Pond House along in the late 40s. "Taft's Garden" in Chelsea, and "Brigham's" in Boston, were also famous bowling resorts, as Fresh Pond in Cambridge was noted for its Sunday fights between the "Boston Butcher Boys" and Harvard students; and Porter's for its rum punches and grand suppers. Judge Littlefield is largely responsible for the revival of bowling here. He is an enthusiastic lover of it, and an artist in rolling the spheres.

Water Birds.

Water birds, singular as it seems, are the only ones whose skins never by any chance get touched by water. So long as they are alive and long after they are dead they float with an air chamber all round their bodies, cunningly contrived of waterproof feathers closely overlapping each other. Thus, in a sense, water birds may be distinguished from all others by the fact that they never wash, though we can hardly blame them for that, because if water could penetrate between their feathers the poor things would never be dry.

The State of Names.

Maine's rivers, lakes and mountains have names that could not be forgotten. These are some: Cupsuptac, Pohennegamook, Sagadhoc, Chimmenticook, Chimpasaoc, Chinquassabamtook, Essquilsagook, Schoodic, Umsaskis, Ripogenis, Wassatoquoit, Matagomon, Pangokomook, Wallagosquegomook, Moosetocmaguntic, Apmonjenegamook, Wetokenebacook, Sysladobis, Millenkikuk, Cosboseconti c, Umbazookskus, Damariscotta, Notch and Pemadumook.

Co-operating.

"A husband and wife should try to co-operate," said the woman who gives good advice. "Each should endeavor to supply what may be lacking in the other's nature."

"That's just what Charley and I are trying to do," answered young Mrs. Torkins, with a sigh. "Charley is playing a system at the races, and I have joined a don't worry club."—Washington Star.

Retired.

"What is your name?" inquired the justice.

"Pete Smith," responded the vagrant.

"What occupation?" continued the court.

"Oh, nothing much at present; just circulatin' round."

"Retired from circulation for thirty days," pronounced the court dryly.—Green Bag.

Like All the Rest.

A lady having accidentally broken her smelling bottle, her husband remarked:

"I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken."

"True," she replied. "Even you are a little cracked."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

His Dainty Hands, Tropical Countenance and Good Digestion.

Poe's arms and hands were slender and tapered very gracefully and gently down to the ends of his fingers, which were very tender, gentlemanly and ladylike. In fact, his hands were truly remarkable for their roseate softness and lily white, feminine delicacy. You could have judged of his nobility by his hands.

His face was rather oval, tapering in its contour rather suddenly to the chin, which was very classical, and, especially when he smiled, really handsome. His countenance was tropical in its aspect, precisely the reverse of his heart, which, like the fountains of Solomon, had long been kept sealed up as something sacred from the vulgar gaze of the world, his face whenever he wrote long at any one time putting on a sickly, sallow and rather pallid hue, but never to such an extent as to indicate indisposition. His digestion was always good, which is prima facie evidence that he was never a student.

His dress was always remarkably neat for one in his circumstances. But I do not believe that it would have done for him to have had money. He was ruined in his youth. His college life in Virginia was the cause of all his after inebriation. That was the infernal whirlpool into which was driven the beautiful milk white ship of his soul, never to be reclaimed. Is it not one of the most remarkable things in the world that any man of his abilities should have been so amenable to the dictations of others?—Poe-Chivers Papers in Century.

Speaking From Experience.

"Blanche, dear," said the watchful aunt to her niece, "don't you think that Fred spends too much money upon you?"

"Do you think so, aunty?"

"Indeed I do, Blanche. I've been noticing, and I think he's really extravagant. You ought to check him and tell him to save his money. You will need a good deal when you begin housekeeping, and it is far better for him to put in the bank the money he is now spending on carriage rides and luncheons and tickets to this thing and that than to be squandering it. Think over the matter a minute or two, dear, and you will see it as I do."

"Oh, I've thought about it already, aunty. I'd take your advice if I were absolutely certain that we shall be married, but I've been engaged before, aunty, and I don't intend to advise a young man again to economize for some other girl's benefit."

Reading and Talking.

Reading will be of little use without conversation and conversation will be apt to run low without reading. Reading fills the lamp and conversation lights it. Reading is the food of the mind and conversation the exercise, and as all things are strengthened by exercise so is the mind by conversation. There we shake off the dust and stiffness of a retired scholastic life. Our opinions are confirmed or corrected by the good opinions of others, points are argued, doubts are resolved, difficulties cleared, directions given and frequently hints started which, if pursued, would lead to the most useful truths, like a vein of silver or gold which directs to a mine.—Washington Times.

City of Three Kings.

Do you know what city has been given the name of the City of Three Kings? It is Cologne, in Germany, and the reason is that it is in Cologne that the three "kings," or "magi," or "wise men" who came to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus are supposed to be buried.

According to an ancient legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162 and presented to the archbishop of Cologne.

Visitors to the cathedral are shown the supposed souls of the magi, studded with diamonds and inscribed with the wise men's names in rubies.

Love Plants.

Plants used in love divinations are common. In many parts of England and Scotland the familiar southern wood is known as "lad's love," "lad lovelass" or "lads' love and lasses' delight." Another British name for the plant is "old man's love" or simply "old man," from its use recommended by Pliny. In Woburn, Mass., this herb is called "boys' love," and it is said that if a girl tucks a bit in her shoe she will marry the first boy she meets.

He Understood.

"And after I get off the cars," said young Markley, who had asked and received permission to call, "which way do I turn to get to your house?"

"Why," said she, "right in front of you, on the corner, you'll see a candy store—a very nice candy store—and—er—when you come out you walk two blocks east."

The Gravedigger.

A gravedigger, walking in the streets the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed and then followed on behind them. "And why this?" said they. "I know my place in the procession," returned he.

A Beautiful Bull.

An Irish editor being unable to obtain a sufficiency of news for his daily paper, made the following extraordinary announcement: "Owing to an unusual pressure of matter we are today obliged to leave several columns blank."

English as She Is Spoke.

Tourist—Say, my good fellow, am I on the right road to the town?

Native (after a pause)—Ya-as, stranger, but I reckon you're goin' in the wrong directshun.—Lippincott's.

Love Above Par.

Towne—Poor fellow! He certainly does love her for all he's worth.

Browne—He loved her even more than that today.

Towne—How do you mean?

Browne—He sent her a ten dollar bunch of roses and borrowed the price from me.—Philadelphia Press.

Men are like sandwiches—there's nothing in some of them, and the more there is in others the worse they are.—Chicago News.

For a woman to love some men is like casting a flower into a sepulcher.—Hawthorne.

Suspicion.

Once give your mind to suspicion and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

Settling Down.

Mary Ann was a solid and healthy native of Prince Edward Island. At the age of twenty she had entered the kitchen of a Boston family, and there she had reigned for fifteen years.

Every year she was left in charge of the city house for the three summer months, while the family were at the mountains, and during the rest of the year she directed the domestic affairs of the household in a firm and tranquil way.

When the family returned in the fifteenth autumn of Mary Ann's reign, she announced her intention to marry within a month.

"I've been knocking about the world for this last fifteen years," said Mary Ann, "and it's time I settled down, if ever I mean to do it."

"It doesn't seem to me as if you had knocked about much," said her mistress, with mild resentment, "but I'm glad you are to have a home of your own. What is the young man's business?"

"He's the traveling agent for a new stove lifter and a gas burner," said Mary Ann proudly, "and he's going to take me with him wherever he goes."—Youth's Companion.

A Curious Custom.

One of the many curious customs which mark the visits of judges to provincial assizes of England is that observed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The mayor always makes the following speech to the judges on circuit:

"My lords, we have to congratulate you upon having completed your labors in this ancient town and have also to inform you that you travel hence to Carlisle through border country much and often infested by the Scots. We therefore present each of your lordships with a piece of money to buy therewith a dagger to defend yourselves."

Then the mayor produces two ancient coins, a jacobus and a carolus. The former he presents to the senior and the latter to the junior judge. Apparently it is intended that the senior judge shall purchase a dagger twice the size of that purchased by the junior judge.

Affection of Seals.

Natural affection of seals in their wild state is well shown in the following anecdote: A gentleman living in Oregon, on the ocean shore, one day caught in a very simple manner a young seal. It had been stranded on the plank wharf by a receding tide and left high and uncomfortably dry as well. It had not strength to waddle into the water and no one to teach it the tricks of its tribe. The gentleman kept the little glossy creature for several days and then in pity turned it into its native element. It came to the wharf every night and whimpered so that he was obliged to take it out again and keep it in a small tank, the seal giving every demonstration of affection, after the manner of a young dog.

Riding the Goat.

Whence comes the phrase "riding the goat?" Presumably from Egypt and old Nile. Capricornus, the goat of the zodiac, was the patron of the hierophants in the Egyptian mysteries. Knowledge, especially occult and recondite knowledge, was under his protection. The goat of earth may be despised on earth, but the celestial goat is or was a mighty and mysterious power. It may be a long way from the astrological and astronomical goat to the comic "goat" of modern initiations, but that is not the goat's fault.

Chinese Royal Tea.

The tea used in the immediate household of the ruler of China is treated with the utmost care. It is raised in a garden surrounded by a wall, so that neither man nor beast can get anywhere near the plants. At the time of the harvest those collecting these leaves must abstain from eating fish, that their breath may not spoil the aroma of the tea; they must bathe three times a day, and, in addition, must wear gloves while picking the tea for the Chinese court.

It's What We Haven't Got We Want.

Once upon a time there lived a kitten with a tail so long that he could catch it any time he liked.

The other kittens envied him.

"What the rest of us tire ourselves out in the pursuit of you have at once!" exclaimed they.

"And yet I am not happy," protested the kitten.

Now, this was a great mystery among the cats, for they were devoid of human discernment.—Life.

Old Washington Custom.

According to ancient and established usage, United States senators send out small envelopes containing their cards at the beginning of every session, and the dainty little missives are distributed through the senate postoffice. This custom dates back beyond the memory of any living senator, and even beyond the bounds of official record.—National Magazine.

Had Touched the Limit.

Short—I figured up the other day that I owed my friends nearly $3,000.

Long—What are you going to do about it?

Short—That's what puzzles me. I can't think of any one else who will lend me money.—Chicago News.

Suited Them Better.

First Youth—That was a great tragedy, wasn't it? Did you take your parents to see it?

Second Youth—Oh, no; they are too old for that sort of thing. They went to a farce comedy.—Life.

There is a German proverb which says that Take It Easy and Live Long are brothers.

The Redwoods.

A remarkable peculiarity of the redwood (Sequoia sempervirens) is its manner of increase, which is from dormant buds at the base of the stump as well as from the seed. When a tree was blown down or fell, as its period of existence was reached, several shoots pushed upward from the circumference of the stump and, of course, in a circle. These in time became fully grown, six, ten or a dozen feet in diameter. In after years, as these trees have fallen, each would have a circle of trees surrounding it.

The Faithful Retainer.

"Why do you always refer to your valet as your 'retainer?'"

"Because he always keeps everything he finds."—Portsmouth News.

In order to be a gentleman many a man has to forget himself.—Saturday Evening Post.

Two are company until they're made one.—Baltimore American.

Our Lady's Jewel Box

and the jewels to put in it form a part of our stock of jewelry. Our store is a mint of suggestions that can be acted upon at a cost most reasonable.

☞ You are welcome always.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ FINE REPAIRING in all its branches.

Croup.

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Useful in the Business.

The reasons which lead men to choose a certain trade or profession are often perhaps no more sensible than the reason the boy in the following story from a New York paper gave for wanting a place in a bank. The president of a bank told the story at his club.

"I don't think I ever told you of our redheaded office boy, Brickbat," remarked the bank president after the rest had each told a story.

"Never did," was the answer.

"Well," continued the speaker, "he came to me with recommendations from his father, who was a schoolmate of mine up in Steuben county. After I read the note from the father I told the boy to take off his hat, sit down in a chair and tell me why he wanted to be a banker. His answer was:

"'Cause I'm good at multiplying.'

"'Well,' said I, 'can't you subtract and divide too?'

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'but because a banker wants to make all he can I thought you wanted a boy who could multiply.'

"I hired him on the strength of that."

Old Time "Simples."

In the family Bible of a Roxborough man there are a number of medical rules, written over seventy years ago by the great-grandmother of the Bible's present owner. Among the rules are the following:

"A stick of brimstone worn in the pocket is good for them as has cramps."

"A loadstone put in the place where the pane is is beautiful for the Rheumatiz."

"A basin of water gruel, with half a quart of old rum in it, with lots of brown sugar, is good for Cold in Hed."

"If you have hiccups, pinch one of your wrists wile you count sixty, or get somebody to skare you and make you jumpe."

"The earache—Put onion in ear after it is well roasted."

"The consumption—Eat as many peanuts as possible before going to bed."—Philadelphia Record.

The Real People of "Adam Bede."

On my mother's and grandmother's side I am a direct descendant of George and Mary Evans, and it is among the Evans' household we must look for several of the characters mentioned in George Eliot's story of "Adam Bede." Thus George and Mary Evans may be taken as typical of Thias and Lisbeth Bede. Robert Evans is undoubtedly the original who suggested Adam Bede. Samuel Evans, the youngest son, was certainly the prototype of Seth Bede. George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) was the daughter of Adam Bede and the granddaughter of Thias and Lisbeth. It will thus occur to the reader that in portraying Adam Bede our author was thinking of her own father and had the very best reasons for the statement concerning her hero that he had a dash of Celtic blood in his veins.—W. Mottram in Leisure Hour.

Jackstones.

Most girls and some boys have played in their time the game of dibs or knucklebones or jackstones, but few of them know that the game has existed since the third century B. C. and is probably still older. How it was played in ancient days no one can tell, but the ankle joint bones of the sheep, ox, deer and pig were used, and the game was called "astragal," from the Latin word for the ankle joint. In Scotland pebbles are often employed, whence the name "chuckies." Even precious stones and gold and bronze "stones" have been used, and in some countries the bones were marked with numbers and colored to represent kings, queens, knaves and pawns.

To Pop Corn.

Here is the proper way to pop corn: Put the regular quantity—that is, a very small quantity—into the popper and hold it under the cold water faucet long enough to thoroughly saturate the kernels. Shake the popper and place it on the back of the range to allow the corn to dry. Then pop. The kernels will be very large, and there will be no hard center. The red popcorn is thought to be the best.

The Evil Eye.

One of the remarkable things about the superstition of the "evil eye" is that it is often attributed to whole peoples by others who dislike or hate them. In ancient times the Thebans, the Illyrians and the Thracian women were so regarded. In these latter days the Christians of Asia Minor have the same feeling about the Turks and the Turks about the Christians.

George's Kind Permission.

"Mary," her father called downstairs, "just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's pretty near bedtime."

"Yes, papa," replied the sweet girl, after a pause. "George says if you're sleepy, go to bed by all means."—Toledo Bee.

One hundred and fifty thousand soldiers pass through Waterloo station, London, yearly.

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TWO ALTERNATIVES

By W. Bert Foster

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"And now, Jack, what can I do? He follows me everywhere, and he stands around and ogles me with that detestable 'baby stare' of his, and—and—you're laughing, Jack! You are as mean as you can be to laugh when I come to you for advice."

Esther stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby leaned against the veranda railing and watched her with amused eyes.

"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I can appreciate the irritation poor Hallowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A world of emphasis entered into the word. "And just because I was foolish enough to let him propose to me!" she wailed.

"Well, of course," Jack said slowly, "you must expect to have your scalps cost you a little something, Essie."

"He doesn't say anything," exclaimed the girl. "If he did, it would give me a chance to tell him what I think of his dogging my footsteps everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of 'the villain still pursued her,'" Ormsby said. "What do you want me to do, Essie—call him out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar! I don't want you to do anything but tell me what to do to get rid of him."

Jack was almost the only man she knew well who had not proposed to her. Men had fallen before her charms, had said their little piece (and some said it rather well, she had to admit to herself), and gone their way, and until now no man had really been able to trouble her serenity.

"Do think of something, Jack," she pleaded. "It's been three months now since he—he"—

"Since he said the momentous words which made him—not yours, eh?" And Ormsby laughed, but his hands trembled as he shifted the cane a little.

"Don't be absurd! He doesn't want me any more than other men do."

"Whew! Your serene conceit is certainly charming, Essie."

"Don't be unkind. You know it's true," she said calmly. "Any woman with fluffy hair and blue eyes can bring men to her feet. Only you don't get foolish and propose to me, Jack."

"No, I don't propose to you," he said quite calmly.

"And that's why I like you."

"Then I'll try not to make you dislike me. But what can I do to poor Hallowell? A cat may look at a king"— But Esther interrupted snappishly.

"That's no reason why a calf should look at me all the time!"

"Poor girl! You're finding it mighty hard getting away from the consequences of your own sin, eh?"

"What sin have I committed?" she demanded, with conscious innocence. "Is it a sin to refuse to marry a man you don't want?"

"No-o. But how about—well, not exactly leading him on to proposing—but"—

She favored him with a frigid look. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly. "You expect plain talk from people whose advice you ask, don't you? No man will ever ask a woman to marry him if she doesn't give him the opportunity."

"That is different; but such remarks as you are making now are hardly in the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see that there's much you can do," he drawled, and his eyes began to twinkle. "There seem to be but two courses to pursue, and two only"—

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the runabout!" suddenly cried Esther, clapping her hands and springing up. "Are you going to take me to ride, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for, but your tale of woe about knocked it out of my head."

The negro from the stable leaped out and held the big bay's head. Esther ran down to the gate, forgetting the beruffled parasol lying on the veranda. Ormsby followed lazily.

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jackson?" he asked, pulling on a glove and looking at Sultan, who danced charmingly to the accompaniment of little squeals of delight from Esther.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."

"Hop in, Essie," Ormsby said, holding out his hand to assist her. Then he added, "Speaking of angels, there's Hallowell now."

A fresh faced young fellow cantered by on a fine horse and lifted his hat seriously. A little way beyond he pulled in the animal and dismounted as though he would come back to speak to the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther under her breath. "What shall I do to get rid of him, Jack? You said there were two ways. What are they?"

"Well," and Ormsby buttoned the glove slowly and put one foot on the step of the runabout, "you might marry him to get rid of him."

"No, thank you!" she exclaimed, pouting and tossing her head. Then she started and looked toward the house. "Oh, Jack—my parasol! I shall want it."

Ormsby had already leaned forward to seize the reins. He glanced at the colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol is on the veranda, Jackson," he said.

The man dropped Sultan's bridle. Like a flash the bay threw up his head and started.

The lines had not been quite within Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from the step. He made a leap to reach the carriage, but Sultan swung into a long stride on the instant and fairly snatched the runabout from under his master's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Essie!" Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant and seized the lines before they slipped over the dashboard to dangle about Sultan's heels and drive him mad with terror. But the horse knew instantly that an unfamiliar hand held the reins, and he increased his trot to a gallop.

Esther told herself that she would not be frightened, and she drew the lines in firmly and said "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoaing" just then. There was a long stretch of dusty, sunlit road before him, and he seized the bit in his strong teeth and bolted. He flew by Hallowell's mount with a rush and set that creature to dancing. Hallowell hung on to the leather and stared with round eyes after the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increased when a second whirlwind reached him. Ormsby went at him as though he was playing football.

He snatched the bridle from Hallowell's hand, and that young man was sent rolling in the dust as Jack leaped astride and set the now frightened animal after the bolting Sultan.

The road for a mile was clear, but where it joined the boulevard beyond Ormsby knew the runaway would burst into a tangle of carriages of all descriptions, and the end would be serious. He didn't know much about the soundness of Hallowell's mount, but he would have made an asthmatic old car horse do stunts just then.

Like the wind he rode, and his mount's nose soon came up to Esther's shoulder. Foot by foot he gained on Sultan, and then, with a swift dive, Ormsby seized the reins, which Esther had continued to cling to with all her little might. A strong pull on both horses, and Sultan instantly recognized the fact that all his fun was over.

He slowed down and in half a block, and just before the junction with the boulevard, stopped, as gentle as a lamb. For a minute they gazed at each other.

"Well," Ormsby said at last, "you came near escaping the pursuit of the villain that time, Essie, for good and all."

Esther's eyes grew luminous. "And you dared suggest that I marry him!" she said, catching her breath.

"Well, you know there was an alternative."

"And that is?" still looking at him.

"That you might marry me to get rid of him. That—that would be effectual, wouldn't it?"

Another breath of silence, and then Esther murmured, "Well, Jack, dear, we might try it!"

Hot Baths.

A German physician advocates in a German paper the frequent taking of hot baths. These, he urges, are much more healthful than the cold plunge, which he thinks few systems can stand. The water should be at a temperature in the beginning of 108 degrees F., this to be increased until the water is as hot as can be borne. The length of the first bath should not be more than five minutes, and at no time should it be longer than is agreeable with no sense of discomfort apparent.

The writer cites in support of his theory the practice common in Japan among all classes of its people of taking these hot baths. The porter walking along with his load and fatigued to the point of exhaustion, drops it for ten minutes while he takes a hot bath at some public bathhouse. He emerges refreshed and strengthened and goes on his way rejoicing.

The writer considers that there is no danger of taking cold after a hot bath and does not even advocate the use of a cold shower to follow the bath. Hot water is known to be an excellent cosmetic for the face, and it is only fair to assume that its revival of skin tissue is not confined to that part of the body.

Unfortunate Chickens.

A farmer who has tried Shanghai fowls and found them wanting gives the following account of their peculiarities. Their true name, he says, is "shank high," and he pronounces them rightly named.

They have no body at all, and when the head is cut off the legs come right apart. I don't see how they can sit on their eggs. My jackknife can sit as well as they can.

They don't sit on the roost the same as other chickens do; not a bit of it. When they attempt to sit as other chickens do, they fall off backward.

They sit when they eat, I know, for I've seen 'em do it. And I've seen 'em try to eat standing, but they couldn't fetch it, for when they peck at a grain of corn on the ground they don't more'n half reach it, but their head bobs right between their legs and makes 'em turn a complete somerset.

I'd as soon see a pair of tongs or compasses walking about my yard as these shank highs.

They crow, too, a long time before day, when it isn't day, probably because their legs are so long that they can see daylight long before a common chicken can.

The Best Side.

Cholly Masher (to the photographer)—Be sure and show the collar and eyeglass, and don't forget to give the cane the correct pose.

Photographer—Certainly not. Now, hold steady. All right! It's done, sir.

Cholly—Done, is it? Are you quite sure you have taken the best side of my head?

Photographer—Quite sure, sir. I took the outside.

Twin Mittens.

Hewitt—I proposed to twin sisters, and both gave me the mitten.

Jewett—Well, there's one consolation. Your mittens ought to be mates.—Brooklyn Life.

When Umbrellas Were Heavy.

The great objection to umbrellas 100 years ago was their weight, and when it is stated as a matter of fact that the very smallest umbrella then weighed no less than three and a half pounds it will probably be admitted that the objection was a justifiable one.

Instead of the thin rainproof fabrics which now form the covering of umbrellas nothing better was known than leather or oilcloth. The ribs were of wood or whalebone, and such a thing as a steel rod was, of course, unknown. The stick was usually of heavy oak. In those days, too, many umbrellas had the additional incumbrance of feathers over the top, on the theory of "shedding water off a duck's back." But the oilcloth and leather umbrellas, notwithstanding the feathers, were apt to leak.

Bernard Shaw and the Minority.

A good story is told of Bernard Shaw. The occasion was the first production of "Arms and the Man" in London. The production was a success, and at the fall of the curtain there were clamorous calls for the author, to which Mr. Shaw was at length induced to respond. The audience was still cheering, but there was one dissentient in the gallery, who was "booing" with the full power of a pair of very strong lungs. Mr. Shaw looked up at this "glorious minority of one" and said very seriously, "Yes, sir, I quite agree with you, but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

She Could Use Them.

An old lady on seeing the electric light in the town for the first time was struck with amazement. After gazing at it for a space she entered a grocer's shop and asked:

"I say, mister, how do you make that big light o' your'n? I'm tired of burnin' paraffin."

The shopman replied, "Oh, it is caused by a series of electric currents."

"Is it, now?" said the old lady. "Then weigh me a pound. If they won't do for lighting, I'll use 'em up for puddin's."—Detroit Free Press.

The man who doesn't amount to much usually has his sign out.—Atchison Globe.

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

Keeping Out the Germs Is Better Than Doctoring For Them.

In looking over the history of the search for a means of cure one is struck by the great value of the ounce of prevention. Keeping the germs out is in every way preferable to dealing with the matter after they have once entered the body. This fact scientific medicine is impressing more and more deeply on the minds of public authorities and the people, and their response in the form of provisions for improved public and private sanitation is one of the striking features of the social progress of the present time. All the more enlightened nations, states and cities of the world possess organized departments of health, which, with varying degrees of thoroughness, deal with the problems presented by the infectious diseases in the light of the latest discoveries.

Fifty years ago the term preventive medicine was unknown. Today it represents a great body of well attested and accepted principles. It has cleaned our streets, it has helped build our model tenements, it has purified our food and our drinking water, it has entered our homes and kept away disease, it has prolonged our lives and it has made the world a sweeter place in which to live.—Medical News.

Australian Tea.

In the interior of Australia all the men drink tea. They drink it all day long and in quantities and at a strength that would seem to be poisonous. On Sunday morning the tea maker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep, coffee colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process; on Tuesday da capo and on Wednesday da capo, and so on through the week. Toward the close of it the great pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea leaves, out of which the liquor is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup.

By this time the tea is of the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The native calls it "real good old post and rails," the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump, and regards it as having been brought to perfection.

Story of a Top Hat.

A lady who lives in a fashionable suburb is of a saving turn of mind and manages to combine her love of economy with a due regard for her husband's appearance by turning his old top hats into waste paper baskets. The other day she saw on the hall table a prehistoric hat, venerable with age. She seized it in triumph and had just removed the brim, covered the body with light blue silk and was finishing it off with a tasteful arrangement of lace and bows when she was interrupted by the servant: "Please, mum, the piano tuner says he can't find his top hat nowheres. He left it in the hall, he says." Ten minutes later that tuner left the house with a cap on his head and a sovereign in his pocket. Waste paper baskets are now scarce in that house.—London Answers.

Queer English Custom.

Persons aspiring to become bailiff at Alnwick, England, have to go through a curious and somewhat unpleasant ordeal. Before the election the various candidates ride up in a body to a horse pond and, there dismounting from their steeds, plunge into the water and struggle as best they may to the other side. The music of a brass band cheers them during their struggles in the dirty water. This ancient custom dates from the reign of King John, who once paid a visit to the town in 1210 and found no fitting welcome prepared for him. The blame of this state of unpreparedness was fastened on the luckless bailiffs, who were promptly thrown into the horse pond by royal command.

Japanese Natural Varnish.

The Rhus coriaria, or varnish tree, grows in many parts of what may be termed the Mediterranean district, and its juice is known for its deleterious or injurious properties and has consequently been let alone. The Japanese, however, seem to understand it, and it is certain they make a beautiful lacquer or varnish from the juice of their trees, but they keep the processes secret.

Cramp In the Leg.

To those who suffer from cramp in the leg at night the following hint may be useful: When the cramp comes on, take a good strong string—a long garter will do—wind it round the leg over the place that is affected and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will depart, and the sufferer can return to bed assured it will not come on again that night.

His Own Critic.

Son—But accidents will happen, father, in the best regulated families.

Father (angrily)—That may be, sir, but I would have you to understand that mine is not one of the best regulated families.

Fame.

Fame is easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time and do the right thing in the right way—and then advertise it properly.—Puck.

The Brute's Retort.

Mrs. Prissims—Oh, but I got taken in when I married you, you wretch!

Mr. Prissims—Yes—out of the cold.—Newark News.

How He Knew.

It was a contested will case, and one of the witnesses in the course of giving his evidence described the testator minutely.

"Now, sir," said counsel for the defense, "I suppose we may take it, from the flattering description you have given of the testator, his good points and his personal appearance generally, that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Him!" exclaimed the witness. "He was no acquaintance of mine."

"Indeed! Well, then, you must have observed him very carefully whenever you saw him?" pursued the examining counsel.

"I never saw him in my life," was the reply.

"Now, now, don't trifle with the court, please. How, I ask you, could you, in the name of goodness, describe him so minutely if you never saw him and never knew him?"

"Well," replied the witness, and the smile which overspread his features eventually passed over the court, "you see, I married his widow."

Dead Sea Evaporation.

Scientific observation justifies the estimate that a daily average of 6,500,000 tons of water is received into the Dead sea from the Jordan and other sources during the year. During the rainy season, says the Chicago Record-Herald, the amount is very much greater; during the dry season it is of course very much less, but this average will be maintained year after year. There is no outlet, and the level is kept down by evaporation only, which is very rapid because of the intense heat, the dry atmosphere and the dry winds which are constantly blowing down the gorges between the mountains. This evaporation causes a haze or mist to hang over the lake at all times, and when it is more rapid than usual heavy clouds form and thunderstorms sometimes rage with great violence in the pocket between the cliffs even in the dry season. A flood of rain often falls upon the surface of the sea when the sun is shining, and the atmosphere is as dry as a bone half a mile from the shore. The mountains around the Dead sea are rarely seen with distinctness because of this haze.

The Rattlesnake's Rattle.

The utility of the rattle to the rattlesnake is a problem still awaiting solution. It has been supposed to be useful as paralyzing its prey through terror excited by the sound thus induced. But this is a very doubtful explanation. It is akin to the notion formerly entertained that serpents had a power of fascinating other creatures. Others have thought that it seems to excite the curiosity of animals and so brings them within the rattlesnake's reach. It has also been supposed that it serves, as it may do, to enable snakes of different sexes to find each other and also to guard the animal from attack when it is helpless from its power of offense having been temporarily exhausted.

No sufficient evidence has, however, been collected to show that any of these ingenious speculations affords us a real clew to the true cause of such a curious and elaborate mechanism.—Quarterly Review.

Definition of Felicity.

A Baptist minister tells the following story:

"A friend of mine, who is quite a scholar, once accepted an invitation to preach at a country church in the south, and, as was his custom, he used very learned language. After the service the pastor of the church said that he felt sure the members of the congregation did not understand the sermon. 'Nonsense!' replied my friend. 'I am sure there was nothing in my sermon which they could not comprehend.'

"'Well,' said the pastor, 'I will call one of them in and see if he understands the meaning of the word "felicity."' So he called in a laboring man and said, 'John, can you tell me what is the meaning of the word "felicity?"'

"'Well, I don't know, sir,' said John, 'but I believe it is some part of the inside of a pig.'"

The Zest of Hunting.

You can never know the zest of hunting or fishing until your dinner depends upon your success; you have never attained the sublime in cooking until you have spitted your fish or meat on a freshly peeled stick, rubbed the salt in with your fingers and broiled it over a woodland fire, you watching it jealously lest it get ablaze, and all the time that meat is browning you get hungrier and hungrier, and every time it sputters in the glow you catch wafts of fragrance until you feel that you have the capacity of a dozen starving men and wonder whether a single haunch of venison can supply your wants.

Incredible.

An Irish harvester found himself in a small Scottish town. At the gasworks he saw a gasometer for the first time in his life and stopped a countryman who was passing to ask, "What's that big round thing there standing on end?"

The Scotchman scratched his head and replied, "A dinna ken."

"Get out with you," said the Irishman; "you never saw a dinner can as big as that in your life."

What Caused the Indigestion.

"Mollie Brown has a model husband."

"In what way?"

"Whenever he doesn't eat anything she asks him if the cooking isn't as good as his mother's."

"And what does he say?"

"He says he has no doubt it is, but that his indigestion has quite unfitted him to be a competent judge."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sizes of the Planets.

An ingenious way of comparing the sizes of planets with the sun is suggested by a writer in the bulletin of the French Astronomical society. Let the earth, he says, be represented by a 20 franc piece, then Venus is 15 francs; Mars, 2; Mercury, 7; Uranus, 280; Neptune, 320; Saturn, 1,840; Jupiter, 6,800, and the sun 6,780,000.

As Good as Broken.

"We might as well consider our engagement as broken, Reginald."

"I don't see why. Your father said postponed."

"Postponed until you arrive at years of discretion, and, in your case, Reggy, dear, you know what that means."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 22-24. Memory Verses, 28, 29—Golden Text, Acts xvii, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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22, 23. I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship Him declare I unto you.

The Thessalonian persecutors followed the apostles to Berea and stirred up the people against them so that Paul went on to Athens, leaving Silas and Timothy at Berea. Those who conducted Paul to Athens brought back word to Silas and Timothy to follow quickly, which they did. While Paul waited for them, seeing the city wholly given to idolatry, he did not fail to preach Jesus and the resurrection in the synagogues and in the market as he had opportunity. So they brought him to Mars hill, the Areopagus, and asked him to tell them of this new doctrine; hence this discourse in which he speaks of their great religiousness and takes as his topic the inscription on the altar to the unknown God.

24, 25. God that made the world and all things therein * * * giveth to all life and breath and all things.

He takes them to the first verse in the Bible, they being probably wholly ignorant of the Scriptures, and tells them of one who made sun, moon and stars, the mountains and the sea and all living creatures and therefore needs not be propitiated nor any gifts from man, seeing that He Himself gives to all creatures all that they possess or need. In one of the oldest portions of the Bible we read that "in His hand is the soul of every living thing and the breath of all mankind" (Job xii, 10), yet there are many who possess the Bible who do not seem to believe this and act as if God required something from them before He would do anything for them. They do not know Him as the one who "giveth to all," who "gave His only begotten Son."

26-28. And hath made of one blood all nations of men, * * * for in Him we live and move and have our being.

The great Creator and sustainer of all things wants us to know Him and reveals Himself sufficiently in nature to make people want to know Him better (Rom. i, 20, 21), and where people are living up to the light they have and earnestly desiring more, as in the case of Cornelius and the queen of Ethiopia's treasurer, God will take means to enlighten them. His nearness to us is strikingly described in Rom. x, 6-10, but there it speaks of those who have His word and in verses 14, 15, raises the question of how can those who have not His word hear it unless some one take it to them.

29. For as much then as we are the offspring of God we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and man's device.

Since God created us, how can the things which we make be our gods? The folly of worshiping idols is fully and simply set forth in Isa. xl, 18-26, and elsewhere in the prophets. But what shall be said of the church of today, which seems to put such trust in idols of men and metal rather than in the living God? Is not the cry heard, If we had the man or the men or if we had the money, how much we might do! Whereas the Spirit of God says, "There is none that calleth upon Thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee." "The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Isa. lxiv, 7; Hag. ii, 8). If the church would trust in Him and not in men nor man's wisdom nor man's works, He might have opportunity to fulfill to her II Chron. xvi, 9; Mal. iii, 10.

30, 31. But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained.

God is long suffering, not willing that any should perish, therefore, for the time, passing over much that deserves punishment, although the sinner, because of the hardness of his heart and his natural enmity to God, takes advantage of this mercy only to do worse (II Pet. iii, 9; Eccl. viii, 11). The book just quoted from says, "God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccl. xii, 14), and this is abundantly confirmed in the New Testament. Our Lord often spoke of the judgment to come (Matt. vii, 22, 23; xi, 22, 24; xii, 36; xxv, 34, 41, 46) and also said that the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son (John v, 22). I do not find in Scripture that which some speak of as a general judgment and a general resurrection of all, good and bad, at the same time; but I do find that the dead in Christ shall rise first, a thousand years before the unrighteous, and that our Lord calls the first the resurrection of the just (I Thess. iv, 16; Rev. xx, 5, 6; Ps. i, 5; Luke xiv, 14). The judgment of all believers for their sins is past on Calvary (John v, 24; Isa. xliii, 25). Their judgment for service will be at the judgment seat of Christ at the first resurrection.

32-34. When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter.

They had their gods and heroes and great leaders, but that one had risen from the dead was folly in the sight of their wisdom, simply an impossibility; so they turned away, having heard enough of such nonsense, and Paul, having borne faithful testimony, turned away from them. But his testimony was not in vain, for some believed, both men and women, and that is all we can expect in this age of gathering out the church. There is comfort in John vi, 3—"All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me," etc.

The Hotel of 2003.

Clerk—Michael, are you about through moving those trunks?

Porter—Yes, sor, in a few minutes.

"Well, when you've finished, stretch the life net over the front pavement. Mrs. Hibawl has just telephoned from the top floor that her husband has fallen out of the window."—Smart Set.

His Finish.

Casey—So Cassidy is engaged to be married. Oi always thought he was a thrifter.

Farrell—Well, he thought so himself—till he thrifled wid a widow.—Puck.

A Cold.

There are some things in the world that one can't understand. One is that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run it stays with you, and if you stop it it goes away.

Proved!

"Your son is a philosophical student, I hear."

"Yes, I believe he is. I can't understand what he's talking about."—Detroit Free Press.

AFTER the STORM

By William Haven Ross

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The hurricane had died out, and the only trace of the storm upon the waters was the heavy swell which tossed the ship's longboat.

The sun shone with tropical fervor upon the three occupants of the little craft. Not a sail was within the perspective, and no long wreath upon the horizon gave sign of the presence of a steamship.

At the bottom of the boat, his head resting upon the lap of a young woman, a man lay. His face was white and drawn, and the glitter of his eyes told of extreme physical weakness. The other man sat upon the stern thwart and watched sea and sky with anxious gaze. The woman's face had the apathy of prolonged suffering.

"Water! Water!" murmured the man at the bottom of the boat.

"Have patience, Tom," said the woman in a mechanical voice. "We are in the track of ships and must be rescued soon."

"No," said Tom faintly; "you will be saved—you and Dick—but not I."

Dick glanced at him in pity, but remained silent. The woman pushed back the matted hair from Tom's eyes with feeble fingers, but made no reply. The look of death was on the face pillowed upon her knee.

Three days had passed since Tom and Kate, passengers, and Dick, master mariner, had abandoned the sinking bark West Wind, bound from Rio to New York. Of the fate of their shipmates they had no knowledge. They had gone without food and without drink, and the weight of sheer exhaustion had begun to deaden their senses.

Finally Tom spoke again. He looked Dick in the face searchingly and said:

"Will you forgive me, Richard? I could die happier if you would. Kate will never forgive me, but you might."

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Dick wonderingly. "Why, what have you done?"

"You always loved Kate," said Tom.

"Yes," replied Dick very slowly and after a pause; "I always loved her."

"And she always loved you," said Tom.

Dick half started from the thwart, but checked himself.

The woman turned her face away.

"I came between you," said Tom. "I did you both a wrong. But, oh, how I have suffered! You can't realize, Dick—you will never realize—the agony of mock possession, the anguish of having a wife who in her heart loathes your slightest caress. She never loved me, Dick, and I have been kind and good to her always. But what are kindness and goodness to a woman when she does not love you? Nothing, Dick, worse than nothing!"

"I don't understand you at all," said Dick. "I know that you're out of your head. Speak to him, Kate; it may quiet him."

But Kate neither spoke nor turned her head.

"No; you will understand," said Tom, with more emphasis. "I'm going to tell you something. If I were not dying, perhaps you would kill me for it, but I would not care. I do not want to live unless I can have Kate."

"Have Kate!" repeated Dick. "Why, man, she's your wife!"

"No, no!" cried Tom weakly. "She never was my wife! It was only an empty ceremony that shackled her to me. She was always yours, Dick, and yours only. Soon she will be yours forever."

"Speak to him, Kate. He's raving," said Dick hoarsely, but she sat as if stone, watching the sky line.

"You see," said Tom, "she will not lie even to soothe, and she is right, for lies are useless. I knew she loved you, and I lied to keep you apart. You thought it was friendship and kindness that made you master of my West Wind, but that was the first syllable of my lie. I wanted to put half the world between you two, so I made you captain of my best bark and chartered her for China. Then the lie grew and grew. It was I who had published in New York and copied in the home newspapers the lying notice that you married a woman in New York the day before you sailed. After Kate had read the lie she thought the world was at an end for her, so she married me. Now you know it all except what I have suffered. You can never realize that."

There now was a deep flush upon Kate's cheek, and Dick was bending forward, speechless and glowering.

"You won't forgive me, then?" asked Tom pleadingly. "She will soon be yours, and—and—and I've left her everything."

"Blast you and your money!" cried Dick, now upon his unsteady feet, with a threatening gesture.

But Kate, who still sat with averted gaze, put her arm across Tom's face as if to protect him, and Dick sank back sullenly upon the thwart and turned his head away too. Thus they remained for many minutes. But when Dick again turned his eyes to the horizon he could scarcely restrain an exclamation.

Far away upon the edge of the waters was a sail.

It then was but a tiny blur, but the prescient eye of the sailor saw at a glance that the vessel was southbound and sailing toward them. If the wind held in the same direction, the ship would be apt to make a long reach before going about and must surely pass so near that they would be sighted.

Dick looked at Tom and then at Kate, while a battle raged in his soul. The excitement which had sustained the sick man during the morning had passed, and Dick could see plainly enough that the reaction was tugging hard upon the frail strand of life. Yet he understood that he had at command as potent a stimulant as was ever compounded by a pharmacist.

It was hope!

In an hour or two the approaching vessel would be within hailing distance. Another hour or two meant life or death to Tom. If he knew that rescue, food, drink and comfortable quarters were but a few dwindling miles away, existence would grow sweeter to the wealthy shipowner and importer, and the innate love of life might buoy him through the crisis.

"Shall I speak?" he asked of himself.

If Tom died—but he tried to put that out of his mind. How he loved and had longed for the woman he faced! A flickering spark was all that kept them apart. Should he fan it into a blaze or let it go out forever?

At last Tom again opened his eyes, and, looking him in the face with a pitiful, pleading expression, he feebly put forth his hand.

"Forgive me," he whispered in a voice of utter weakness. Kate bent over and kissed him—kissed him as a mother might her child.

Dick drew a long breath, and a tremor shook him like an ague spasm.

"A sail!" he cried hoarsely and rose unsteadily. For a moment he swayed with the rocking of the boat, pointing straight ahead, and then he sank upon his knees and took Tom's hand in his own.

"Tom," he said, "rouse up, man, and listen to me. There's a ship coming. She's not five miles away. Think of it, man—something to drink and plenty to eat. Don't weaken now after all you've been through. Let the past be bygones. Live it out and be happy."

"A ship in sight!" gasped Tom. "Oh, let me see her!"

It taxed Dick's failing strength to the utmost, but he lifted him to his knees and held him thus while he looked longingly at the distant sail. For a brief space the luster of hope rekindled the fire of failing vision, but it was only for a moment. A film beclouded his eye again, and he sank back to the bottom of the boat with a gasp.

"Too late," he murmured, "too late for me!"

When Dick looked up, he met Kate's gaze. It was a calm, steady look she gave him and the first since Tom began his story. Dick felt meaner and guiltier than he had ever felt before. He had to do something to distract her eyes.

"The sail!" he said, pointing over the waters. "Why don't you look?"

"I saw it," said she, "two hours ago."

"And you were waiting for me to tell Tom of it?"

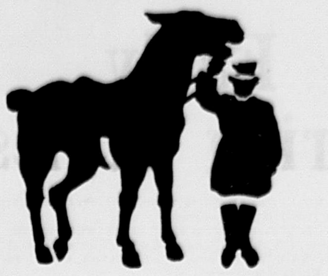
"Yes," replied Kate, "and how I should have despised you if you had not."

The ship's crew answered Dick's faint hail with shouts of encouragement, and the vessel luffed up into the wind with flapping sails. A boat skippered by the mate was lowered and towed the castaways alongside the ship's quarter.

"How are they?" asked the captain as he leaned over the rail and looked down upon the recumbent figures in the boat, for Dick had collapsed.

"One man is gone, I think, sir," said the mate after holding his hand over Tom's heart.

"Yes," said Kate; "my husband is dead."



The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed compels the horse to eat properly. It is a ground food, and therefore cannot be bolted.

Grain Bills Less.

I have used the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed in my stable of 22 horses all last winter, feeding less than two bushels of oats; my horses looked better last spring than ever before. I believe my grain bills were very much less last winter than at any time in the 16 years of my business experience. CHAS. E. GILMAN, Lynn, Mass.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

Uses of Turpentine.

Turpentine, either in resinous form or in spirits, has a household value. A child suffering with the croup or any throat or lung difficulty will be quickly relieved by inhaling the vapor and having the chest rubbed until the skin is red and then being wrapped about with flannel moistened with fiery spirits. Afterward sweet oil will save the skin from irritation. In the case of burns and scalds turpentine has no equal. It is the best dressing for patent leather; it will remove paint from artists' clothes and workmen's garments; it will drive away moths if a few drops are put into closets and chests; it will persuade mice to find other quarters if a little is poured into the mouse holes; one tablespoonful added to the water in which linens are boiled will make the goods wonderfully white; a few drops will prevent starch from sticking; mixed with beeswax it makes the best floor polish, and mixed with sweet oil it is unrivaled as a polish for fine furniture; the latter mixture should be two parts of sweet oil to one part of turpentine. Some physicians recommend spirits of turpentine, applied externally, for lumbago and rheumatism. It is also prescribed for neuralgia of the face.—Woman's Home Companion.

Dinners In the Old Days.

Dinner was a substantial affair in the reign of the maiden queen, who was by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table. The first course on great occasions, says a contemporary, would probably be wheaten flummery, stewed broth, spinach broth, gruel or hotenpotch. The second consisted of fish, among which we may note lampreys, stockfish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, bag puddings, black puddings, white puddings and narrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese, cakes, jellies, warden pies, junkets, syllabubs, and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake; for the drinks, ale and beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin, some of which were concocted out of as many as five and twenty herbs and were redolent of sweet country perfume.

As the Stork Sees It.

First Stork—I just left a baby at that millionaire's house.

Second Stork—Funny things, these human beings! I've just delivered three to one woman in a tenement house, and her husband's out of work, and they haven't a cent.—Brooklyn Life.

All Kinds.

Customer (to grocer)—How much is your butter a pound?

Grocer—Do you mean sweet butter, dairy cream butter, best butter, fine butter or butter?—Stray Stories.

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MAN'S LITTLE TOE.

Scientists Declare That It Is Doomed to an Early End.

Eminent scientists assert that the small toe of the human foot will be crowded out of existence by the end of the present century. Such is the view of chiropodists generally and of physicians who have given the matter more than passing consideration, says the Philadelphia Press.

Just as, according to Darwin, the tail was crowded out of the human bony skeleton many ages back because it had no useful functions to perform, just as the vermiform appendix, the only apparent function of which is to necessitate dangerous and expensive operations, will eventually find no place in human anatomy, so, according to present indications, the little toe must ultimately disappear altogether.

Whether or not the big toe is all that is needed in walking and running is a question which has not yet been satisfactorily answered, but the fact remains that athletic instructors and coaches have universally striven to develop the big toe at the expense of the others in the training of fast runners and football players, and to that end the shoes have been made so narrow that any possibility of using the little toe has been precluded.

Between the modern method of walking and the wearing of tight fitting shoes the little toe is doomed to an early end.

Her Blessing.

There is always a possibility that the person whom we regard as a proper object for sympathy may look upon himself in another light. This interesting and instructive surprise often awaits the well meaning bearer of condolence.

When Mrs. Hastings learned that her old friend, Mrs. Warren, had become "stun deef," she went with a long face to see her.

"It must be an awful cross, Laviny," she wrote on the slate which Mrs. Warren presented to her as soon as she was seated.

"'Tain't either!" snapped the afflicted one, who, though deaf, was by no means dumb. "Folks that have got anything to say can write it on that slate, and Henry Warren, that's had to put a curb on his tongue for upward o' thirty years on account of the high temper he took from his mother's folks, is now able to say anything he likes and no feelings hurt. I count my deafness a real blessing. How's your rheumatism?"

Scarce Eggs.

The eggs of some common birds of the present day have never been found. There is the robin snipe; its eggs have never been seen. An English zoologist kept a man going up and down the coast of Labrador for weeks purposely to get a robin snipe's egg, but it was in vain. The bird is known by thousands of people, but it breeds so far north and so remote from any civilization that no scientific observer can ever get to its nest ere the young are hatched and have taken to wing. The frigate bird that is so commonly seen at sea on the Pacific and off the West Indies is such a solitary bird and is so seldom seen in its nest during the hours of daylight that its egg is rare. It seems strange, but the eggs of so well known a bird as the sandpiper have never been found and are almost priceless.

The Wrong Suggestion.

A good planter's wife "befo' de wah" was teaching a jet black house girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the letters of the alphabet. Betsy had learned the first two, says Harper's Magazine, but always forgot the letter "C."

"Don't you see with your eyes? Can't you remember the word see?" said her mistress.

"Yassum," answered Betsy. But she could not. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely, "A—B"— and there she stopped.

"What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?"

"I sleeps wif 'em, mis'."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M. **FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M. **FOR LAWRENCE** at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'v
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12 52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P M., and then every 30 minutes until 11 22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10 00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M, 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8.00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8 25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.

Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses' can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estate in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

LOVE IN A MIST

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Augusta scampered across the pasture, the very mode and pattern of innocent wickedness. Clothed all in faded calico and flapping sun hat, her new pink lawn lay deftly hidden in the depths of her berry basket, with her bronze ties and clocked silk stockings nestled snugly underneath. She was going surreptitiously to a barn dance, albeit her grandmother thought dancing among the deadly sins. She knew she would get a wigging afterward. Still, she did not mean to let the knowledge in any way dim the splendor of the day.

The Radley house lay just beyond the berry field. Once she reached it she was safe. Mrs. Radley had indeed incited her going, offering to take her in the carryall along with her own girls. Mrs. Radley was so plump and yielding and obstinate even Grandmother Wills could not quarrel with her. She was as motherly as she was plump. Now, for two years she had been persuading her son John to marry Augusta, "so as to let the poor thing have a little fun and the chance to feel that her soul was her own." John and Augusta had laughed jointly over his mother's matchmaking. They were the best friends in the world, but had quite other views for themselves.

"Here's a hat, Gussie. I knew you never could smuggle out that fine chip flat you have not worn twice this summer," Mrs. Radley said, setting a picturesque rough straw turban upon the runaway's head as the last hook on the pink lawn snapped into place. "My, but you do look pretty!" she went on. Then over her shoulder to John, "She'll outshine everybody, won't she, Jack?"

"Except one," John answered. "Rose Lee 'll be there, you know. That reminds me. She's to fetch her city cousin. There's a chance for you, Gus! Rose says he has more money than he well knows how to spend."

"I wonder if he has changed," Gus said, laughing, "or if he is the same little whining beast he was that summer nine years ago."

"Why, where did you ever see him?" John demanded in open eyed wonder.

Again Gussie laughed. "His grandmother and mine were cronies at the springs," she said. "Don't you remember our going to the mountains? Those two old ladies thought I was born to take care of Jody. How I should have hated him if I had not been so sorry for anything compelled to suffer that name! He was so sickly and spoiled and just plain hateful along with it. Ugh! I'm sorry he's coming. He quite scorned dancing with me—said I was clumsy—but I always believed it was spite. I beat him so far when it came to climbing trees or even throwing rocks"—

"And you never told me a word of all this," John said a little reproachfully.

Gussie tweaked his ear, answering softly: "Of course not. You have been in love with Rose since you wore trousers. I wouldn't say things about your dear cousin that was to be, Jody Fitts."

Six double sets were already dancing under the big bush arbor when the Radleys drove up. High above the dancers a string band played for dear life, while the leader of it called the figures in a loud, merry voice. Out under the trees other people sat, usually young people, fittingly paired and so rapt one in the other they had eyes for little else besides.

A slight young fellow, with a single glass dangling from his buttonhole, leaned against a near tree trunk, looking discontentedly about. He darted at Gussie and caught both her hands saying: "How dare you be late? You must have known I was pining for another real good fight."

"You cried 'Enough!' and promised to keep the peace ever after the last time," Gussie protested. "Besides, I do not fight enemies any more."

"I'm ahead of you," Fitts said, drawing her hand through his arm. "I not merely keep the peace with my enemies; I love them dearly—one of them at least."

"Your pretty speeches must be sadly in need of air," Gussie said, with a little sidelong look at John. It amazed her to see him frown and turn away, gnawing his mustache. Fitts caught the look and smiled a little, but pressed toward the arbor, saying as they reached the edge of it:

"You are going to dance with me. Now, can you longer doubt my devotion?"

"Oh, I don't know. You were always devoted to yourself," Gussie said, smiling wickedly.

Fitts pretended to frown. "I see you are not properly impressed with the change in me," he said. "Understand, I have escaped from the Jody stage. Instead, behold Joe Fitts, very much at your service. Do you know I came down here just to find you?"

"No, and I don't think I shall ever find it out," Gussie retorted, beating time with her foot.

The quadrille was in its last whirls. Fitts raised his hand and nodded slightly to the leader of the band. Instantly the fiddles broke out in the maddest, merriest twostep.

Fitts caught Gussie's hand and said: "I've been waiting for this. Twosteps were invented especially for you. You always romped no matter what the step or the figure."

"Can you wonder? All my dancing has been done under the rose," Gussie said, yielding herself to his impulse. Fast, faster, faster, they went up and down the arbor, eyes brightening, breath quickening. A bare half dozen other couples dared to follow them. Few were so straitlaced as Grandmother Wills in the matter of dancing. Still there was a general feeling that quadrilles, or at most cotillons, were the proper things for big public companies. Even the Radley girls waltzed only at home.

John felt himself grow hot as he watched Augusta and young Fitts through their madly gay rush. No harm in it, of course, but she had never waltzed even with him. His brows drew so portentously together Rose Lee smiled significantly as she came up behind him and touched his arm. Evidently she had it in mind to say something—something a little bit out of the common. But a great clattering stir at the arbor's farther end silenced her. A family carriage, rusty and ancient, had drawn up there, the horses panting and flecked with foam. Out from the door of it strode an awful figure, Grandmother Wills, in dead black, the plumes of her best bonnet nodding hearsewise over her forehead. As she caught sight of Augusta whirling half inclosed by a stranger's arms she gave a cry that silenced every string and brought the sparse dancers up standing.

For half a minute no words would come. Then, with the hissing fall of molten iron, she cried: "Wanton! Shameless wanton! Never, never shall you darken my doors again!"

All in a flash Fitts appeared to comprehend. Lightness fell away from him. He stood upright and said clearly, "Madame, I have the honor to ask your granddaughter in marriage!"

"Who are you? I do not know you! I—I have no granddaughter," Mme. Wills said icily.

Gussie had grown white. She left Fitts and went close to the furious old woman, saying as she bowed her head: "Grandmother, don't, don't curse me, for my mother's sake—and your own. Let me go home with you. It was wrong to trick you"—

Madame turned away as though she had not heard. Softly Fitts held out his hands. Before Gussie could reach him John had leaped to her side and was holding her close in the face of all the world. "You're a trump, but mine is the older claim," he said, holding out a hand to Fitts, who wrung it hard. As for Gussie, she was too happy and too miserable to say a word either way.

Modifying a Bow.

Travelers received by the sultan of Morocco were at one time required to make the customary obeisance of the country, but that ceremonial is now omitted. The reason, according to Lady Grove in her "Seventy-one Days' Camping," goes back to a slight social awkwardness involved in carrying out that prescription.

A distinguished naturalist had been presented to the sultan, and as he bowed his head to the ground, instead of supporting himself with his hands, he placed them behind his back; consequently his forehead came against the marble floor with a loud bang, and he had some difficulty in recovering himself.

The sultan was amazed. "Has not the gentleman had the honor of entering the presence of his own sovereign?" he asked another visitor later.

"Probably he has had that honor, your majesty," was the answer.

"Then," said the sultan, "he should have learned the art of making salutations without the occurrence of such accidents."

Thereupon his majesty learned with astonishment that this lowly form of obeisance is not observed at European courts, and he immediately decreed that none but the usual customs demanded by European sovereigns should be required of Europeans when they entered or left his presence.

A Close Combination.

"They can get up combinations in the west to beat the band," said a Philadelphia drummer who had come in off a trip and had a shortage to explain. "In a town in western Iowa I had a difference of opinion with a landlord and called him a liar. He was a deputy sheriff, and he arrested me. His brother was prosecuting attorney, and he was against me. The judge was his brother-in-law, and he tried the case. I said I'd take ten days in jail sooner than pay the fine, but when I came to be locked up the jailer said to me:

"'You'd better pay. I'm the father-in-law of the judge, and it will be my duty to put you in a cell with a prisoner who's gone crazy and wants to kill somebody.'

"I paid and was released," said the drummer, "but I wanted revenge. I went to the only lawyer in town with a reputation and stated my case and asked him to take it.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'but think how it would look. I'm son-in-law to the jailer.'"

Ugly Hindoo Women.

The men among the Hindoos of Bombay are by all odds handsomer than the women, the fashion among the latter of wearing in the left nostril a huge hoop of silver adorned with precious stones not tending to enhance the modicum of beauty they already possess. This ring is often so large that the mouth and chin are covered by it. The married women also chew the leaves of the betel palm, and so their teeth and lips are stained a vivid and disagreeable yellow.

Caste, that strong divider of class, is indicated on the women by stripes of various colors on the forehead. Their arms, which are mostly bare, are fancifully tattooed, and their toes and ankles are ornamented with silver bangles and rings. This latter ornamentation is shared by both sexes. In downright ugliness many of these women approach closely an American Indian squaw.

A Just Beast.

In the days when the late archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Frederick Temple, was master of Rugby he sentenced to expulsion a boy who was innocent of the offense charged against him, but who could not clear himself without exposing the real offender. The lad made up his mind to bear the punishment and wrote to his father saying that he was sure his family would rather have him expelled than know him to be a sneak.

The father promptly sent the letter to Dr. Temple, calling attention to a postscript in which the boy said he wished the doctor could understand the matter and added, "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast."

It is on record that Temple did understand, and the boy was not expelled. Dr. Temple, grim old man that he was, was always proud of the title "a just beast."

HAD TO WAIT A LITTLE.

The Reason Lizzie Could Not Marry Ted on the Instant.

Late in the sixties actors still had their costumes carried to and from the theater in champagne baskets by the "basket boy," and the very first and most important duty of the actor or actress after rehearsal was to get the basket ready and place it outside the door; then only one might feel free.

Well, Cupid had been taking a little flier behind the scenes, and a young comedian had been stricken with love for a bit of a girl who danced between the first play and the farce. One day he saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow, and the awful familiarity was too much to be endured silently. He walked home with her, and in the boarding house hall he spoke. A minister's name was mentioned, a number, a street, something about a license. Nothing seemed very clear except his love and his desire to get married at once, at once!

"Oh, Lizzie, will you marry me? Dear little Lizzie, will you?" he implored.

And Lizzie, who was about the height of a nine-year-old child, but was full sixteen, very pink and very pleased, looked coyly up, then modestly down and answered, "I'm awfully glad you love me, Ted, but—but, really you know, you'll have to wait a little!" Down went Ted's face. "Wait!" he cried in a tragic voice. "Wait! Good kingdom! Why? What for? How long?" And Lizzie, with wide, reproachful blue eyes, said, "Why, Ted, you know well enough you'll have to wait till I get my basket ready!"—Clara Morris in McClure's Magazine.

Some Smart Answers.

Here are some samples of what the British schoolboy can do when he tries hard:

"John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the Poets' corner at Westminster abbey."

"The sublime porte is a very fine old wine."

"The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you."

"The plural of penny is twopence."

"In the sentence, 'I saw the goat butt the man,' 'butt' is a conjunction because it shows the connection between the goat and the man."

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas."

"The difference between water and air is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot."

When Women Carved.

In George I.'s reign it was the bounden duty of the mistress of a country house to carve for her guests. Etiquette demanded it of her, and no one might relieve her of her arduous task, not even the master. To the latter was only assigned the easy labor of passing the bottle and looking on while each joint was placed in turn before his wife or daughter, as the case might be, and by her rapidly manipulated. Carving became one of the branches of a good feminine education, and there were professional carving masters who taught the young ladies.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu took lessons in the art three times a week and on her father's public days made a practice of having her own dinner an hour or two beforehand. A guest who did not receive his portion from his hostess' own fair hands would have considered himself much aggrieved.

A Chameleon's Tongue.

The tongue of the chameleon is wonderfully extensile and extensible, says a naturalist. By the former word I mean the distance it can be thrown out of the mouth. By the latter word its own elongation is inferred, for I am sure there is not space sufficient in the lower part of the mouth to accommodate the eight inch tongue which can be thrown out unless it is greatly contracted again. We know that it lies "folded" in the mouth, but it folds into a very small space, and when I have held a chameleon's mouth wide open to try to get a sight of this remarkable member it lies so compactly in the loose lower lip that to see it is next to impossible.

The Stingiest Man.

"I think the most penurious man I ever knew," remarked the man in the mackintosh, "was old Hewligus. He smoked his cigars to the last half inch, chewed the stumps and used the ashes for snuff, but he wasn't satisfied even then and gave up the habit."

"What for?" asked the man with the big Adam's apple.

"He couldn't think of any way to utilize the smoke."—Chicago Tribune.

No Sale Was Made.

A dealer in pet birds was visited by a customer who stuttered and wanted to buy a parrot which took his fancy. The salesman was an Irishman who had just been employed by the dealer. The customer said, "Du—du—does that parrot ta—ta—talk good?"

"Well," replied the Irish salesman, "if he did not talk better than you I would wring his neck off!"

As Some Others Do.

"They say," said Willie's mother as they were watching the "armless wonder" wind his watch, write his name and do other remarkable things with his toes, "that he can play the piano, but I don't see how."

"That's easy, mamma," replied Willie. "He can play by ear."

Cost of Construction.

"Do you know what this street railroad cost per mile?"

"No. But I know what it cost per alderman!"—Puck.

The Frosted Hand.

"Yes, and after she refused me she waved her hand in farewell."

"Sort of cold wave, wasn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A chimney of 115 feet height will, without danger, sway ten inches in a wind.

Beware of the man whose dog dislikes to follow him.—New York Life.

Largest Variety and . . . .
Lowest Prices in Boston in
Wall Papers,
Picture Mouldings
— AND —
Window Shades.
MELMON L. FLETCHER,
(Formerly with Ward & Waldron),
84 & 86 Union Street, Boston.
Near Haymarket Subway Station. Telephone 1075-3 Richmond.

A Miraculous Vault.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault at St. Michan's provides a more gruesome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps, carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Here lie the brothers Sheares, who were executed for their share in the united Irish conspiracy, side by side almost with the Earl of Leitrim, who was murdered about thirty years ago. The earl's ancestors for hundreds of years back rest in the same vault. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

How Men Fall When Shot.

Nearly every one is familiar with the traditional stage fall, where the victim of a supposed death shot strikes an attitude, clasps his hand to his heart, stiffens every joint and muscle, breathes hysterically and goes down like a log toppled over from the end. Another popular yet erroneous notion is that men shot through the vitals leap into the air and go down in a dramatic attitude. Sometimes men are found on the field in striking positions, but often an examination shows that the position was taken after the fall.

As a rule a man who is hit above the hips sinks down. The slighter the wound the more commotion, for the body instinctively resists, just as it does when one slips or is pushed or collides with some object. But a wound in a vital spot weakens the resistance and men sink at once or reel and tumble with very little self control.

Crossing the Bar.

Tennyson's famous poem, "Crossing the Bar," was written, says the present Lord Tennyson, in the poet's eighty-first year, "on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had had the 'moaning of the bar' in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out." "That is the crown of your life's work," said his son, who was the first man after the poet to read "Crossing the Bar," and who passed the first criticism upon it in such fitting and generous language. "It came in a moment," said the poet, and he explained the pilot as the Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us. A day or two before he died the poet, calling his son to his bedside, said, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."

How Air Acts on Mercury.

When the air around us becomes condensed—shrinks into a smaller volume—it becomes heavier, puts greater pressure on the surface of the mercury and makes it ascend in the tube; then the mercury is said to rise. When the air expands—swells into a larger volume—it becomes lighter, the pressure on the mercury is less, the mercury sinks in the tube and the barometer is said to fall. Therefore every change of height of the quicksilver which we observe is a sign and measure of a change in the volume of air around us.

Should Earth Become Flat.

A scientist says that "if the earth was flattened the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." And an Oklahoma editor gives out the following: "If any man is caught flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot, and don't be too blamed particular what spot. There's a whole blamed lot of us in Oklahoma that can't swim."—Kansas City Journal.

Clever Scheme.

Customer—But that umbrella looks so very cheap and common that the price you ask is ridiculous.

Dealer—That's the beauty of that umbrella. It's made of the very best material, but made to look as if it wasn't worth stealing.—Philadelphia Press.

Beecher and Spurgeon.

Beecher had said that Spurgeon owed his popularity no more to his Calvinism than a camel owed its excellence to its hump. "I replied," said Spurgeon, "that the hump was a store of fat on which the camel lived on a long journey and that its value depended on its hump."

Witty Advice.

A witty Dublin barrister was consulted by a physician as to calling out a man who had insulted him. "Take my advice," said the lawyer, "and instead of calling him out get him to call you in, and get your revenge that way. It will be more secure and certain."

Shaky Rope Bridges.

In the wilds of South America many rope bridges exist, and in writing of them a traveler, who published through Messrs. Longmans "The Great Mountains and Forests of South America," says: "There being no trees here, such bridges as were necessary were usually constructed of a couple of ropes stretched across a chasm, upon which was spread a rough kind of matting made of pliant brushwood or a sort of rush. Such bridges swung about fearfully and cracked under the foot as if about to give way. Often I held my breath while passing such a bridge, momentarily expecting the rotten contrivance to part in the middle. There was plenty of evidence in the skeletons of horses and mules on the rocks below that accidents not infrequently occurred, but I was assured that not many men were lost, which, of course, was an exceedingly comforting assurance, especially as I noticed that the guides were careful to see that either I or George was the first to cross these confounded structures. At one of these places we saw on the rocks 300 feet below the skull and bones of two men who had been lost about eight years before."

Snakes Waste Little Time Eating.

A serpent will go for weeks, sometimes even for months, without feeding. Then it may take three rabbits or ducks, one after the other, at a single meal and afterward become torpid while digestion proceeds. When, after a sufficient period of fasting, it gets disposed to eat and a rabbit happens to be introduced into its cage, it may plainly be seen that the rabbit's presence is quickly noticed by it. The snake will begin to move slowly about till it has brought its snout opposite the rabbit's muzzle. Then, in an instant, it will seize the rabbit's head in its mouth, simultaneously coiling its powerful body around it and crushing it to death at once.

The action is so instantaneous that it is impossible for the rabbit to suffer. Certainly it can suffer no more than when killed by a poulterer. The snake does not immediately uncoil its folds, but continues for a time to hold its victim tightly embraced, sometimes rocking itself gently to and fro. Then it slowly unwinds its huge body and once more takes the rabbit's head in its mouth and swallows it.

Superstitions About Bread.

In Brittany when a housewife begins to knead dough she makes a cross with her right hand, the left being placed in the trough. If a cat enters the room, it is believed the bread will not rise. It is supposed that certain women can cause the dough to multiply itself. On the coast of the channel the dough is adjured to imitate the leaven, the miller and the baker and to rise.

The oven is a sacred object and connected with crowds of superstitions. The oven is dedicated, with ceremonies. In certain places in Brittany the wood is watered with blessed water. Bread must not be cooked on certain days, as on Holy Friday or during the night of All Saints, when the ghosts would eat it.

The Introduction of Forks.

Forks are articles of such common household necessity to us that we hardly realize that there was a time, and not so long ago either, when forks were entirely unknown. A knife was used at the table to cut up food, but the food so cut was afterward conveyed by the fingers to the mouth. Rich and poor alike were accustomed to this method and so thought it perfectly correct.

It was about the year 1600 and in the reign of James I. when forks were first introduced into England. This "piece of refinement," we are told, was derived from the Italians.

Serpent Worship In India.

Serpent worship, once very widely diffused, survives in India. Sometimes when Hindoos find a cobra in some crevice in the wall of their house it will often be reverenced, fed and propitiated, and if fear or the death of some one bitten by it induces them to remove it they will handle it tenderly and let it loose in some field. When Hindoos are bitten, they have far more confidence in their magic spell or "muntra" than in any medicine, even if they do not scruple to make use of medical aid.

Fill the Place Well.

Where one man is called to be a hero on some great scale 10,000 men are called to be courteous, gentle, patient. There are conspicuous virtues which make reputation, and there are quiet virtues, the virtues of private life, which make character. It is not every man's duty to fill a large place, but it is every man's duty to fill his own place well.—Christian Evangelist.

A Narrow Margin.

John Stuart Mill was once dining with two brilliant French talkers who were given to monologue. One had possession of the field, and the other was watching him so intently to strike in that Mill exclaimed aloud, "If he stops to breathe, he's gone."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 6, 1903

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

The Republicans of this city will hold caucuses to choose delegates to a Representative convention for the 28th Representative District to fill a vacancy, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, 1903, at the respective places assigned by the Ward and City Committee.

It is important that there should be a full attendance.

Republicans are asked to remember the date—

8 P. M. FEB. 11, 1903.

☞ Last Monday Mr. Elmore A Pierce went down to the State House for the purpose of launching and getting underway the scheme for a boulevard in Woburn. He petitioned the Legislature to enact an accompanying Bill authorizing the Metropolitan Park Commission to go ahead and construct a boulevard from the Mystic Parkway in Winchester, along the west side of Horn Pond, to the Public Library grounds in Woburn, to include Rag Rock and Town Meadow, and an appropriation for the same. The petition and Bill were put into proper hands, and will be well looked after. Although Woburn has been a part of the Metropolitan Park System from the beginning, and annually assessed to support it, not a dollar has been expended by the Commission for its benefit in the shape of park, parkway, or boulevard, and it is only natural that Mr. Pierce and other prominent citizens think it about time for Woburn to come in for her share of the good things. Mr. Pierce is a candidate for Representative to the Legislature on this platform. It is expected that those friendly to a boulevard from Winchester to Woburn will rally to his support at the caucuses.

☞ Mr. Edward Q Brackett is, so we hear, pushing his Representative candidacy for all it is worth. Failing to secure support from the leaders of the Republican Party, he flocks with the Mugwumps, that unreliable element who are as likely to vote the Democratic as the Republican ticket, and more so, if by taking that course they can inflict injury on the Party they profess to be members of. Mr. Brackett earned Democratic and Mugwump aid in his present campaign by loyalty to President Brady as an Alderman last year; but we are afraid that the Democrats will give him the cold shoulder when the pinch comes, and as for the Mugs., they will, as usual, make a break for the strongest side, or what they believe to be the strongest, when the voting takes place. Mr. Brackett is undoubtedly a worthy gentleman and good citizen, and it is a pity that he should have cast in his lot with the political elements which, we are told, he is now courting with great assiduity.

☞ A few days ago information reached our ears to the effect that the State Board of Civil Service Commissioners had concluded to take a hand in the clerical affairs of this city's Water Department, and those who understand them think it about time. The Board have not been ignorant of the fact that the office of clerk, or registrar, or whatever it is called, has been filled and conducted in flagrant violation of the Civil Service laws of the State for several years, but for some reason, best known to themselves, nothing has been done to correct the evil. They have been promising all along that, when the time should arrive for making a new appointment of clerk, or registrar, they would step in and place the office on a Civil Service basis, where it legally belongs; their opportunity has arrived. Now let us see if two or three interested Woburn gentlemen will be allowed longer to control the action, or non-action, of the State Board.

☞ Last week, speaking of the Water Registrar imbroglio, the JOURNAL remarked that there is many a slip between cup and lip, meaning thereby that Mr. Redmond Walsh was not absolutely certain of an election to that office. At the meeting of the Board of Public Works on Tuesday evening Walsh failed to make connections on account of the absence of Com Doherty, who some inconsiderate persons are disposed to dub "The Artful Dodger." Mayor Feeney and Com. Kelley supported Walsh; Commissioners Preston and Kennedy were for John C. Andrews—a tie. And there the matter was left, in statu quo antebellum, as the Pedagogues say.

☞ The Civil War Veterans of both G. A. R. Posts in this city, in common with their Comrades everywhere in the North, are earnestly opposed to the proposed monument to General Robert E. Lee on the battlefields of Gettysburg. There are few, if any, exceptions to such a sentiment. They contend that a principle is involved in the question which, if rightly interpreted, would exclude a monument to General Lee from Northern National soil, and therefore earnestly oppose the movement.

☞ A petition is in circulation in this city and elsewhere asking the Legislature to fill the one remaining niche in Doric Hall in the State House with a statue, or bust, of John Hancock, the first, and for 12 years, Governor of Massachusetts, and the patriotic mover and leader, with Sam Adams, of the American Revolution. The order was passed by the last Senate and referred to the present Legislature by the House.

☞ The State of Vermont took an important step backward last Tuesday by changing from prohibition to license. The majority for license was only 1600 after one of the hottest fights that ever took place at the polls in that State. The "Green Mountain Boys" failed lamentably to do their duty last Tuesday, and will probably live to deeply regret it.

☞ It is among the possibilities that Mayor Feeney will apply to the Legislature for authority to abolish the Woburn Board of Public Works. Stranger things than that have happened. It is a political hotbed and personal battlefield, and has been for some time. The tax-payers are getting sick of it.

☞ Mayor Feeney's plan of settling suits against the city for personal injuries, etc., as far as possible without farther expensive litigation, is a good one. In almost every case a friendly conference between representatives of the city and the plaintiffs in the suits would result in a settlement satisfactory to both parties and a saving of unnecessary expense. The Mayor's idea is practical and economical.

☞ The Democratic Party of Woburn are to hold caucuses to elect delegates to a Representative convention on Monday evening, Feb. 9, 1903. It is reported that they are all afloat respecting the choice of a candidate for the Legislature to fill the vacancy that exists in the 28th Representative District.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. E. Gage—Citation.
J. F. Leslie—Furniture.

— Republican caucus, Feb. 11.

— Representative election, 28th District, March 3.

— Miss Lena Harrington is teaching in Hudson, Mass.

— Strout & Co. are selling airtight stoves cheaper than dirt.

— This is just the right time to buy prime butter of Willis J. Buckman.

— William Carleton is a Democratic aspirant for Legislative honors.

— "Straws" indicate the nomination of Nowell as the Republican candidate.

— It is expected that Lawyer G. W. Norris will be the next City Solicitor.

— Minstrel show of North Woburn A. A. Feb. 19, 20. Everybody should attend it.

— At the last meeting of the B. P. W. James F. McKenna was nominated for Water Clerk.

— The Board of Registrars have organized by the choice of Thomas E. Mathews as Chairman.

— John Winn Brown attended the reunion of the Sons of Brown at the Parker House last week.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout went to Maine last Wednesday to attend the funeral of a relative there.

— Supt. Emerson came over from his home in Newton and took a survey of things here, last Tuesday.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leatre's. Boys rubbers 50c.

— Take notice that the Executrix's Sale of the Woburn Hotel, Bennett street, is to be on Wednesday, Feb. 11.

— Thanks to the persistant efforts of the School Board, the much talked of new schoolhouse seems to be in sight.

— Rev. Dr. Norton was able to be out and about last Monday after an unpleasant experience with the prevailing disease.

— Luke McDermott proprietor of the *News* has fully recovered from the effects of a fall from an electric car a few days since.

— Mr. J. Frank Carling was in town Tuesday calling on friends. He has recently returned from a business trip to Montreal.

— Marbles made their first appearance this season on Jan. 30. It seemed a little early to begin the game, but the boys enjoyed it.

— The Democratic City Committee held an important meeting last Wednesday evening. They are getting ready for putting on war paint.

— Ald. Michael J. Greaney of Ward 7 has brought suit against ex-Alderman Edward Q. Brackett for libel, and laid the ad damnum at $2,000.

— The great Western blizzard of Tuesday and Wednesday sort of petered out before reaching Boston. It put Chicago into a terrible plight.

— The Cummingsville Social Club, a wideawake West Side aggregation of young men, will give an assembly this evening in John Cummings Hall.

— Ex-Chief A. A. Ferrin has gone to West Medford to stay a time with his daughter. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ferrin have had a severe attack of the grip.

— The Senior Class of the High School have a larger shot in the locker than any former one, with which to defray their graduating expenses next June.

— Ferd. Harkins and Timothy Howard of this city played with the East Boston Polo Team against the Stonehams at Stoneham last Tuesday night.

— Last week Miss Susan Tebbetts was reelected President of W. R. C. 161, a position which she fills with ability and for the welfare of the Corps.

— Miss Lizzie Calnan still holds the fort in the office of Water Registrar. She fills the position admirably. Why not keep her there permanently, Mr. Mayor?

— The Woburn Leather Workers organization held a meeting in South End Hall last Sunday afternoon. It was addressed by several prominent speakers.

— The health of Gilman F. Jones is improving every day. He spent last Tuesday at his office, coming down both fore and afternoon, and stood it firstrate.

— A company of polo enthusiasts went to Lowell, via the Lowell & Boston electric lines, last evening to witness a game between Clinton and Lowell Clubs.

— Undertaker E. E. Lynch has moved into his new home on Main street opposite Summer street. When completed he will have everything in first class order.

— The Sunshine Club will give an entertainment and candy sale in the Unitarian church from 3 to 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, Feb. 7. The price of tickets is 5 cents.

— It will be well to remember and patronize the entertainment to be given in the Unitarian church from 3 to 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon Feb. 7. It will be worth going to see.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard, **50c and $1.00**

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale

Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

Something Doing--Sure!

Malted Milk,	38c., 75c., $3 00
Mellen's Food,	35c., 55c.
Adamson's Balsam,	24c., 55c.
Sugar Milk, warranted pure,	25c. lb.
Quinine Pills—2 gr.	25c. per 100

Above prices at 417 Main St. cor. Walnut, and there only.

Robbins Drug Company.

(FORMERLY HUNTLEY & CO.)

We can save you money on *all* Drug Store Goods.

— Lt. H. B. Grant has been ordered to Fort Washington, Md , where he will be attached to the 44th Co. of Artillery. No more popular officer is in the service than Lt. Grant.

— Officers of the Crystal Fount Mutual Relief Association for the year are: President, O. M. Brooks; Vice President, S. S. Hovey: Secretary, and Treasurer, H. L. Andrews.

— After two months of only partial use, the Public Library was reopened to the public last Wednesday under the regular arrangements, and will continue to do business on that basis.

— James E. Mahoney of the U. S. Navy visited his parents and friends here last week. He served with the 5th Mass. Regt. in the Spanish War, and subsequently enlisted in the Navy.

— The admission to the Sunshine Club Party in Unitarian vestry Saturday afternoon, Feb. 7, is five cents. Each child can invite one adult free of charge. Gramophones drill and candy sale.

— The Alpine Quartet, the leading vocal music organization of this city, sang at the Watertown Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sunday afternoon, and in the Congregational church there in the evening.

— The new moon, which put in an appearance a few evenings ago, was a "dry" one, and, as has been the case of late, it has rained a good part of the time ever since. Another big rain last Wednesday.

— Religious services at the First Congregational church will be held in the auditorium of the church next Sunday morning, and thereafter. During the coal famine they have been held in the vestry.

— If people would ward off the grip, or cure it when it has gained a foothold, they should resort to a liberal use of Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets. They are a dead-open-and-shut on the grip microbe.

— Rev. Dr. Norton had not sufficiently recovered from a severe attack of grip to preach at the Orthodox church last Sunday, and so. Rev. Mr. Adriance of Winchester kindly officiated in his place.

— From a citizen's standpoint, the B. & M. R Co. ought to buy the Phinney real estate in front of the station, adjoining its roadway, and convert it into a fine park. It would make a daisy.

— Mr. S. T. Brigham of Court street had a severe attack of grip last Sunday morning. It deprived him of the use of his legs for the time being, and he was obliged to take to his couch to recuperate.

— President H. Josephine Hayward and Secretary Grace Lakeman Norris were guests of the Chelsea Club last week when they presented the Shakesperean Comedy, "As You Like It," at the Academy of Music.

— The days have increased in length 1 hour and 6 minutes. The JOURNAL opines that it has done its full duty to the public and will cease publishing these interesting records of the length of days with this issue.

— Mr. Augustine Stockholm was taken ill while at work at Robinson's patent leather factory last Saturday, and about 9 o'clock that evening was removed from the Central House, where he boards, to the hospital in a serious condition from hemorrhage of the stomach.

— A responsible gentleman living in one of the fashionable quarters of the city offers $10 to anyone who will induce his fine flock of hens to lay eggs enough daily to keep the family frying-pan busy. Don't all apply at once.

— The Directors of the High School Athletic Association have appointed Michael J. Mulkeen Manager, and James Hern Captain, of the baseball team. They will be likely to make things on the diamond hum next summer.

— Preparations for the N. W. A. A. minstrel show, to be given on Feb. 19 and 20, go bravely on. All indications point to a grand one. Some of the best burnt cork artists in the city will have prominent parts in the entertainment.

— The case of Mrs. Mary Callahan against Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., was called in the Superior Court at Cambridge last Monday morning and a default entered. The suit was brought by Mrs. Callahan to recover an insurance of $2000.

— The building on Montvale avenue formerly occupied by Legg, the photographer, is being remodelled and will be used by the Woburn Dye House. The upper part will be finished for a tenement, and will be occupied by Mr. Remmick, the proprietor.

— Mr. William E. Anderson, employed at the Richardson Bros. laundry in Boston, met with a serious accident one day last week. He was alighting from his delivery team and fell, striking his knee on the curbstone. He will be laid by for some weeks.

— Last Monday employees of the Woburn L. H. & P. Co. cut down and removed the large square electric wire poles from along the streets. They had become rotten and dangerous, and it was necessary to substitute the old fashioned round ones in their places.

— Last week the JOURNAL located Pell City, where Mr. John Maxwell of Winchester is reaping the fruits of a money investment some years ago, in Tennessee, whereas, it should have said Alabama. The many friends of Mr. Maxwell are glad to learn that he is prospering.

— Not many days ago Mr. Alvah A. Persons and wife celebrated the 56th anniversary of their wedding day at their home on Bow street in a quiet and sober manner. They were married in Woburn on Jan. 20, 1847, and are among the best known and highly esteemed residents of this city.

— At the annual meeting of the National Association of Chemical Plumbers and Lead Burners in Boston last Saturday evening, Messrs. John Connors and Daniel Beaton of Woburn were among the officers elected, the former as Sergeant-at-Arms, and the latter as one of the Advisory Board.

— A suit that has given rise to intense and widespread interest in this community, Susie Perriwinkle versus Fitzhugh Fitzwilliams, is to be tried at the Methodist church on Wednesday evening, Feb. 11. Eminent counsel have been employed by the parties in the case, and an exciting trial is anticipated.

— The famous Henry Watterson of Kentucky is to lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" next Monday evening in the Burbeen Course. It isn't likely that Lyceum Hall will be able to hold nearly all the people who will flock to it in hopes of hearing the great Blue Grass Editor and Orator. He draws immense audiences everywhere he goes.

— Mr. J. Fred Leslie is a skilled workman at repairing furniture and making it as good as new. In restoring and repairing antique furniture, "grandfather's clocks," and the like, he is an adept. He tells about it in a card in this paper.

— It is suspected that Ald. Brady does not look upon the scheme for a new schoolhouse with favor. He is an economist of the most pronounced stripe, and would not, if he could help it, have the city's money wasted on ornamental architecture.

— Supt. Emerson's leave of absence expires on April 1, by which date it is expected he will be able to resume work among the schools of this city. In the meantime Chairman Riley of the School Board, and Miss Bryant, Assistant Superintendent, are managing the educational affairs in good shape.

— General Superintendent D. W. Sanborn did a good thing when he issued a decree last week prohibiting gambling on the trains of the B. & M Railroad Co. There must be no more playing cards in the smoker for money or chips, and only the innocuous game of whist can be lawfully indulged in by sporting patrons. Good for Supt. Sanborn.

— There was a flutter of excitement among the public hackmen of this city last Monday over a report that a Boston Transfer Company were about to locate a branch here, as they have done in some other suburban cities. The report, however seems to have been without foundation, and the anxieties of the hackmen were ultimately relieved.

— Mr. George A. Davis, a Woburn boy and a graduate of the JOURNAL office, is seriously ill at his home in Dorchester. He is a brother of ex-Mayor Davis, and holds the responsible position of Secretary of Typographical Union, No. 13, Boston. He was a candidate for School Committee at the last election in Boston, receiving a handsome vote.

— A plenty of sunshine and 40 degrees above zero are pinching the coal dealers bad. With a zero temperature and conscienceless hearts they have been the authors of a great deal of suffering this winter, but Old Sol and vernal zephyrs will check their grind and knock them higher than Gilroy's kite. They can't beat Nature, no way they can fix it.

— Please note carefully what the Robbins Drug Company, successors to J. W. Huntley & Co., have to say about some of the innumerable goods kept at the popular old store in Mechanics Block. The new proprietors are taking right hold of buisiness and are bound to push it. "Something doing?" Well, we should say so! Look at those figures for Malted Milk, Mellen's Food, etc.

— Professor Clark, sub-Master of the High School, has been suffering from grip this week, and unable to attend to business. He boards at Mrs. Taylor's, 23 Pleasant street, and rooms at Mrs. Dr. Murphy's on the same thoroughfare. Five teachers in our schools have been obliged to employ substitutes this week on account of grip.

— E. J Gregory, auctioneer, is to sell the Woburn Hotel, formerly so called, on Bennett street, opposite the B. & M. station, for Mrs. Sarah M. C. Phinney, executrix of the will of the late Robert J. W. Phinney, at 2 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 11. The property, now occupied by Mrs. E. F. McDonald as a boardinghouse, is valuable, and ought to meet with ready sale.

— Mr. John E. Gilcreast, son of Capt. John Gilcreast, Superintendant of the Woburn Gas Light Co., has become a member of the firm of Burnham & Haynes, Boston bankers and brokers. He is a young man of fine business ability, as his connection of 13 years with the mercantile Trust Co. of Boston, and its Treasurer for 6 years of that period, amply demonstrates.

— St. Valentines Day is due to put in an appearance in this latitude on Feb. 14, or one week from tomorrow. It is expected that a great many heart-stirring messages, mostly in rhyme, and pictures, will be exchanged by the boys and girls of this city. The dealers in Valentines like it; the postoffice people dread it; proving that the same things look quite unlike from different points of view.

— Prime anthracite coal is coming into town in abundant quantities. Cummings, Chute & Co. received several carloads a few days ago, and on Tuesday reduced the price to $11 a ton. Daylight for the poor suffering consumer is approaching. Wood is plenty, spring is near at hand, and the "dear people" are to have a word or two to say about the price of coal, and who they will patronize, very soon.

— That of the last Friday of each month of the year controls the weather of the next succeeding month. It is a long established and invariable rule. Accordingly, this month of February is to be a disagreeable one. It will furnish an abundance of food for chronic faultfinders, and ample cause for lamentations for all others. Last Friday was not a day to be admired, or lovingly cherished in memory.

— Mr. Michael J. Mulkeen, who had been bookkeeper for the late Thomas Salmon continuously for more than 20 years, still occupies the same position in the Main street store, and is likely to for a long time to come. He understands the business thoroughly, and is a faithful and honest man. The large Salmon estate now belongs to Mrs. John F. Scalley, daughter of the deceased grocer, and his grandson, Thomas W. Salmon.

— When returning from a call on Mr. Frank Tracey, Financial Secretary of Quealey Court, 32, M. C. O. F., of which he was a member, to his home, 23 Vining street, Mr. James O'Laughlin was struck by a switch engine of the Boston & Maine Railroad, about 6.30 last Monday evening, and received injuries from which he died in about an hour. He was about 60 years old, and left a wife to mourn his sad and sudden death. His body was terribly crushed, and nothing could be done at the hospital to save his life.

...PRESCRIPTIONS...

DOZENS COMPOUNDED DAILY AT THE PILL BOX.

Have yours compounded by "The Old Reliable" in business in Woburn for 20 years.

— The ball given by the St. Charles C. T. A. S. in Armory Hall last Friday evening was an immense affair. The large Hall was crowded with dancers, musicians and spectators, and everything ran as smooth as clock-work. The St. Charles boys and Auxiliary always draw great crowds to their social functions, but that of last Friday evening beat all former ones. The fact is, they give the public their money's worth and right change back.

— It appears to be a mooted question whether, or not, the Groundhog saw his shadow at 12 m. last Monday when he came to the surface of the earth to see how things were going Some say that the sun shone out at that hour, and that the animal could have seen his shadow. The weight of authority, however, is the other way, and the JOURNAL's opinion coincides with that of the majority. We think it safe to say that the backbone of winter is broken.

— The following are the officers of Baldwin Council, 125, R. A., for the current year: Representative Sewall D. Samson; Alternate Representative, Alva S. Wood; Regent, J. Foster Deland; Vice Regent, Lawrence Reade; Orator, J. G. Maguire; Past Regent, Francis A. Partridge; Secretary, Edward E. Foss; Collector, Charles H. Harrington; Treasurer, Alva S Wood; Guide, Sewall D. Samson; Warden, James H. Linnell; Trustees, F. A. Flint, H. H. Leathe, T. B. Evans.

— Mr. Sidney Smith Richardson died a few days ago at the Old Men's Home in Worcester street, Boston, of which he had been a resident for several years. He was the son of Bartholomew Richardson, born in Woburn, June 24, 1828, and a resident of this town all his life until he went to the Home. He was the father of Mr. Frank P. Richardson, and a man well esteemed by his fellow citizens, being a member of the numerous and highly respected family of Richardsons of Woburn and Winchester.

— Grip colds still hold their own in this community. Many people are and have been ill with the prevailing distemper, and in some cases its severity has been unparalleled since Grip first made its appearance here several years ago and proved fatal to some of its victims. It is said that the immediate cause of the death of Mrs. Abijah Thompson on Court street last Monday morning was Grip. Hon. E E Thompson has suffered from a severe attack of it lately; and many other cases are reported.

— The JOURNAL Man was greatly pleased to receive a fraternal call from Mr. Maitland P. Foster last Monday morning, whose errand was partly to get a few points respecting Groundhog Day, not omitting to say that he has a warm spot under his waistcoat for the JOURNAL Man. Up to three years ago Mr. Foster was the esteemed Editor of the Wakefield *Citizen and Banner*, and made a firstclass paper of it. He is now Secretary and Treasurer of the Marigold-Foster Printing Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who own and carry on successfully the largest printing plant in that city of 75,000 inhabitants. We were pleased to learn that he is doing a prosperous business, for "Mait." is a deserving young man, and about as good as they make them this year.

— It is proposed to make the meeting of the Woman's Club, to be held on Feb. 20, a "home talent" one. It has been under consideration some time and was expected to have been held last November, but for various reasons the arrangements were delayed and the entertainment postponed. The general management of the affair was delegated to Mrs. Edwin F. Wyer, whose recent illness has compelled the President of the Club, Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, to engage actively in the preparations for the meeting, and unless grip seizes the entire membership a fine programme will be carried out. We are not aware that its precise character has been determined on, but music, recitations, and perhaps original papers, are likely to occupy leading places on it. Many smart women belong to the Club, and they are capable of giving as meritorious and enjoyable an entertainment as any foreign talent that could be procured. Among them are good musicians, readers and writers, and we feel sure that the local public will appreciate and keenly relish a "home talent" musical and literary soiree given by them.

Woman's Club Educational Symposium.

There will be an extra meeting of the Club on Thursday afternoon February 12, at 3 o'clock in Music Hall. Mrs. Andrews of Boston will give an address which will be followed by a discussion. Mrs. Helen M. Owen will sing.

FLORENCE B. DELAND, Corr. Clerk.

This meeting is called by the Directors to further the work of the Conference Committee of the Federated Clubs and the Boston branch of Collegiate Alumnae. Mrs. Andrews is the Secretary of the Educational Committee of the latter association at Radcliffe alumna, with a brilliant record in post-graduate work, as well as in the teacher's profession, and a member of the advisory committee of prominent Massachusetts educators, chief of whom is President Eliot of Harvard University. She is therefore eminently qualified to speak on the subject of educational reform along the lines laid out by her famous leader and co-worker, the late Alice Freeman Palmer.

All persons interested in the work of our public schools are invited to attend this meeting.

GRACE L. NORRIS, Rec'd Clerk.

KINDLY REMEMBER THAT WE CLOSE FRIDAY EVENINGS AS WELL AS MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS DURING JAN., FEB. AND MARCH. HAMMOND & SON, LEADING CLOTHIERS.

FURNITURE REPAIRING!

Antique Furniture made over and polished.

Special attention given to Repairing Antique Clocks.

J. F. LESLIE,

110 Montvale Ave., WOBURN, MASS.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.

City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a regular meeting on Monday night, Feb. 2, with President Johnson in the chair.

Thomas E. Smith, Francis Bellew, and George W. Merrill, were drawn as jurymen.

Mayor Feeney, and Ald. Felch and Maguire, were constituted a special committee to settle with the plaintiffs in the five suits now pending in the Superior Court against the city to recover damages for personal injuries sustained by reason of defective highways. In the interests of economy this course was recommended by Mayor Feeney in a letter to the Council and is likely to result in a large saving of money to the city.

President Johnson and Ald. Brady and Aylward were constituted a committee to accompany the Mayor on a visit to the Board of Metropolitan Commissioners on Feb. 5, in the interests of a boulevard in this city.

The matter of a regular police officer at North Woburn was referred to Com. on Police.—A special committee was given charge of the new schoolhouse matter. Ald Brady wanted it to go to the Finance Committee.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The return to the Tremont next Monday of "King Dodo" is an event of the theatrical season that has long been pleasurably anticipated by the playgoers of Boston and the vicinity. When this work by the authors of "Prince of Pilsen" was first heard on Manager Schoeffel's stage, just a year ago, it sprang into immediate and lasting popularity. The critics without exception accorded warm praise to the book, the music and the production, and the public filled the house to overflowing at every performance throughout the six weeks' engagement. Mr. Henry W. Savage's company contributed much to the success of the piece, for the principal roles were in the hands of exceptionally clever comedians and accomplished singers, while the chorus is remembered as noteworthy for vocal ability and good looks. It is pleasant, therefore, to learn that few changes have been made in the cast. Raymond Hitchcock has added metropolitan laurels to his string of successes since last he played the merry monarch of musical drollery here, while Cheridah Simpson, the prima donna, as Piola; Greta Risley, contralto, as Queen Lili; Flora Zabelle as Annette, Margaret McKinney as Angela, Arthur Wooley as Dr. Fizz, William Corliss as Mudge, and Ivar Anderson as Pedro, all conspired toward making Dodo the huge success which New York proclaimed it. New costumes, new scenic effects, up-to-date lyrics, the large chorus of pretty girls, several new songs and an augmented orchestra of 25 musicians, together with practically the same principals, render it safe to predict for the coming engagement, therefore, a success no less pronounced than was scored last season.

MUSIC HALL

Blaney's best American melodrama, "Across the Pacific," will be the attraction at the Boston Music Hall next week. There is enough action in this play to suit the desires of every kind of theatre goer, humor and pathos, laughter and tears are intermingled in pleasant harmony. But the comedy element of the play is by far the greater and this to the liking of all lovers of good clean fun. The popular little comedian, Harry Clay Blaney, who is known in the play as "Willie Live," a reporter with a camera "always on the spot" to add a scene to his new play with a thrilling snap-shot, is the central figure of the production.

Obituary.

MRS. TRYPHENA P. THOMPSON, wife of Mr. Abijah Thompson, died suddenly at her home, No. 12 Court street in this city, about 9 o'clock Monday morning, February 2, 1903, aged 82 years, 3 months, and 15 days.

She was born at Lemster, N. H. (the Thompson History gives her birthplace as Wilton, N. H.), her parents having been Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Hackett. Her father was a native of Greenfield, N. H., and her mother, Lois Butler, was born at Lyndeboro, N. H.

Abijah Thompson of Woburn, Mass., and Tryphena P. Hackett of Wilton, N. H., were married on Oct. 24, 1844, and have ever since made their home here. She joined the First Congregational church at Woburn Centre in 1871, having transferred her membership from the North Woburn Congregational church, and has honored her profession by a well ordered and exemplary Christian life.

Mrs. Thompson left, to lament their loss, her husband, Mr. Abijah Thompson; a daughter, Mrs. Emma T. Dow; and several grandchildren. She is also survived by a sister, the wife of Hon. Edward E. Thompson of Montvale ave., this city; Mrs. Roxanna Marshall of Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. Luther Cram of Lyndeboro, N. H.; and a brother, Mr. C. H. Hackett of Minneapolis, Minn. In addition to her family, Mrs. Thompson enjoyed the esteem of a large circle of acquaintances in this community, formed during many years of residence here, and by these her loss will be deeply felt. She was a good wife and mother, a kind neighbor, and steadfast friend. She loved the services and duties of her church and its kindred organizations, and was always a willing and generous contributor to them. The family have the sympathy of the people of this city in their bereavement.

The funeral was held at the late home of the deceased at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 5, the religious services being conducted by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., and Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., Pastor Emeritas and Pastor of the Congregational church. Appropriate pieces were sung. Messrs. Tripp were the undertakers, and the burial was at Woodbrook.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—MRS J. A. MOORE, North Star, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Man's Three Friends." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning a 10.45. Subject: "Soul." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Polished Pillars in the Temple of Life." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., evening service with sermon by the pastor. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Septuagesima Sunday. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. 7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan 31, Elizabeth F. Ross, aged 29 years, 3 months, 14 days.

In this city, Feb. 2, James O'Laughlin, aged 51 years.

In this city, Feb. 2, Mrs. Tryphena P., wife of Mr. Abijah Thompson, aged 82 years, 3 months, 15 days.

OLIVES Are Cheaper!

Best Queen Olives, qts.,	55c. per Bottle
Best Queen Olives, pts.,	30c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, pts.,	25c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, ½ pts.,	20c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives in small bottles (2 styles), 10c. per bottle.	

STUFFED OLIVES

10c., 32c. and 50c. per Bottle.

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Theatre - Boston

"There is No King but Dodo"

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

BEGINNING MONDAY, FEB. 9.

AFTER A

Triumphal Tour

Of the United States

HENRY W. SAVAGE

AGAIN PRESENTS

KING DODO

THE RECORD-BREAKING

COMIC OPERA

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"PRINCE OF PILSEN"

Raymond Hitchcock

A BRILLIANT SUITE, AND

70 SURPASSING ..SINGERS.. 70

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Seats Ready Tuesday, Feb. 3.

By E. J. GREGORY. - Auctioneer.

Executrix's Sale.

Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday the 11th day of February next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described estate, belonging to the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney, and situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to wit:

A certain lot of land situated in said Woburn, opposite the Boston & Maine R. R. Station in said Woburn, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the street in front of the R. R. Station of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and running thence across an 18 feet passageway and land of Nathaniel Simonds, southwesterly, 110.28; thence northwesterly by other land of the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney and land of Sarah M. C. Phinney, 95.5 feet; thence northeasterly by estate of Dr. Graves and land of Boston & Maine Railroad, 104 58 feet; thence easterly four feet; thence southeasterly by said Railroad, 92.20 feet, containing 10,310 sq. ft. more or less.

Also a certain tract of land adjoining the tract above described together with the buildings thereon, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the before mentioned estate, at the easterly corner thereof, thence southwesterly by land of Almira P. Richardson, 98.8 feet; thence northwesterly by Bennett street, 94 feet; thence northeasterly by land of Mattie A. Thayer and land of B. Champney, 97.77 feet; thence southeasterly by land before described, 95.5 feet; containing 9,450 sq. ft. more or less.

An undivided half of both of the above described lots belonging to the estate of Robert J. W. Phinney, and the other undivided half belonging to Sarah M. C. Phinney. The entire interest to be sold at the above time and place.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY, Executrix of will of Robert J. W. Phinney.

Jan. 21, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Thomas Salmon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JULIA A. SCALLEY, Admx.
No. 10 Arlington Road, Woburn, Mass.

January 26th, 1903.

Estate of Sarah E. Fisher, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Sarah E. Fisher, and notice is hereby given that six months from the sixth day of January A. D. 1903, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the third day of March, 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the seventh day of April, 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

FRANK L. PERRY, Executor.

Early Spring Styles.

To know what these are going to be, look over the February Butterick Patterns just received.

These February patterns show skirts with outside box plaits at the back, bolero jacket effects, some further developments in Norfolks. A new lot of Russian styles, tucked Empires, Blouses with capes, &c.

A Butterick Pattern enables you to make your own dress. Butterick Patterns can be relied upon for up-to-dateness. Fashion Sheets free at our Pattern Counter.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

ORDERS RECEIVED
— FOR —
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— OF —
EVERY DESCRIPTION

From the MISHAWUM FLOWER CO. Carl Everberg, Manager. Funeral designs and bouquets a specialty, and satisfaction always given. All orders filled promptly and at short notice.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
DRUGGIST,
361 Main St.
TELEPHONE: 151-2 Woburn.

HAVE
You Visited

the largest and finest retail market in Boston? It is located at No. 105 Causeway St., opposite North Station and you can save money by buying your Meats, Groceries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit.

Bargains offering all the time.

Good Corn Beef 6c lb
Sirloin Steak 15 & 20c lb
Sirloin Roasts 15 & 20c lb
Fancy Legs Lamb 15c lb
Fancy Chickens 20c lb

All grades of coffee roasted and ground fresh every day. Complete Fish department. Free delivery in all the suburbs within 10 miles of Boston.

North Union Market,
105 CAUSEWAY ST.,
Opp. North Station, BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bartholomew Donahoe to Leonard Thompson dated November 1st, A. D., 1888, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1879, Page 220, said mortgage being duly assigned to John G. Maguire by Maria L. Thompson and Lewis W. Thompson, Executors of the will of Leonard Thompson, deceased, by assignment dated January 20, A. D., 1903, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3015, Page 407, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the twenty-first day of February, A. D., 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of a private street leading southerly out of Church street in said Woburn, containing about sixteen hundred and forty square feet, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on a private street, or court, leading southerly out of said Church street at a stake at land of Stephen A. Ferrin; from thence the line runs easterly by said land of Ferrin about forty-one feet to a stake at land formerly of Daniel Fahey; thence southerly by land formerly of said Fahey about fifty feet to a stake at land of Henry Bishop; thence westerly by land of said Bishop and said Stephen A. Ferrin about forty-one feet to a stake at said private street, or court; thence northerly by and with said street, or court, about fifty feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises described in a deed from Leonard Thompson to Bartholomew Donahoe dated November 1, 1888. Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens. A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance within ten days, at the office of the undersigned, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., January 26th, 1903.

Mortgagee's
Notice of Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick D. Conlon and Mary Conlon, his wife, in her right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Louisa C. Hudson, dated November 6, 1896 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2546, Page 194, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Monday, February 23, 1903,

t three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, containing eighteen thousand nine hundred and fifty eight square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on Buck street, so called, from thence the line runs east of south by and with said Buck street, two hundred feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs south of west still by said Buck street, eighty-two and one half feet to land of the heirs of Josiah Leathe; thence turning the line runs northwesterly by said land last named one hundred and ninety-two feet to land formerly of Thomas Richardson; thence east of north by land last named one hundred and sixteen feet to the point of beginning. Together with the right at all times to use said Buck street, for all proper uses of a street or passway in common with others having the same right.

One hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale, and the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Mortgagee.
JOHN W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, January 23, 1903.

FOR RENT.
Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls. Location: No. 16 Plympton street.

Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND,
403 Main street, Woburn

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Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
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C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frances Anthony, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Robert West of said Woburn who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of February, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.
PROBATE COURT.

To the Honorable the Attorney-General for said Commonwealth, and to all persons interested in the estate given in trust under the will of Peter Fisk, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, for the relief of feeble Baptist Churches.

WHEREAS, Samuel Cook and others, Deacons of the First Baptist Church in said Woburn, have presented to said Court their petition praying the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, a body corporate, or some suitable person may be appointed Trustee of said estate in place of said First Baptist Church, which has resigned the trust and that said Massachusetts Baptist Convention may be exempt from giving a surety on its bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of February A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Attorney-General for said Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three..

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

CONTUSIONS,
SPRAINS, CUTS,

Resulting from bad falls, may be quickly relieved and cured by

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK. LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Draws out all pain and soreness, reducing swelling, inflamation and irritation.

Take no other. This is universally prescribed by physicians.

Look for Trade-Mark.

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OPTICAL PARLORS.
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Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

THOMAS SALMON,
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480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

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LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Celia Callahan, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

THOMAS J. FEENEY, Executor.
No 53 Warren Ave., Woburn, Mass.
January, 23, 1903.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn Visited by a Great Benefactor.

Edward H. Callahan Co. Druggists secure sole right to dispense eminent physician's prescription.

A story of twenty-five years of Endeavor—What the result makes possible—How it affects the conditions of the people of Woburn—Immediate and lasting benefit.

Some 25 years or so ago a young physician, fresh from his studies in a leading Medical College, received an appointment which put him on the medical staff of the Bellevue Hospital of New York City. The appointment was a fitting tribute to the young physician's ability and learning; it was an honor that could come to but the very brightest of young physicians. Bellevue Hospital at that time, as it does today, stood for the highest attainment in medical and surgical skill and represented the most advanced thought and methods; established connection with it guaranteed abundant and diversified experience under the most skilled tutoring in the whole world, giving to the physician thus fortunate a superb and unequalled equipment of general practice.

In his few years of active participation in the practice of medicine and surgery in Bellevue Hospital, the skill of this young physician was called into play in thousands and thousands of cases representing every phase of every disease known to medicine. Always more than an ordinary observer, his skill and success in reading correctly the symptoms of the many cases brought to him for treatment soon won for him an enviable reputation among the medical fraternity as a wonderfully clever diagnostician—which means that he correctly interpreted the symptoms presented by his patients and was thus enabled to name the exact disease or ailment with which they were suffering. To be a rapid and correct diagnostician is counted in the medical profession as a wonderful attainment. More than half of the failures of physicians to cure their patients is due to not being able to read their symptoms correctly and fix on the exact ailment to be treated. Let it be understood that our young physician became expert in this branch of medical science.

AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

Constant and keen observation of the varying symptoms exhibited by hundreds of different ailments in their various stages of development showed that a certain set of symptoms were presented with remarkable frequency. Thoroughly aroused by the possibilities of this astounding discovery, the Bellevue Hospital physician made even closer observations than was his custom, he studied, he compared notes until it was revealed, beyond all power of contradiction, to his wonderfully developed and skilled perception that these symptoms were positively exhibited, in varied forms perhaps yet truly and plainly apparent, in every ailment or disease which afflicted the human body.

Recognizing the fact that his genius and skill and research had revealed a wonderful secret, this physician determined to keep his discovery to himself and use it for the benefit of suffering humanity in exclusion to physicians of all schools. He had practically discovered the conditions which bring on disease and sickness and with this knowledge it was but a step to perfect a medicine which would remove these causes for disease and sickness and therefore make these conditions impossible.

Believing that his sphere of usefulness would be increased, this physician withdrew from the hospital service and took up private practice. For 25 years this physician has been curing disease and sickness whenever his services were demanded; his fame has become continental, and many of his successes are marvellous, being heralded far and wide as evidences of miraculous skill and perception.

10,000 TESTIMONIALS FROM THE CURED.

In all those thousands and thousands of cures this eminent physician used but one prescription—the one which he perfected years ago to cure the real causes for all diseases as revealed by his remarkable discovery while a member of the staff of Bellevue Hospital. With the evidence of thousands of miraculous cures of all kinds of sicknesses covering a period of 25 years of the most active and varied practice, certainly this prescription must constitute the most marvellous power for good ever placed in the hands of the suffering public. Yet this is just what this eminent physician is doing; he is placing this prescription in the hands of one reliable druggist in every town in the land and allows him to dispense it. This eminent physician compounds this prescription himself, that is, it is compounded in his laboratory under his personal direction and supervision. Thus carefully prepared and placed in the hands of one recognized, reliable druggist in every town and city, the originator is certain that his prescription is distributed to the sick and suffering as originally compounded and without being tampered with in any way.

A TIMELY VISIT. COLDS, PNEUMONIA AND GRIP PERMANENTLY CURED.

The coming of VITONE TONIC at this time when colds, pneumonia and grip are pretty universal is particularly fortunate. Here is a prescription which is more than a cure for these conditions; it is prevention. VITONE TONIC is a prescription that protects the weakest as well as the strongest against the dreaded results of severe and uneven weather. Every possible precaution should be taken to prevent catching cold or the grip, for these are but a step from pneumonia and consumption. VITONE TONIC is taken into the blood at once and almost immediately its positive and soothing influence is felt in the irritated and affected regions; fever is driven out of the blood; the strained nerves are quieted; the inflamed surfaces are soothed; and the condition known as a "cold" ceases to exist. Irritating coughs that rack the body and strain the throat are quickly quieted and cured by VITONE TONIC in its peculiarly subtle and positive manner. These wonderful changes and cures are brought about by the certain and never-failing action of the healing influences of the wisely chosen herbs, roots and barks which are the basis of this universal medicine. The weakening and depressing effects of grip and "colds" are overcome and the whole body strengthened in every nerve, muscle and fibre, so far-reaching and perfect is the action of VITONE TONIC.

NOT AN OPIATE NOR ALCOHOLIC STIMULANT.

Patients are asked to remember that while the action of VITONE TONIC is positive and immediate, while its effect is soothing and calming, while it strengthens with a mighty power, yet there is in its composition absolutely nothing of an opiate nature, that the stimulation secured is natural and not alcoholic. Its power consists in absolutely perfect adaptation to meet diseased conditions with a directness and despatch that is miraculous in its certainty of purpose.

VITONE TONIC is an elegant and finished product with an agreeably pleasant bitter taste—there's health in every dose. For sale at 75 cents for large bottle, by Edward H. Callahan Co., Druggists, Woburn, Mass.

Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of influenaz (grip), and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficulty in breathing and pains in the chest, then it is announced that the patient has pneumonia. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

P. M. Harwood.

P. M. Harwood, the recently elected general agent of the Dairy Bureau of the State Board of Agriculture, has had an interesting and varied career. Born on a farm in Barre, one of the famous dairy towns of western Worcester County, in 1853, he grew to manhood on the farm and in the simple atmosphere of the country home. Graduated from the Massachusetts Agricultural College in the class of 1875 he made his home at Barre, where he took up dairying and the breeding of Holstein Friesian cattle. He established a reputation as a breeder of skill, the Imperial Government of Japan being among his patrons, he making the first shipment of Holstein Friesian cattle ever sent into that country. About this time he served one term as a member of the State Board of Agriculture, representing the Worcester County West Agricultural Society. In 1891 he closed out his interests in Barre and went to Ohio to establish a creamery plant for a wealthy Cleveland gentleman. From this position he was called to the chair of agriculture at the Michigan Agricultural College, Lansing, being also agriculturist of the experiment station. On his return to the East he entered the employ of the Mass. Board Cattle Commissioners, being engaged in appraising condemned herbs to some extent, but mainly in the performing of autopsies to determine the actual condition of animals slaughtered because of tuberculosis. About three years ago he entered the employ of the Dairy Bureau and has since served as one of its agents. On January 14th he was elected general agent of the Dairy Bureau of the State Board of Agriculture at its annual meeting. The Bureau has been for some time desirous of securing a general agent who could give his whole time to the work and who could make his headquarters at the rooms of the Board of Agriculture at the State House. In Mr. Harwood they have secured a man who meets these conditions. He is able and courteous, a hard worker, and with an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the Bureau through his previous work under its direction. Mr. Harwood will have the charge, under the Bureau, of the work of the State in enforcing its laws against the fraudulent sale of oleomargerine and renovated butter, milk, etc., and with his known qualifications for the work a successful administration may be expected.

Great Public Accommodation.

What will prove a great accommodation to passengers on the Boston & Maine system is the company's new plan of checking baggage from the North to the South Station. Heretofore this could be done only on a through ticket, but, under the present arrangement, a like privilege goes with a local, mileage, or any other form.

For instance, a passenger leaving Wakefield can, on application to the baggage agent, and by paying 25 cents for each piece, have his effects transferred to the South Station without further trouble. The charges on baby carriages and bicycles is 50 cents for each piece.

This arrangement will prove of particular advantage to the large number of summer tourists who go from points on the Boston & Maine to the numerous resorts on the South Shore.—*Wakefield Citizen & Banner.*

The Boston & Maine Railroad Managers are right up to date in every invention or improvement that makes for the benefit of the patrons of the great System, and the one mentioned by our esteemed neighbor is not the least of their progressive steps. The traveling public will find this checking baggage across the city of Boston mighty convenient.

WINCHESTER.

About the most wideawake and beneficial institution in this town is the Y. M. C. A. The people take an interest in it, and it is admirably conducted.

The "Observations" of Col. N. A. R. continue to be philosophical, reminiscent, and interesting. Experience and observation of over 80 years have fitted his brain and filled it with good things for his "Obs."

Things are getting warm in view of the approaching Town Meeting. The number of people "mentioned" for the offices appears to be in excess of former years. Mr. Carter is likely to pull through with votes to spare.

There are people among us who want to do away with the caucus for nominating town officers. They are not likely to succeed, although on a purely democratic basis the caucus is not recognized; elections from the floor is the fundamental idea.

The following are the new officers of Conclave Pride, 136, K. S. F.: Commander, A. F. Mullen; Vice Commander, A. F. Forten; Adjt., J. H. Holland; Paymaster, J. F. McNelly; Sergt.-Major, Isador Blout; Master-at-Arms, Frank R. McNeil; 1st Lieut., Daniel Lydon; 2d Lieut., Coleman Flaherty, Jr.; 1st Sergt., David King; 2d Sergt., James Wheeler; Drill Captain, Fred Piggreim.

Literary Notices.

Pretty nearly the whole range of human interest is covered in the February number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, New England's only illustrated monthly. Thus, under the several heads we find: Politics, Science, Art, Religion, Travel, Letters, character studies, Woman's Work, Fiction, Poetry, all fresh, risp, readable, and illustrated with scores of new drawings and photo-engravings. Affairs in Washington, written by Joe Mitchell Chapple, the Editor, a series of papers, admirably illustrated, which has been running in the NATIONAL for a long time, is the star featnre of this popular magazine, and as pen and pencil pictures of current life at the National Capital is brimfuf of interest.

The Grand Army of the Republic has considerable space devoted to it in the February number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Colonel John C. Linehan, the writer of the article, gives a most entertaining account of the organization of the Order. Biographical sketches of the officers, personal reminiscences of of such comrades as Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, etc., and a fine array of portraits, make the paper one of unusual interest. John Talbot Smith considers Classic Plays and Some Others, and Max Walter Mannix describes the closing days of an American student's life in Rome. Lionel Johnson is the subject of a thoughtful essay by James Keating, and Rev. John F. Mullany continues his series, Our True Position. There are some very readable short stories, including one of Irish life in the mountains and by the sea, and a lengthy instalment of the serial, The Call of Charles Walford. As usual the various departments give much useful information. The book reviews are numerous and instructive.

The February number of THE AMERICAN BOY is before us. It is rich in illustration, story and anecdote and full of practical and helpful hints for American boys. The friends of this unique periodical will be pleased to know that it has passed the 100,0000 mark in circulation—truly a great achievement. A full page illustration of an ice boat going at full speed adorns the front cover. The seventh installment of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, written by the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY for boys, appears in this issue. The leading contributions are: Alstyne's Victory, Geoge Washington's School Days illustrated sketch of George Washington and Lafayette, the brave and true friend of liberty; With Uncle Sam's Fishermen. An American Barony, Caught by the Flames, How We Boys Went Wild Westing. The Widow's Valentine, Mr. Butler's Defender Pluck and a Stone Fence, The Industrious Queen, Boys of the Past—Men of the Present. Short articles and anecdotes are: The Twenty Second of February, Captain Kidd, Look Ahead and Figure; From the Streets of Ponce to Harvard College, The Boy Webster, The Crown Prince of Siam, Top or Bottom—which? How to Build an Ice Yacht. The special departments are: With the Boys, The Agassiz Association, Boys and the Garden, The Order of The American Boy, Book Reviews, Lessons in Shorthand, The Boy Photographer, Boys in the Animlal Kingdom Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers Boys in Games and Sport, The Boy Stamp, Coin and Curio Collector, Puzzle department. In March will start the last serial story written by George A. Henty, the best known writer for boys in the world. The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan. $1.00 a year.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard, Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use. For sale by all druggists.

When you feel blue and that everything goes wrong, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse and invigorate your stomach, regulate your bowels, give you a relish for your food and make you feel that in this old world is a good place to live. For sale by all druggists.

Dressing by Act of Parliament.

The old sumptuary laws were those regulations by which the dress and food of the king's subjects were nicely controlled. It was a sort of official Mrs. Grundy. Fashion regulations for men in particular were laid down on very precise lines, and the changes in their attire occurred much more frequently than in women's. Very different is the case now. In those days, too, men's dress was bright and even gaudy.

Prior to 1104 long hair was the regulation. In that year, however, Henry I., of blessed memory to barbers, had all his subjects' locks ruthlessly shorn.

The next important edict of this kind was under Edward III., who insisted that no one should have more than two courses for dinner, except on the eighteen holidays in the year, when the king's lieges might eat and drink at will.

Of interest to ladies will be the hard fate that befell the big sleeves worn by men under Richard II. We are told that some hung down to the knees. When pottage is brought to the table "the sleeves go into them and get the first taste." In short, the nuisance was so intolerable that a statute was passed prohibiting any man below a banneret from wearing them.

The Carbuncle.

One of the rarest and most precious stones is the carbuncle, which is sometimes confounded with the ruby, from which it differs by the intensity of its fires, produced by an internal luster of gold, while under the purple of the ruby there only appear dottings of azure or lacquer. Ethiopia produced the most precious ancient carbuncles. The Chaldeans regarded this stone as a powerful talisman. Legend makes the eyes of dragons out of carbuncles. Garcias ab Horto, physician of one of the viceroys of India, speaks of carbuncles which he saw in the palace of that prince which were so extraordinary in their brilliancy that they seemed "like redhot coals in the midst of darkness." Louis Vertoman reports that the king of Pegu wore an enormous one, which at night appeared to be lighted up with sunbeams. The virtues of the carbuncle are resistance to fire, preservation of the eyes, promotion of pleasant dreams, creation of happy illusions and an antidote against impure air.

A Willful Misunderstanding.

Pitt was induced by Sir John Sinclair to constitute a board of agriculture toward the end of the eighteenth century and make him the president. Having enjoyed his office for a few years, Sinclair began to desire promotion in the social scale. "Dear Mr. Pitt," he wrote to the prime minister, "don't you think the president of the board of agriculture should be a peer?"

"Dear Sir John Sinclair," replied Pitt, "I entirely agree with you. I have therefore appointed Lord Somerville to succeed you as president of the board of agriculture."

Sir John Sinclair went about wringing his hands and exclaiming: "Dear me, dear me! It was such a willful misunderstanding!"—Fortnightly Review.

Lucidly Explained.

The colonel stopped his team before the cabin of an Arkansas squatter to say to the man sitting on a log at the door:

"When I was along here a month ago and asked you how far it was to Colfax, you said it was twelve miles. It's only nine. Why didn't you say nine?"

"It was the old woman's fault," replied the squatter. "I wasn't suah whether it was nine or twelve, and so I went in and axed her. She reckoned it was twelve, and I had to reckon the same or have a row. When I reckoned as she reckoned, she reckoned that you'd reckon it was twelve miles nigh enough, and I reckon you reckoned that way."

The Beautiful Turquoise.

The turquoise is considered as a talisman in Persia, its native soil. It preserves its possessor from accidents and insures constancy in affections. The value of the turquoise depends on its shade and its size, especially its thickness. Those classed as belonging to the old rock are valued very highly. Emblem of youth, of sentiment and tender recollections, the turquoise may be called the forget-me-not of stones.

Contagious Only.

"This fishin' fever seems to be contagious," said the stranger, noting the long row of anglers perched upon the creek bank.

"Yes, it's contagious, all right," said the man who had been fishing four hours without a nibble, "but not ketchin'."—Baltimore American.

Not Particular.

Primus—Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.

Secundus—Which of the girls is it, young man?

Primus—Any one of the three, sir.

The Bachelor.

A western editor pays this tribute to a type which has not its fair share of song and story: "The bachelor represents the most congenial and big hearted type of our commonwealth. His name, while held in public derision by a host of people, will always remain closely interwoven in the history of pioneer life. He it was who pushed out into the wild and woolly west at a time when the buffalo, Indians and coyote were lords of the prairies and by persistent efforts and under privation and want led a heroic life by converting vast areas of the barren wilderness into fertile lands of peace and plenty. Then, without aid of feminine piety to keep vigil over his everyday acts, this sturdy empire builder remained at his post, blazing out the path of fame and introducing thrift and civilization in his wake. Like the cowboy he is slowly passing into history, but his fame is as farreaching as civilization, his name indelibly stamped on the pages of history, while the humble dugout with its original environments will appear in scenic pictures above the footlights of future generations."

Persian Athletes.

Strong and skilled as western athletes are, there are some respects in which the athletes of the east, and especially those of Persia, surpass them. Their skill is due to the fact that they do not rely on brute strength, but on adroitness, which they have acquired after years of strenuous training. They know the function of every muscle in their bodies, and they are not regarded as experts until they are so well trained that they can perform with ease any feat which depends for success not only upon their strength, but also upon the proper play of their muscles.

They are not as bulky as some of the well known athletes of Europe and America, but, on the other hand, their bodies are wonderfully symmetrical, and all their movements are most graceful.

In wrestling and swinging clubs they especially excel, and, no matter how expert they may be, not a day passes that they do not practice for several hours.

Reed Enjoyed It.

Thomas B. Reed was once the victim of a printer's error the unusual aptness of which, after the first flush of indignation had subsided, appealed so strongly to his sense of the comic that he never failed to refer to the matter with the keenest gusto whenever he met the man whom he, with the utmost mock solemnity, always held responsible for it.

The late Colonel John A. Cockerill's handwriting in the heat of composition was sometimes liable to lose itself in an almost interminable tangle, decipherable only with the greatest difficulty. On one occasion he undertook to say that "any one can see Tom Reed has the face of an honest man," but was horrified when he opened his paper the following morning and found that the types made him say that "any one can see Tom Reed has a face like a harvest moon."

Wonders of the Human Heart.

The workings of the human heart have been computed by a celebrated physiologist, and he has demonstrated that it is equal to the lifting of 120 tons in twenty-four hours. Presuming that the blood is thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,000 miles in a lifetime of eighty-four years. In the same period of time the heart must beat 2,869,776,000 times.

Sadiron and Tailor's Goose.

A "sadiron" is the style in which the common flatiron is spoken of in print, says the Syracuse Herald. "Sad" is an old English synonym for heavy, and Spenser wrote, "More sad than lump of lead." A "sadiron" was a heavy iron and long ago was applied to the flatiron now in common domestic use. The tailor's "goose" was so called because the handle bears a fanciful resemblance to the neck of a goose. This name because it had a reason for being still survives.

Literary Diseases.

Many occupations have diseases which are more or less incidental to them, and literature is not exempt. The two most prevalent literary maladies are writer's cramp and swelled head. The unfortunate thing about writer's cramp is that it is never cured. The unfortunate thing about swelled head is that it never kills.—Exchange.

The Trouble With Poultry.

An old woman who went into the poultry business under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs has quit it in disgust because, as she says, "the hens never 'll lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they are cheap."

A Quick Answer.

Johnny's Elder Brother (who wants Johnny to go on an errand)—Didn't you know I was looking for you everywhere?

Johnny—No, I didn't. If I had, you wouldn't have found me.—Chums.

The Meek and Lowly Editor.

When an editor makes a mistake in his paper, all the world sees it and calls him a liar. When a private citizen makes a mistake, nobody knows it except a few friends, and they come around and ask the editor to keep it out of the paper. When the private citizen dies, the editor is asked to write up all his good qualities and leave out the bad. When the editor dies, the private citizen will say, "Now that old liar will get his deserts."—Cleveland (Okla.) Triangle.

The Black Cap.

The black cap has no specific relation to the hanging of a criminal. Its sinister reputation, its color and the fact that a judge when pronouncing a capital sentence always wears it have combined to attach to it a meaning and symbolism which it does not possess. It is really nothing more than a part of the full dress of a judge.—Genealogical Magazine.

A Rich One.

The Visitor—And what are you going to make of him?

Mamma—I want him to be a philanthropist.

"Why, there's no money in that."

"But all the philanthropists have been very rich."

Forgetful.

"Is Bronson as forgetful as ever?"

"More so. Why, that fellow has to look himself up in the directory every night before he goes home from business—forgets his address."

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Advice From Sadi.

Of the distinguished authors of Persia none perhaps has enjoyed a wider popularity than Sadi, who lived in the thirteenth century. He was a great traveler and a close observer, and his anecdotes and short stories are described as being founded on his own experiences and observations. In "Persian Poetry For English Readers" Mr. S. Robinson quotes the following from Sadi's writings:

A pupil said to his instructor, "What am I to do, for people incommode me with the frequency of their visits to such a degree that their conversation produces a great distraction of my valuable time?"

The teacher replied: "To every one who is poor lend and from every one who is rich borrow. They will not come about you again."

Another example embodies excellent advice: A silly fellow, having a pain in his eyes, went to a farrier and asked him for a remedy. The farrier applied to his eyes something which he would have given to an animal, and it blinded him, upon which they made an appeal to the magistrate. The magistrate said:

"This is no case for damages. It is plain that this fellow is an ass or he would not have gone to a farrier."

No man of enlightened understanding will commit weighty matters to one of mean abilities.

A Poser For Conkling.

When Roscoe Conkling first began the practice of law in New York, he lost a most important murder case on which he had worked very hard not only for the fee, which he needed badly, but for a reputation which he had to make. Despite his efforts his client was hanged. Later, when he presented his bill to the man's family, they refused to pay it on the ground that it was excessive. He took the bill to Charles O'Conor, the great criminal lawyer, asking him to pass judgment as to the equity of his charges. O'Conor scanned the account very closely and then, turning to Conkling, very gravely remarked, "Well, Conkling, taking into consideration the enormous amount of energy and time you have devoted to this case, the charges are reasonable, but see here, Conkling, don't you think the man could have been hanged for less money that that?"

The Ptarmigan's Tail.

One of the most entertaining chapters in natural history is that which relates to the many curious means that birds and other animals possess of deceiving the eyes of their enemies. Mr. E. Sandys, in writing of upland game birds, calls attention to a remarkable and beautiful instance. When the ptarmigan puts on its winter dress, it has a black tail. One might suppose that this would attract attention to the bird crouching on the snow, but in fact it serves for concealment. Every projection on a snowfield casts a dark shadow and that is what the tail of the motionless ptarmigan looks like, the body of the bird resembling a mere hump on the white background.

British Museum Treasures.

Among the many costly treasures to be found in the British museum is the "Mainz Psalter," the second book known to have been printed that bears a date and which is valued at £5,000. The books printed by Caxton represent to the museum a fortune in themselves, while the Elgin marbles represent an enormous value only to be estimated in millions. The Rosetta stone might fetch anything from £100,000 to £150,000,000, and the Nineveh bulls with human heads would be cheap at £50,000.

The Ubiquitous Union.

Young Wife (sobbing)—Oh, Clarice, I'm so unhappy! I'm going h-h-home to t-t-t-to my mother!

Clarice—Good gracious, dear! Surely George is not so unkind to you already!

Young Wife (sobbing)—N-n-no, no, no; it's not that. But Mr. Binks, the husband of one of our members, has refused to buy Mrs. Binks a new toque, and the Amalgamated Wives' union has ordered us all out on strike.—Illustrated Bits.

Insulted Her Feet.

Mrs. De Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:

"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there. They would think me very untidy if they did."

"Oh, if they saw them they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband in a consoling tone.

And she hasn't spoken to him since.

The Speaker.

Many years ago an Allen county man announced himself as a candidate for the legislature.

"But you can't make a speech," objected a friend.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," innocently responded the candidate, "for the house always elects a speaker."—Iola (Kan.) Register.

For Keeps.

Mamma—Don't be so selfish. Let your baby brother play with your marbles a little while.

Tommy—But he means to keep them always.

Mamma—Oh, I guess not.

Tommy—I guess yes, 'cause he's swallered 'em.—Philadelphia Press.

Reputations which have been forced into an unnatural bloom fade almost as soon as they have expanded.—Macaulay.

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SILLY

By M. L. Avary

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Her name was Priscilla, but through abbreviation and corruption it became "S'illa" and finally degenerated into "Silly." "So easy do even names go to the dogs, you know," she explained to Dick.

There were some people in the village who did not hesitate to say that Silly herself would "go to the dogs" some day, she had such "shiftless ways." She preferred to wear plain clothes rather than spend time indoors on needlework. She could not be counted on for the sewing circle nor dragged to the debating society. Moreover, she was not as fond of going to church and Sunday school as she might have been.

"It fits me, Dick!" she cried, her face, pink and white as their petals, framed in a bough of apple blossoms. Her eyes were as blue as forgetmenots, and her hair was like the golden tassels of the corn. "The name fits. I haven't any sense, you know."

"That's one of your attractions," drawled Dick. "When a woman hasn't any sense, it's really a drawing card in these days. She's a novelty, you know. Women are so awfully wise and clever that they put a fellow to the blush."

They were sitting on the green grass within a fragrant bower of pearl and rose. Something like dewdrops gathered in the girl's forgetmenot eyes.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?"

"Dick, it's the name and the fitness of the name. It seems so absurd to care about it. But I do. When I was little, it seems to me they might have cared enough about me to let me keep the sweet name my mother gave me. I suppose they thought it was a waste of time on me to say 'Priscilla.' If I had been their own child, they'd never have called me Silly. And to think it'll stick to me all my life!"

"If it were your last name, now," said Dick, "I could change it for you."

"Don't be silly!"

"You're that when you laugh at my lovemaking. It's poor, but honest."

"Dick, do you think, like all the rest, that sensible talk is wasted on me? Do you, Dick? Oh, what would I not give to be a wise, clever woman with a dignified name! Nobody in the world will ever take me seriously as long as I am called Silly!"

"I'll take you seriously if you'll let me; take you and never let you go."

"Dick, would you be willing—you, a varsity man—to have a wife called Silly? You wouldn't! I can see it in your eyes. Oh, to do something very wise and learned! I'd die happy!"

"For heaven's sake," cried Dick in alarm, "don't do anything wise and learned!"

* * * * * * * *

"She never has a serious thought, that girl," her aunt remarked. "If her name don't fit her to a T!"

She was coming up the walk, her arms full of apple blossoms, her hat dangling at her side, singing one of the ragtime tunes with which she scandalized the town.

"She do seem to be light headed," observed her uncle, Samuel Morris. "But, then, she's a good hearted thing."

She could not remember her parents. They had died when she was so little. She seemed to be a sort of accident in her uncle and aunt's family, a rather burdensome and unpleasant one, which by God's grace they must put up with. They lived in an old, old house on the outskirts of a quaint, rambling old village. It was set about with orchards where many birds loved to nest. Silly, when she might have been embroidering herself a petticoat, making a crazy quilt or doing some other sensible thing, preferred to stay out in the orchards with the birds.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Samuel Morris dreamed that a burglar was pressing a pillow down over his face. He tried to cry out, but could not. He heard a great banging at the door and a voice calling:

"Uncle, uncle!"

"Somebody is killing poor Silly," he thought, but he could not move.

Then some one was pulling him out of bed. There were smoke and a gleam of shooting flames. Something wet was slapped over his face. He was being dragged over the floor and down the steps by one who panted hard. A voice—Silly's—was screaming:

"Help me save uncle! Somebody go back for aunt! I couldn't find her!"

"No use!" voices cried back. "Come out quick! The house is about to fall in!"

"I'll save her or I'll die trying! Take uncle!"

They told him afterward, the few neighbors who had seen the fire after it was well under way and had come to help if they could, that as she went back the steps fell down behind her. She had jerked the wet blanket from around him and thrown it about herself.

How she found her aunt in that smoke filled house, with the roar and singing of the flames in her ears, the flash of fire in her eyes, she never could tell. But find her she did, lying unsensible on the floor. She jerked the sheets from a bed, tore them into strips, tied these together and bound one end around her aunt's waist, thinking as she did so:

"Ah, how can I lift her and lower her from the window without killing her!"

But she did it, this wise, strong young Silly, who looked to those below like a goddess of the flames. Younger and more daring help had come. A ladder reaching part way up was against the uncertain walls. Dick was climbing it. He received her burden as she lowered it and passed it on to those below. Then he held out his arms.

"Come, beloved," he said. "Come quickly!"

She had fastened one end of the rope about her waist, the other about the bedpost. She was looking down. "Come!" Dick called again. She climbed out of the window and began to descend hand over hand. Her senses seemed leaving her. She let go.

When she came to herself, she was lying on a big white bed in the village parsonage. People were talking.

"She had more sense than any of us; never lost her head; knew just what to do."

"And she's brave! Think of going back into that house with the steps falling behind her!"

"Yes." The pastor was speaking slowly and ponderously. "She's our village heroine, is Priscilla."

Through the door the voice of the rich man of the village rang out:

"I am going to name the new library I'm giving this village for her."

"S-sh!" The village doctor was speaking. "We must have quiet now. She's recovering consciousness."

"What is it, Priscilla?"

"Apple blossoms," she murmured foolishly. "My hands are so hot. Dick!"

He was kneeling by her bed. The pretty face and hands were bruised and blackened, and the flames had not altogether spared the beautiful golden hair.

"Dick, it hurts so bad to be clever and brave. They're saying I'm that. And I've got my name. But, oh, Dick, I don't want to be wise. It's so painful. Let the others call me Priscilla," in a whisper. "It sounds dignified, and I like it from them. But you—you just call me Silly. I'm not wise or brave, Dick. Don't tell anybody. I went back into the fire because I didn't have any better sense."

"You are right, beloved," said Dick. "Wise people do not run back into the fire to save others. Only the brave, the fools and the angels do that."

Motherhood is woman's natural destiny—actual barrenness is rare—comforting words to childless women.

Many women are denied the happiness of children simply because of some curable derangement of the generative organs.

Among the many triumphs of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is overcoming cases of supposed barrenness. Thousands of children owe their existence to **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** This great medicine is so well calculated to regulate every function of the generative organs that its efficiency in this respect is vouched for by multitudes of women.

Nine Years Without a Child.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—We had been married nine years and never had children, and now we have a little baby girl nineteen months old, the joy of our life. She owes her existence to **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"Before taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** I was a constant sufferer. I had pains in my back and sides, especially before menstruation. I had doctored but received no benefit. Hearing so much about the Vegetable Compound I decided to try it, and after taking six bottles was cured."—Mrs. T. H. Goulbey, 1223 Nevada St., East Toledo, Ohio.

Portrait of a Baby Girl Who Owes her Existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wrote to you some time ago asking why I could not have a child. I explained that I had displacement of the womb and ovarian trouble, and suffered with backache and headache. You sent me a nice letter in reply giving me full instructions how to treat myself, and in accordance with your directions I took your Vegetable Compound, and followed your kind advice faithfully in every respect, and now I have a little girl, the joy of our home. I never would have had my baby if it had not been for your advice and medicine.

"I cannot praise **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** enough for what it has done for me. I hope other childless women will see this letter."—Mrs. John Uberlacker, 1111 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio.

Another Happy Case in Brooklyn.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wrote to you a year ago telling you of my troubles. I had pains in the ovaries, menses were painful, and **I had never borne children.**

"You answered my letter and I followed your advice. I was completely cured. Have just given birth to a fine, healthy babe, and during childbirth had a very easy time.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines are a God send to women who want to be mothers."—Mrs. Schultz, 12 Luzner St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many women whose letters we print were utterly discouraged, and life lacked all joy to them when they wrote Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., without charge of any kind. They received advice which made them strong, useful women again.

The Passing of the Pie.

A word as to the causes of the disfavor with which pie has come to be regarded. Like other things, it kept a place by force of tradition after its special work was done, and, being always a "hearty" dish, when the savory piece of pie was added to the plenty of the prosperous table in the nature of things it proved the one straw too much and broke down the digestion already weakened by indoor life and airtight stoves.

The pie is not as black as it has been painted, having had to bear the load of many circumstances not its own fault. The viand which has usurped its place at dinner is not as blameless as it is commonly held to be. For children eating no meat pudding may well be dinner, but for grownups a helping of pudding gives as much unnecessary food value as did pie. It must be remembered in discussing pastry also that it was in good hands not the heavy, greasy kind so often found today. The early cooks attained great skill in preparing light, flaky "crusts." The passing of the pie is not to be regretted in view of the greater abundance of fresh food, especially as the making of the pie requires not only skill, but time, and the baking of the pie in modern stoves is a matter of large experience.—Good Housekeeping.

Perishable Goods.

In a Vermont village there lives a young man who has reached the age of twenty-four with no apparent thought of taking to himself a wife, although all his companions have either "settled" or left the place. He is regarded by the entire community as a confirmed bachelor. His mother looks upon his state with a sadness which has afforded more or less amusement to her summer boarders.

"There's one of his last pictures," said the mother, displaying a photograph on a small card. "It's a good likeness, ain't it? Getting kind of drawed round the mouth, same as his pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been wanting he should have a dozen taken, so I could give 'em round to his friends—young ladies—for sometimes a picture standing on a bureau, facing right to you every morning, will start a kind of affectionate feeling. I've been waiting in the hopes he'd think of it himself, but when I saw that he was beginning to fade and show his age I took matters right into my own hands and marched him to the photographer quick as I could. I only hope some good may come of it."—Youth's Companion.

Breaking the Silence.

A little tot of about five summers held a place recently in one of the United States supreme court seats while the learned justices were handing down their weighty decisions. The court was the embodiment of dignity, so much so that it was almost oppressive. The little girl fidgeted in her place as the justices in monotonous tones expounded fine points of law, and she shook her head, adorned with a big picture hat, in impatience.

There came a pause. One justice ceased to speak, as he had given forth all he had to say on some important litigation. The silence was thick enough to be cut with a knife, as they sometimes say in the books. The messenger by the noiseless folding doors shifted from one foot to the other, the throng of lawyers within the bar waited breathlessly for the next decision to be announced. Still no justice spoke.

It was more than the little girl with a picture hat could endure. "Mamma," said she in a voice audible even up to the judicial bench, "why don't some one laugh?"—New York Tribune.

Air Pressure.

It is proved that when air is heated it rises, and also that it expands, and perhaps some of us are now wondering why it should rise. This is a rather hard subject, but perhaps we may be able to explain it. In the first place air presses on the earth everywhere with a certain pressure. This is because of the attraction of gravity, which pulls upon or gives "weight" to every form of matter, whether solid, liquid or gaseous. Now, air is matter in a gaseous form. It has very little weight, but still it has some. Close to the surface of the earth air presses heaviest because it is pressed down, not only by its own weight, but also by the weight of the air above, and the air presses in all directions as well as downward, because it is so easily moved and can be pushed or made to flow from one point to another very much like water. As we go up from the surface of the earth the air presses less and less, because there is less air above it. If you think this out, you will see that any body surrounded by air, like a box held in the hand, for instance, will be more pressed upon on its lower side or bottom than on its top.—Philadelphia Ledger.

As Usual.

Husband—Where do you want to go?

Wife—Oh, I don't know—anywhere where I can spend money.

"But I thought you wanted a change?"—Smart Set.

After Which He Departed.

Augustus Aubrey—Do you know, I much prefer the society of ladies to any other.

Miss Cutting—So do I.—Pittsburg Press.

Some people seem to think you ought to pay rent for the place you occupy in their daily thoughts.—Chicago News.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

Some of Them Have Queer Ideas About Fires From Lightning.

One Russian village through which we passed was the embodiment of filth and squalor. A destructive fire was raging at one end of it, and round this all the inhabitants were gathered. One house was already burned down, a second was one mass of flames, and the fire was rapidly spreading to a third, yet not a hand was raised to arrest its ruinous progress.

"Why on earth don't you put out the fire?" shouted my companion to one of the peasants, who approached me with a servile and wistful look, as if he expected an offering of money. "Have you no buckets?"

"Surely your excellency deigns to know that it isn't buckets we need!"

"Well, it isn't strong arms, either, I fancy. Why don't you go to work?"

"Your grace wouldn't have us fly in the face of heaven! We've sins enough on our souls without adding that black crime to them. Wasn't it God's own lightning that set Petroff's house on fire a couple of hours ago? And bad as we are, there's not a man in the village that would raise his hand to undo God's holy work."

My friend raised his hand, waved it despairingly and we drove on.

"It's a mere waste of time to reason with them," he said. "They would as soon commit suicide en masse as put out a fire that God had kindled with his lightning."—English Magazine.

Good News.

A certain ex-congressman tells a story about a widow in his district who desired a position in the agricultural department.

"There was no vacancy at that time," said he, "and I was consequently compelled to advise my constituent that I could do nothing for her until later. But she persisted in her efforts to obtain a position and for two weeks thereafter met me at every turn. One morning I had just finished breakfast when I was told by the servant that she was awaiting me in the reception hall. So I assumed as pleasant a demeanor as possible, and, entering the room, said in a sympathetic voice:

"'Well, my good woman, what news?'

"'Good news,' she said; 'good news, Mr. Allen.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I'm glad to hear that. And what is the good news?'

"'Oh,' she said, 'good news, Mr. Allen, good news. A woman in the agricultural department died yesterday.'"

Jade.

The most precious of all stones, according to a gem expert, is the jade, on account of its rarity, its extraordinary qualities and the mystery of its cutting. It was regarded as a sacred stone, and nobody had a right to possess it except a prince of imperial blood. Argerius Clutius, a famous physician in Amsterdam at the time of the renaissance, published a work on the jade, or nephritic stone, as it was then called, on account of its action on the renal system. At the same period Italian authors spoke of the jade as osiada and discussed its wonderful powers for healing sciatica.

The legends surrounding this stone abound in history. Good specimens of jade are extremely rare, and the world is at a loss to know how the Chinese managed to cut it, because it is so extremely hard that nothing can make an impression upon it.

The First Linen Paper.

Linen cloth was occasionally used for writing purposes, but was never very common. Linen manuscripts have been found folded in mummy cases, and the Chinese before the invention of paper used silk and cotton cloth. The Romans also wrote upon linen. The use of this material introduced a change in the manner of writing. The other substances were rather engraved than written upon, an iron point being used for the purpose.

To write upon linen it was necessary to have some colored fluid which might get dry and leave a permanent mark. The first ink used was probably some sort of soot or lampblack mixed with size or gum water, and the first instrument answering to our pen was a reed.

Long and Short Hair.

Pranche says: "Long hair was the distinguishing characteristic of the Teutonic tribes. It was a mark of the highest rank among the Franks, none of whom but the first nobility and princes of the blood was permitted to wear it in flowing ringlets, an express law commanding the people to cut their hair close around the middle of the forehead." And this badge of servitude and sign manual of plebeianism in one century has become the essence of style and glass of fashion in another, the freak of one age, the fancy of another.

Considerate.

A gentleman asked Mary, an only child, how many sisters she had and was told "three or four."

Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had made her tell such an untruth.

"Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child!"

Falmouth is probably the oldest port in England. It was used by the Phœnicians at least 2,500 years ago.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 8.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xviii, 1-11. Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, I Cor. iii, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. After these things Paul departed from Athens and came to Corinth.

His testimony was not in vain at Athens, for some clave unto him and believed. He did not expect, nor are we taught to expect, that all the seed will fall on good soil, but we know that no labor in the Lord is in vain and that His word will always accomplish His pleasure (I Cor. xv, 58; Isa. lv, 11). The church of Christ is made up of an elect number out of all nations, given unto Him out of this world by the Father (Rev. v, 9; Eph. i, 4; John xvii, 6; vi, 37); but we give the gospel in good faith to every creature, for whosoever will may come, and we aim by all means to save some (John iii, 16; Rev. xxii, 17; I Cor. ix, 22).

2, 3. And found a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla, * * * and because he was of the same craft he abode with them and wrought.

After all these centuries there are still in force decrees that scatter Israel. They chose Cæsar instead of Christ (John xix, 15), and the Cæsars, the world rulers, still oppress them; but "He that scattered Israel will gather him," and the time is even now at hand (Jer. xxxi, 10; Ezek. xxxvii, 21, 22). The movement known as Zionism, although unbelieving, may be part of it. While Paul believed and taught that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel (I Cor. ix, 14), he also took pleasure in working at his trade, that he might minister to his own necessities and give the gospel freely (Acts xx, 34; I Cor. iv, 11, 12; I Thess. ii, 9; II Thess. iii, 8).

4. And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.

He doubtless did as at Thessalonica and reasoned out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead and that this Jesus is the Christ (Acts xvii, 2, 3). From the day that the Lord Jesus met him on the road to Damascus his one story was that Jesus, crucified and risen, is the Christ, the Son of God (Acts ix, 20, 22; I Cor. ii, 2).

5. And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia Paul was pressed in the spirit and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ.

Instead of "pressed in the spirit" the Revised Version says "constrained by the word." This reminds us of Jeremiah, who because of reproaches determined to speak no more in His name, but the word was such a fire within him that he was constrained to speak (Jer. xx, 8, 9). We think also of Peter and John, whom no threats could prevent from speaking what they had seen and heard (Acts iv, 20), and of Elihu, who said that he must speak that he might be refreshed, for he was like a bottle of wine ready to burst (Job xxxii, 18-20).

6. Your blood be upon your own heads. I am clean. From henceforth I will go unto the gentiles.

It was his custom everywhere to preach the gospel to the Jew first (Rom. i, 16) and then to the gentile. Compare their conduct at Antioch in Pisidia (xiii, 45, 46). When any one is duly warned of danger and refuses to take heed, his blood is on himself (Ezek. xxxiii, 4, 5). Those who obey not the gospel shall be punished with everlasting destruction (II Thess. i, 8, 9). As to shaking one's raiment see Neh. v, 13.

7, 8. And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house, and many of the Corinthians, hearing, believed and were baptized.

When one door is shut, another is sure to open and sometimes, as in this case, next door to the one closed against us. When the Lord opens, no power can shut, and when He allows a door to be closed it is because He wants us elsewhere (Rev. iii, 8; Matt. x, 14). It was a splendid victory for the Lord and His servant to have the chief ruler of the synagogue and his household receive the despised Nazarene as Israel's Messiah, and possibly many were helped by his example to do likewise. But the chief ruler cannot always control the other rulers, whether he be the president of a nation or the governor of a state or the mayor of a city or only ruler of a synagogue.

9, 10. Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city.

The Lord saw the weakness and fear and much trembling of His servant (I Cor. ii, 3), and by this special message strengthened him to continue. So He strengthened Abram centuries before when He saw his fears (Gen. xv, 1), and all His "fear nots" are to strengthen us, but we must appropriate them if we would enjoy them. See Josh. i, 9; Jer. i, 17; Isa. xli, 10, 13; Gen. xxviii, 15; Deut. xxxi, 6, 8; Mark v, 36. The great and all sufficient promise "I am with you" includes all others, for His presence insures all else. See Ex. iii, 12; Josh. i, 5; Judg. vi, 16; Jer. i, 8, 19; Hag. i, 13; ii, 4.

11. And he continued there a year and six months teaching the word of God among them.

He had no higher criticism, nor did he cast any doubt or slight upon any portion of Scripture; but, believing all Scripture to be written by inspiration of God and profitable, he taught from all Scripture the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. See carefully II Tim. iii, 16; Acts xxiv, 14; xxvi, 22; xxviii, 31. It would be grand if every believer was so filled with the word as to be a living translation of the same.

Learned to Cipher.

Aunty—So this was your first term at school? What did you learn?

Little Girl—I learned how to cipher.

Aunty—You learned arithmetic?

Little Girl—No'm. I learned how to write cipher notes to little boys wot nobody else could read. A little girl taught me.

He Got It.

Caller—Is the editor in?

Office Boy—No; he's ill.

Caller—I wonder if—er, he got the poem I sent him?

Office Boy—I told yer he was ill, didn't I?

Finguist.

"That deaf and dumb woman is quite a finguist."

"A what?"

"Finguist; she speaks four languages on her fingers."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bound East.

First Actor—I was born in this part of the country, and I'm greatly attached to it.

Second Actor—It has many ties for me too.—Puck.

DUMMY DEE AND THE BISHOP

By L. E. Chittenden

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Dummy Dee had come to call upon the bishop.

The bishop and he were very particular friends and therefore shook hands, as man to man, in a very cordial manner.

"I came," said Dummy Dee, "on very particular business, and I would have been awful sorry not to find you at home."

"I am very glad to be here, Dummy Dee," said the bishop, smiling at his guest.

There was a short pause, Dummy Dee frowning thoughtfully into space for ideas and the bishop waiting to hear the manner of his guest's business.

"Are you ever lonesome, bishop?" asked Dummy Dee at last, leaning forward and clasping his short arms around his knees.

"Yes, often," said the bishop, the note of truth vibrating through his tone.

Childless and wifeless and of strong and often unpopular opinions, the scholarly bishop was indeed a lonely man, just now particularly so.

A controversial point had forced him into a position where he stood almost if not quite alone. He tried to believe his position was a matter of principle. His enemies said it was obstinacy and dogmatism, and even his warmest friends were silent and regretful over the matter at issue.

He had when Dummy Dee came in been writing on the point, and bitter, fiery words were penned on the sheets of paper that strewed the open desk. He glanced at them now as he spoke, and from them to the beautiful pictured face of his young wife, who had died very early in their married life.

Yes, he was very lonely.

Dummy Dee nodded and looked thoughtfully at the glowing grate fire.

"Nice things happen sometimes when you're lonesomest, though," he said by way of giving a small crumb of comfort to his friend.

"You know mother is sick and down south getting her health and father busy at the settlement work, and sometimes I get kind of a stomach ache in my heart and a lump in my throat.

"My, it most chokes me," he added feelingly. "But just the other day the summer boarder sent me these bicycle trousers," sticking out his short leg for the bishop to see, "or I never could have stood it in the world. She knew how I felt about kilts and aprons and always having to wear something of the other children's 'count of their growing so fast and me not. I slept with 'em that night in bed, and once when I woke up and thought about mother I just reached over and felt of these, and then I felt better. Did you ever try anything like that?" he asked, looking at the bishop's trousered legs stretched out on the other side of the fire.

"No," the bishop replied bravely; he had not thought of it.

"Then there are always things to do for folks, you know, and that's one thing I came to see about," continued Dummy Dee. "I've been taking soup and books and things up for the settlement people to a little girl who lives in an attic near the settlement.

"She's got a kind of mother, only she's an aunt and awful bad to her. She drinks something out of a bottle"—and Dummy Dee lowered his voice to a shocked whisper—"and she is awful mean to Nora."

"What is the matter with Nora?" asked the bishop.

"A spinal back I think they call it," said Dummy Dee, with a learned air, "and I feel so sorry. I asked father if he'd adopt her, and he said he thought he couldn't. I've thought I'd marry her if necessary, but father would have to adopt us both then. What do you think?"

The bishop's principal thought was a desire to laugh, but he held his peace, so Dummy Dee went on:

"She's English. I've told her about you. She calls you lord, but I said not lord exactly, only kind of next to the Lord, you know."

At this the bishop could contain himself no longer, but put back his head and laughed a pealing laugh that startled the shadows in the dim, quiet library, and he only stopped when he beheld Dummy Dee gazing at him in mild surprise.

"Come," said the bishop, springing up like a boy, "let us go and see Nora."

Goodby!" said Dummy Dee, getting up, or sliding down, rather, from his chair. "That's what I wanted. Let's walk. It isn't very far, and it's a fine day."

But before they started the bishop swept up the written sheets of paper and threw them on the grate. They blazed cheerfully.

"Hi!" said Dummy Dee. "See 'em wriggle as if they hurt."

"I intended they should hurt others," said the bishop softly, with a curious smile.

Many curious eyes turned to watch the two, the dignified ecclesiastic in his churchly garb and the sunny, romping, rosy child, who, not altogether unaware of these glances, took them largely as a tribute to his beloved bicycle trousers and strutted proudly.

Two delightful stops were made before they reached the tenement where little Nora lived, and they went on, laden with books, games and flowers.

"Father says she looks like a picked flower without water," said Dummy Dee as they climbed the steep, rickety stairs.

They entered the room in response to Nora's summons, and Dummy Dee, somewhat embarrassed, made the bishop known to the pale faced child lying on the dingy bed.

No one had ever seen the scholarly bishop in so delightful a mood as the two children found him that afternoon.

Nora's cheeks grew pink with happiness and her eyes brighter than ever as she listened to stories, guessed riddles and played games with the bishop and Dummy Dee.

At last the shadows grew longer.

"I've a last story to tell you two children before we go," said the bishop, "and you must be very quiet and listen hard, for there is a guessing part to it.

"Once upon a time," began the bishop, "there lived a man alone, and, as sometimes happens to lonely people, he grew selfish and bitter hearted. He forgot the teachings of the one whom he had vowed to serve, but tried instead to serve himself and was unhappy, as all such men are.

"There came to him one day a dear little friend of his who was also lonely, but who tried to forget his loneliness by helping others and was comforted by doing this. So the man learned a lesson from his little friend, and he, too, found comfort and happiness as the boy had.

"Now, the man naturally did not want to be lonely and unhappy and bitter again, for he found the better part, so he thought out a plan. He would take the boy down south to his mother, who is almost well, but not quite so well as she will be when the man brings to her her youngest boy."

There was a queer gurgling sob that was half a laugh and half a cry and altogether a mixture of homesickness and coming delight, and Dummy Dee shot himself bodily into the bishop's arms, cuddled against his shoulder and lay there sniffling happily. He groped vainly for his handkerchief that could not be found, and his fingers closed gratefully over the bishop's fine lawn that he found within his grasp.

"Guessed," said the bishop, laughing, with a shake in his voice. "The first part of my puzzle story guessed without a mistake. Now for the second. Then he took the little sick girl to a white, bright room that he knows of in the children's hospital, where, surrounded by birds, books and flowers and loving care, she can get well and perhaps come to live in the lonely house of the lonely man to brighten it."

Another little cry from the bed, and Nora's slender, groping fingers sought the bishop's hand. "Me?" she said. "Me—Nora? Would my aunt"—

"I think so," said the bishop. "We will find a way. But what a fine pair of guessers these two are! Never to make a mistake!"

When the kind hearted woman on that floor came in to look after Nora, her aunt being away serving time for drunkenness, they went away and left the happy child, already better, with hope and joy working miracles with her.

"You make up your mind the best and quickest of any one I ever knew. How did you think of such beautiful things?" asked Dummy Dee as they felt their way down the rickety stairs.

"It's a thank offering, Dummy Dee," said the bishop, with a return of his curious smile, "for burning the papers."

Three Signs.

When I was a young man, said an old timer, I was employed in an Ohio town of some 1,800 inhabitants. One day the town was billed from roof to foundation in flaming letters, "They're Coming!" One couldn't go amiss of the big letters. They followed him everywhere, and half the town would awaken in the middle of the night with those huge letters staring them in the face, while they wondered what it all meant.

A week or more passed, and one morning every one of those signs was covered with another equally flaming "They Have Come; at Town Hall Tonight!" And you may be sure the town turned out in force. There wasn't standing room, although a liberal admittance fee was charged. Inside a big curtain excluded the stage, and to this all eyes were turned as the appointed hour drew near. There was a little delay, and it was about half past 8 when the curtain slowly rose, disclosing to view another of the big lettered signs, only the wording was different this time.

The sign read "They Have Gone!" And you can bet your last dollar it wasn't long before the townspeople had gone. Some clever fellows had worked the game successfully and got away with a snug little sum, leaving only a couple of townspeople to pull up the curtain.

A Lost Art.

"Graceful bowing," remarked the statuesque young lady at the head of the tea table, "is fast becoming one of the lost arts. Few are proficient in it, and, indeed, the difficulties are many. I am referring of course to men. Women are still mistresses of the art, but not all of them, either.

"But I have seen men who were fat, not to say tubby, and they find that a mere inclination of the head is a burden, for it induces disagreeable rushes of blood to the head, and that is bad for men who wear twenty inch collars. And there are men who are tall, lean and scraggy, and when they bow, being sensitive plants, they think and make the spectator think, of stringed marionettes, and they dread the smile of the man in the street.

"And I have seen men whom the critical moment found unprepared, with hands in pockets. And I have seen them when they were wearing caps and clutched vainly and instinctively at hat brims, and I blushed at their grotesque poses and involuntary caricatures of the line of beauty."—New York Times.

No Cause For Alarm.

Insurance Agent—Now that you have a wife, don't you think you ought to take out a life policy?

Newed—Oh, I guess not. I don't think she is going to prove dangerous.—Chicago News.

Doesn't Want It Back.

She—The programme says it is taken from the German.

He—Humph! I should think they were glad enough to get rid of it.

An Irish Verdict.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

The most nutritive portion of the best grains is blended in The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed. The horse likes it and it is good for him.

No Sick Horses Now.

Having given the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed a thorough trial, we are fully convinced it is the best Feed we have ever used. It keeps our horses in perfect condition, and since using same we have never had a sick horse in our stable or one off of its Feed, and we cheerfully recommend the same. THE LION BREWERY, Oscar P. Rochevot, Sec'y, Buffalo, N. Y.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

The trade mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

COVERED DISHES.

The Reason They Were Introduced During the Middle Ages.

From the days when our ancestors took their food in their hands and ate it with as little ceremony as a dog gnaws a bone to the present time of elaborate dinners is a long step, but a gradual one. It was a number of centuries before dishes of any kind were used, and knives and forks as adjuncts to eating are later still. The fear of poison which haunted the mind of every person of quality during the middle ages gave rise to certain curious customs and even to certain superstitions. When dishes are now served covered, it is understood that it is merely for the purpose of keeping them warm. This was not, however, the principal reason why they were not served covered during the dark ages. It was the fear that poison might be introduced into them surreptitiously between the kitchen and the table where they were to be served to the kings or the lords or even to persons of inferior rank.

The covers were not removed till the master of the house had taken his place. All dishes afterward served were brought on the table in the same manner. It was the custom originally when the dishes were uncovered for some of the servants to first partake of them, but this custom was afterward in part replaced by the servants touching the food with one of several objects which were regarded as infallible preservatives against poison.

Barry the Persuasive.

It was said of Barry, the player, that he had a voice which might lure a bird from a tree and at the same time an address and manner the most prepossessing and conciliating. The Dublin theater of which he was proprietor failed, and he was considerably indebted to his actors, musicians, etc. Among others, the master carpenter called at Barry's house and was clamorous in demanding his money. Barry, who was ill at the time, came to the head of the stairs and asked what was the matter.

"Matter enough!" replied the carpenter. "I want my money and can't get it!"

"Don't be in a passion," said Barry. "Do me the favor to walk upstairs, if you please, and we will speak upon the business."

"Not I, Mr. Barry!" said the carpenter. "You owe me £100 already, and if I come up you will owe me £200 before I leave you."

Too Angelic.

There was a certain young minister in Maine who on his first charge was called upon to preach a funeral sermon over a woman. It was his first funeral sermon, and he laid himself out to make an impression and succeeded. The woman had had her faults, but the minister forgot them. This was to be expected, but he extolled her so highly that the poor bereaved husband, sitting there listening, couldn't recognize her by the description. Finally, in a glowing peroration, he pictured God and the archangels and the angels and all the hosts of the redeemed joyously forming a parade to welcome to heaven this "one of the very best of all women." The husband could stand it no longer, and, leaping up, interrupted him with beckoning hand, gasping out: "No, no, elder. Not quite that! She was only 'bout middlin'."

Not In Society.

Of a pretentious but not well read dame of the Victorian period Lady Bulwer used to relate this incident:

The conversation turned on literature one day, and this lady, who aimed at forming a salon, got rather out of her depth.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" she whispered at last to Lady Bulwer. "I should like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam," answered Lady Bulwer, "the dean did something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! What was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 11.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston,** 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.1g 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
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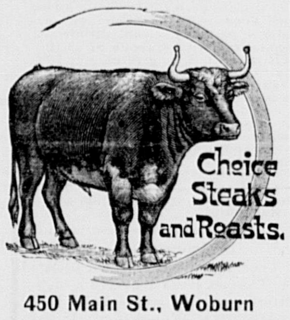
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward


450 Main St., Woburn

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Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A.M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12 07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10.00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12.15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5.50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M., 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8.00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M.. half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8.25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.

Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses' can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
*Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

CUPID AND THE PARROT

By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

The captain was a jolly man of fifty-one, with a fine blue eye and a pleasant if rather reserved manner. He stood at the door of a neat cottage one morning in spring with rather a disconsolate air.

"I do miss Sis Therese," he said regretfully, "and her dying so unexpected-like has upset all my ideas of life."

He turned and gazed ruefully at the comfortable sitting room, now in the utmost disorder. On the top of the sewing machine box paraded a fine gray and red parrot that seemed to enjoy the situation.

"Hello, captain!" she cried. "Ship ahoy!"

"Wish there was, Polly," retorted the captain, "but there's none in sight. I'll go down town and advertise for a housekeeper to clean up this place."

"Ship ahoy, ship ahoy!" screamed the parrot, and again the captain returned as he locked the door:

"I wish there was, Polly."

After he had put an advertisement in several newspapers the captain walked slowly along the streets toward the markets. His eye caught sight of a large blue and white sign, "Servants Supplied."

"It will not do any harm for me to stop in there," quoth the captain.

As he stepped into the entry he saw a woman hesitating in front of him. The captain declared ever afterward that when she turned about "you could have knocked me down with a feather." She was not a girl, but a woman approaching middle age and with a pale and gentle face.

"Scuse me, ma'am. I am trying to find me a housekeeper."

The woman looked intently at him.

"I am trying to find a place where I can do something," she said wearily.

"If you would not mind trying to put up with me and my Polly"— eagerly began the captain.

"Is Polly your wife?" she queried.

"Oh, no; she's the parrot."

The woman hesitated.

"I have always lived in the country," she answered, "but my brother died, and I thought I could do better in the city. I haven't money enough to go back—in fact, I haven't any at all."

The captain looked at her and speedily grasped the facts of the case.

"I'm most old enough to be your father," he said kindly, although he was not, "and you must come right along and straighten up that house for Polly and me. First we will get some breakfast."

An hour later the captain unlocked the house door. Polly, much excited at the advent of a woman, swung and screamed in her cage:

"Captain, ship ahoy! Captain, ship ahoy!"

A week went by, and the burly captain stood trimming his grapevines when he saw a woman of rather generous proportions coming in at the front gate, followed by a boy carrying a large valise. He knew that this must be his sister Melinda from California, who could not attend her sister's funeral on account of illness. His spirits sank lower and lower as he climbed the back steps. The new housekeeper had proved quiet, clean and very industrious. Polly was never happy unless she was in sight. In short, his sorrow for the death of Sister Therese was now softened because of no lack of creature comforts.

In the little sitting room Polly began angrily screaming. One of the first acts of the newcomer was to throw a heavy wrap over the cage.

"You'll smother her," said a quiet voice. "I'll take her out on the porch."

"Who are you, anyhow?" quoth an irate female voice. "Where's the captain?"

"Here I am," said that individual weakly, appearing at the door. "I—we didn't expect you, Melinda."

"I suppose not. I came as soon as I could. Therese left me all her things, you see."

The captain looked about him, much amazed.

"What things?"

"Why, the housekeeping things. You won't want to keep house. You can board."

"No; I won't board," protested the captain. "Polly and me are comfortable right here."

"But you cannot live this way," repeated the California sister. "You will be stolen from and imposed upon. Therese wrote me that if she ever had to go to come right on and break up for you. So I've come."

The captain gazed at her, awestruck, fascinated at her daring. What woman was this, even of his own blood, who would so ruthlessly destroy all his comforts? The captain began to realize. He went out on to the porch and brought in the parrot.

"It's too sunny for Polly out there," he said. "I never set her out until toward noon."

The quiet woman entered with a cup of tea and some sandwiches. The visitor grew calmer when refreshed.

"I will just get a little nap," she said, yawning, "and then I'll begin at once on Sister Therese's clothes and things. I can't spare any time that's not necessary. I'm needed at home."

As soon as the house became quiet the captain stepped out on to the back porch. Tilly, the quiet one, was shelling peas on the top step.

"She wants me to go to boarding, Tilly."

"Yes, sir."

"They won't have Polly in a boarding house. Maybe you don't mind Polly?"

"Oh, no! I like her, sir. You'd better bring her out here by me. She won't scream so loud."

The captain set the cage down by Tilly and sat down himself. The parrot laughed a little slyly and said softly:

"Captain, ship ahoy!"

"I hope so, Polly. Do you know, Tilly, that this is my house and that I bought the furniture, every stick of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that I've got enough money to get on with comfortably tucked away where no one can get it?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so."

"Then why shouldn't I keep house as long as I want to? You must stand by me. I really want you."

"She's sure to abuse me if I do, sir. Servants have a hard time."

The captain stood up and breathed hard.

"Go and put on your other gown, if you've got one," he said hoarsely, "and if you are willing to marry me we'll go down to the courthouse and get it done. She can't get around that, can she? I have never been so truly comfortable before. You won't refuse me, Tilly?"

"No, sir."

Two hours later Mrs. Melinda, after a long, restful nap, appeared on the back porch. The captain and Tilly were standing side by side in the garden.

"What are you doing, Philetus? I supposed dinner would be ready."

"It will be before long," returned the captain cheerfully. "You see, sister, we have been out on a little business that will lessen your work and worry over me a great deal. Tilly here has taken such good care of Polly and me that we've been out and got married. We're all fixed now, and you are welcome to Sis Therese's clothes and small truck, Melinda. The rest of the things always were mine, and we'll need them housekeeping, Tilly and Polly and me. Well, Polly, and how do you like it, old girl?"

"Ship ahoy, captain! Ship ahoy!" cackled Polly gleefully.

A Neglected Class.

When looking around to discover social grievances or to find subjects for philanthropic work, why has no one thought of the hotel maids and waiters? Their lives are hard, for they have long hours and must be on duty both early and late. Their time off is taken in snatches, and they seldom get a whole day.

A kind lady, observing this at a hotel, asked her husband to give his morning paper every day to the man who waited at their table. The gratitude expressed showed how tedious the man found his idle time when he was "on duty," but had nothing to do and nothing to read.

A book or paper to a chambermaid, hallboy or elevator boy is often more gratefully received than the ever welcome tip.

A little consideration as to unusual demands meets with equal appreciation. Any one who has traveled much and not kept his eyes shut soon learns that hotel work is hard for those who do it regularly and continuously and soon becomes willing to be less exacting and more aware of certain needs in those who serve which cannot be supplied by gifts of money. A little personal interest is worth much more in many cases.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Iron Crown.

The "iron crown," which worked up the minds of the people of the middle ages to such an extent as finally to become an object of worship, is, in fact, a gold crown, the secret magic of the name resting on the tradition that the inside ring of iron was made from the nails which were driven through the hands of Jesus at the time of the crucifixion.

But little is known concerning the history of the iron crown until after the coronation of Agilulf, king of the Lombards. It is generally believed that it was made for that monarch in the year 591. It was used by Charlemagne and by all the after emperors of France, who were kings of the Lombards. Napoleon put it on his head when he was in Milan in 1806, saying, "God hath given it to me."

This celebrated relic is now in Naples among the state jewels. It was captured and taken by the Austrians to Vienna in 1859, but was returned to Italy in 1866. Believers in the sacred hoop of iron inside the crown point to the fact that there is not a speck of rust upon it, although nearly 2,000 years old.—Exchange.

A Natural Question.

The small boy, accompanied by his father, was looking at the display in the window of a big store on Broadway, where all manner of wearing things were on exhibition. In one corner was a great rack decorated with a brilliant collection of socks and bearing the sign, "Half Hose, Half a Dollar."

The small boy studied it for a full minute. Then he called his father's attention to it.

"Say, pop," he inquired, "if half hose are half a dollar, are whole hose a whole dollar?"

"I suppose so," laughed the father though he well knew that the boy's mother had a pair in silk that he had paid $4.98 for and which she insisted she had obtained at a bargain because they were marked down from $5.—New York Times.

An Exception.

"You know," said the woman suffragist, "they say 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.'"

"Ridiculous!" cried Henpeck. "I'm sure my hand doesn't rule the world."—Philadelphia Press.

In Her Debt.

As a pleasant faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion:

"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No, my landlady."

Not Dangerous.

Biggs—Windig is a nice fellow, but he is given to exaggerating.

Diggs—Yes, but that fault is counterbalanced by one thing?

Biggs—What is that?

Diggs—The general indisposition of people to believe him.—Chicago News.

Won In a Walk.

"Say, how did you get off in the glee club try-out?"

"Made first bass on four bawls."—Chapparel.

SPELL TERRAPIN.

There Are Five Ways, So You Will Hardly Get It Wrong.

"The terrapin enjoys one distinction that is rather unique," said a man who keeps his eye skinned for curious things, "and it is found precisely in the fact that there are more ways to spell the name of this creature of the water than any other I have any knowledge of. It is almost impossible to spell it incorrectly, and this is something you can say about very few words in the English language. By consulting the dictionary we will find that there are five ways of spelling the word, and they are these: Terrapin, terapin, terrapen, terrapene, turapen. The preference is given to the first way of spelling the word—that is, terrapin—but if a man should happen to write it in some other way he would not be entirely wrong. There is not much excuse for spelling this word incorrectly. Why, a fellow can shut his eyes and hit the mark almost every time. He can write it in the dark. The harder stunt would be to write it incorrectly. And yet it happens now and then that men hit upon the wrong way of spelling this very same word. I have known men to spell it tarrypin, but not in print. But the point I had in mind was the curious fact that there are so many correct ways of spelling the word, and at this time I cannot recall the name of a single other creature similarly circumstanced so far as the dictionary is concerned."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Spanish Dances.

Spanish dances have a certain resemblance to the dances of the east. In our country one's idea of a dance is something in which the movement is due to the legs. In Japan and in Egypt the legs have very little to do with the dance. The exquisite rhythms of Japanese dances are produced by the subtle gesture of hands, the manipulation of scarfs, the delicate undulations of the body. In Arab dances and in the danse du ventre the legs are more nearly motionless. The legs are only used to assist in producing the extraordinary movements of the stomach and the hips in which so much of the dance consists.

It is a dance in which the body sets itself to its own rhythm. Spanish dancing, which no doubt derives its eastern color from the Moors, is almost equally a dance of the whole body, and its particular characteristic—the action of the hips—is due to a physical peculiarity of the Spaniards, whose spines have a special and unique curve of their own.

Her Father's Strength.

Recently in a Sunday school the teacher was telling her class of small pupils the interesting story of Samson, of whom she spoke as being the strongest man that ever lived.

Little Ethel, a golden haired new recruit, listened to the story with great interest. After the teacher had finished, Ethel held up her chubby hand.

"Well, Ethel," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"Samson wusn't as strong as my papa is."

"Is your father so strong?" queried the teacher, smiling.

"Oh, my papa's offul strong," replied Ethel with emphasis. "Why, I heard mamma say that he had a ellyfant on his hands."—Columbus Journal.

Barometers and Dust.

When the barometer falls, the air around expands into a larger volume and the air inside the cupboard also expands and forces itself out at every minute crevice. When the barometer rises again, the air inside the cupboard, as well as outside, condenses and shrinks and the air is forced back into the cupboard to equalize the pressure, and along with the air in goes the dust. The smaller the crevice, the stronger the jet of air, the farther goes the dirt. Witness the dirt tracks so often seen in imperfectly framed engravings or photographs. Remember, whenever you see the barometer rising, that an additional charge of dust is entering your cupboard and drawers.

Prophetic Dreams.

The belief in prophetic dreams is not entirely a superstition, according to the results obtained by two members of the French institute. They point out that at night when the senses are at rest the brain is affected particularly by organic feelings in various parts of the body and that early symptoms of advancing diseases give a particular direction to the dreams. A familiar instance is nightmare, which indicates a dyspeptic condition. Immoderate drinkers see rats, snakes and insects in their dreams before the actual outbreak of delirium tremens, and so on.

Really a Professor.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said the toastmaster after the dinner was over, "for introducing you inadvertently as 'professor.'"

"That's all right," replied the principal speaker of the occasion. "The title fits me better than 'doctor' does. I profess to be a doctor, but I get mighty little practice."—Chicago Tribune.

Positively Brutal.

"Let me see," mused the young wife as she picked up the cookbook. "I have mixed the batter for the angel cake. Now what do I do next?"

"Telephone for the doctor," answered the heartless husband, who happened along in time to overhear her musings.

As She Remembered Him.

Mr. Skimmerhorn (as the participants in the debate became personal)—I was a thundering fool when I asked you to marry me!

Mrs. Skimmerhorn—Well, you looked it, dear.—Exchange.

Impossible.

Caller—What will you do, doctor, when all your patients get well?

Physician—All my patients will never get well, madam.—Baltimore American.

Responsibilities.

"Remember," said the serious citizen, "that wealth has its responsibilities."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "So long as you are humble and obscure you can say 'I seen it' and 'I done it' and eat with your knife all you want to."—Washington Star.

Largest Variety and . . . .
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THE COLORADO APACHE.

As an Accurate Man Tracker He Has No Equal.

As a trailer the Colorado Apache has no equal. He possesses the acute instinct of the hound combined with an accurate sense of vision. A turned leaf, a fleck of gravel cast aside, the displacement of a pebble from its bed—all are clear, readable pages.

They ask few if any particulars of the man they are to follow. They will, as they progress on his track, gather up for themselves one by one little items as to his personality, which are nearly always verified in the end.

When following a trail over the iron capped rocks and stony arroyas of Arizona, his face is a picture of intense concentration. Not a syllable escapes him. His pace varies from no visible cause. At times he almost runs; then, with a rapid glance behind, he glides along slowly and with eyes glued to the ground possibly for hours. Here and there may be a few stretches of sand, but dry sand leaves after the footstep only an indentation, closing after the pressure, so that to the inexperienced eye it might have been a horse or a mule that made it and not a man.—"Man Trailing With Human Bloodhounds" in Outing.

Trick Candies.

"The trick cigar has its counterpart in confectionery," said a candy manufacturer the other day. "The callow youth who delights in giving explosive cigars to his men friends demands something similar for the candy consuming sex, and we have to meet the demand.

"The possibilities of a cream chocolate or a piece of nougat are limited, but we have a few contrivances. We make of a very hard candy an imitation of a tooth with a gold crown and hide it in a cream chocolate. You can imagine the rest—a party of women munching candy, one of them discovering something hard and finding a gold crowned tooth loose in her mouth!

"Similarly we imitate a bone collar button in a hard white candy, hide a candy shoe button in a piece of nougat, put a bit of cork in a caramel or fill a candied cherry with red pepper. So long as the sanity experts don't weed out these alleged jokers the candy man has to put up these trick candies for them."—New York Times.

Honey.

According to a writer in Health, honey is a valuable medicine and has many uses. It is excellent in most lung and throat affections and is often used with great benefit in place of cod liver oil. Occasionally there is a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can learn to use it with beneficial results. Children who have natural appetites generally prefer it to butter. Honey is a laxative and sedative, and in diseases of the bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy.

It has much the same effect as wine or stimulants, without their injurious effects, and is unequaled in mead and harvest drinks. As an external application it is irritating when clear, but soothing when diluted. In many places it is much appreciated as a remedy for croup and colds. In preserving fruit the formic acid it contains makes a better preservative than sugar sirup, and it is also used in cooking and confections. Honey does not injure the teeth as candies do.

Ancient Rules For Carving.

Our ancestors fully recognized the value of good carving, and many were the rules by which a carver was expected to be governed. The ancient "Boke of Kervyng," among other things, admonishes him to touch venison only with his knife and to "set never on fyche, flesch, beeste ner fowle more than two fyngers and a thumbe." Fingers he was naturally obliged to use since forks were a luxury of later date and were not in private use until James I.'s reign. Piers Gaveston, the favorite of Edward II., had three silver forks for eating pears, but this was regarded, no doubt, as a great and special luxury.

Cuckoo Customs In England.

There are or were not long ago in different parts of England remnants of old customs marking the position which the cuckoo held in the middle ages. In Shropshire till very recently, when the first cuckoo was heard, the laborers were in the habit of leaving their work, making holiday of the rest of the day and carousing in what they called cuckoo ale. Among the peasantry in some parts of the kingdom it was considered to be very unlucky to have no money in your pocket when you heard the cuckoo's note for the first time in the season.

Cholly's Good One.

"Oh, Miss Perkins, I have a conundwum for you. What is the diff'wence between a jilted fellah who pwetends he doesn't care and a dish of Dutch cabbage?"

Miss Perkins—Well, go on. What's the answer?

Cholly—One's souah gwapes and the other's sauaukwaut. Ha, haw! Isn't that doosid clevah?—New York Press.

NATIONS AND LAUGHS.

The Various Ways Different Peoples Have of Showing Mirth.

All the world laughs, though the nations have different ways of showing mirth. The Chinese laugh is not as hearty or as expressive as the European or American. It is oftener a titter than a genuine burst of merriment. There is little character or force in it.

As for the Arabian laugh, we hear little of its hilarious ring through the ages of mirth in the old world. The Arab is generally a stolid fellow, who must see good reason for a laugh or be surprised into it. In Persia a man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given to female merriment.

One reads of the "grave Turk" and the "sober Egyptian," but it is not recorded that they have never moments of mirth, when the fez bobs or the veil shakes under the pressure of some particularly "good thing." In Mohammed himself Christian writers have noticed cordiality and jocoseness, and they say there is a good ringing laugh in the prophet, with all his seriousness.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian mirth as languid, but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncerain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

The Penurious Carlyle.

It is no drawback for a Christmas gift to be useful as well as ornamental, but there is pathos in Carlyle's presentation of a washing table to his wife at Christmas, 1850. At that time he had long escaped poverty, but could conceive no more pleasing gift than this most utilitarian article which he promised in a note which the curious may still read at his house in Cheyne row:

> The Prophecy of a Washstand to the neatest of all Women. Blessings on her bonny face and be it ever blithets me, as it is dear blithe or not. T. CARLYLE.
> Dec. 25, 1850.

This message appears to have been written in a hurry, as if Carlyle, hearing the clocks strike midnight, exclaimed: "God bless my soul! It's Christmas day. Jeannie should have a present. She spoke of a washstand the other day. She shall have it." And he forthwith penned the promise thereof. Anyway, he gave a five pound note, and Mrs. Carlyle bought a marble and mahogany washstand.—London Chronicle.

Christmas Declared Illegal.

Although it may seem incredible, it is a fact that not so many years ago Christmas was considered a superstitious festival and was stopped being held by the strong hand of the law. Holly and mistletoe were destroyed and were called "the plants of the evil one." Cakes and wines were considered impious by the superstitious.

When Oliver Cromwell was protector, he ordered all the most important towns in England not to observe Christmas, as he considered it to be a hurtful custom.

Yet a stricter law he commanded to be kept so that people might forget Christmas. That was that all the markets were to be held on Dec. 25.

Naturally this created a great stir among the country folk, and they determined thenceforth to refuse to obey his strict and extraordinary law, which he tried to enforce, but all to no purpose.

How a Buffalo Runs.

The world has read the exaggerated description of a buffalo stampede, but I don't believe anybody has ever done justice to the wonderful speed of a buffalo when lost from the herd and trying to catch up, says a man of experience. It is a deceptive gait. The man who never saw it before would swear that he could outrun the animal barefooted. But the fastest horse ridden by cowboys couldn't catch a buffalo when running alone.

Its marvelous lope, steady and enduring, carries it over the prairie at a speed that would make a race horse lie down and cry at the end of the first mile. But the buffalo keeps this gait up all day, and at night his great flanks show no signs of fatigue.

Why Dead River?

The western branch of the Kennebec has been given the name Dead river because in 1775 it was full of drowned soldiers. So one may read. But there is not a syllable of truth in it. And the next picture conjured up by the name, a doleful Styx, turbid and miasmatic, is equally false. The plain fact is that the river flows for a long distance through meadows, and unless the water is high it scarcely seems to move at all. That is why it has been called dead. Nothing gloomy belongs to the name. A delectable and captivating stream is Dead river.—Century.

His Conviction.

There are two sides to a jail, and it's easier to get inside the outside than it is to get outside the inside.—Baltimore News.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 13, 1903

THE CAUCUSES.

The Woburn Republican caucuses, or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to call them apologies for caucuses, to elect delegates to a Representative convention were held on last Wednesday evening.

There were two tickets in the field, the regular Republican, and the other, represented respectively by Mr. Charles H. Nowell of Reading, and Mr. Edward Q Brackett of Woburn. Apparently Brackett secured a majority of the delegates, but that will not insure his nomination by any means, for Reading is solid for Nowell, and its delegates, with his Woburn ones, will give him a good working majority in the convention.

A heavy rain kept men away from the caucuses, and only a meagre handful were out in each Ward. The real sentiment of the Party, which is largely in favor of Nowell, was not given a true expression by the vote.

Ward 3 won the banner by defeating Harrington and Wetherell, but Ward 2 won a handsome Nowell victory, and was entitled to at least an "honorable mention." Hosmer pulled through in Ward 5 in good shape, which is gratifying to the Nowell people.

Considering the work he put into the campaign, the success of Mr. Brackett could hardly be called monumental.

☞ The proposition which has long been under discussion in this city, to erect a building suitable to meet the wants of the High School and better accommodate our school population, seems to be gaining favor with the public to such an extent that the friends of the measure are hopeful of final success. Mayor Feeney, realizing the necessity of a new schoolhouse, as well as the City Council, favors the plan, and it is thought that a large majority of the tax-payers are of the same way of feeling. An intelligent School Board have made it plain that such a building as it is proposed to erect has become an absolute necessity, if the school children of the city are to be provided with proper facilities for obtaining an education, and it is due to the Board to say that the change in public sentiment, and the present favorable consideration which the proposition receives, is largely the result of their good work.

☞ Failing to make satisfactory headway for the "Greater Boston" scheme, a movement has been started in the Legislature to organize a Metropolitan County, with Boston as its Hub, and all the towns and cities within 10 miles of the State House to constitute the spokes. It would take a part of Middlesex, Essex, and Norfolk counties, and all of Suffolk, which would give it a population of considerably over a million. What anybody wants of such a county is something that we fail to understand. However, there is but little chance for the success of such a wild and impracticable project.

☞ At the Democratic caucuses held last Monday evening to choose delegates to a Representative convention Dr. Daniel S. Jones secured every delegate except two, and will therefore be the Democratic candidate, unless the unexpected happens. Dr. Jones is a young man of good ability, son of Mr. Gilman F. Jones, and will make as popular a nominee as the Democracy could have selected for a banner bearer. The young men of the party will rally to his standard in full force, and he will doubtless make a good run, although, of course, he, nor his friends, can reasonably hope for his election.

☞ On Feb. 5, the Metropolitan Park Commission gave a hearing to Woburn representatives on the question of a boulevard in this city, and heard statements and arguments in favor of one. Mayor John P. Feeney, Hon. Alvah S. Wood, and others, spoke in behalf of the measure and gave many sound reasons why Woburn, who is heavily taxed to support the system, is entitled to, and should have, some of its benefits. What will come of it all, nobody can tell.

☞ The Representative convention soon to be held will be composed of 29 members, Woburn 19, Reading 10. As Mr. Brackett got but 10 of the Woburn delegates, and none in Reading, he will have only 10 of the 29 composing the convention, giving Mr. Charles H. Nowell a clear plurality of 9. Good enough!

☞ The Representative convention is to be held on Monday evening, Feb. 16, at Republican Headquarters in this city.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Election.
City—Proposals.
City—Reg. Voters.
J. W. Shaw—To Let.
E. C. Holton—For Sale.
J. W. Johnson—Ex. Sale.

— 8 A. M., Feb. 13, Fair, 42 above; wind W.

— The N. W. Ath. A. are to give their Minstrel Show on Feb. 19, 20.

— Mrs. E. C. Luce has severed her connection with the Woburn Laundry.

— Boys and girls will find a great variety of Valentines at Mrs. Jenning's store.

— Mr. Ervin Hatch, a Button End farmer, has been very sick, but is improving.

— The reopening of the Public Library is enjoyed by reading people and students.

— The Stoneham High School has a lunchroom attachment; why not in Woburn?

— Ash Wednesday, Feb. 25; first Sunday in Lent, March 1; Palm Sunday, April 5.

— There was a heavy rain Wednesday evening which interfered with the caucuses.

— Seems natural to see Mr. G. F. Jones occupying that flag bottomed office chair again.

— The Tufts College Glee and Mandolin Club are to give a concert in Lyceum Hall Feb. 27.

— Repub. Rep. Convention, 8 P M., Monday' Feb. 16, at Republican Headquarters.

— Mr. Leon Dorr, Secretary, made addresses at Lowell last Sunday on the work of the Epworth League.

— The Hillside Social Club are to give a whist party in Concert Hall, on next Monday evening, Feb. 16.

— Washington's Birthday will be celebrated on Monday, Feb. 23, as the 22, the exact date, falls on Sunday.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys rubbers 50c.

— Master Donald DeLoriea was one of the prize winners in the Boston Journal's prize department last week.

— Mr. C. M. Strout attended the funeral of his father's only remaining sister at Brunswick, Maine, last week.

— Mr. Moses W. True appears to be a man of about the right build and complexion for next Mayor of Woburn.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give an afternoon dance in Lyceum Hall on Feb. 23.

— Read the ad in this paper of Main street business and residence property for sale. There is good chance for a bargain.

— A Representative election to fill a vacancy in this district is to be held on March 3, or two weeks from next Tuesday.

— Mr. S. T. Brigham of Court street is'nt sick; it is only a pair of balky legs that keep him confined to his house.

— The price of anthracite coal dropped to $6 50 in New York last Tuesday. Old prices are coming right along, sure.

— The Augustinian Fathers of Philadelphia are to hold a mission at St. Charles Church during the third week in Lent.

— Appearances indicate that the Highway Department has been short of sand this week. The Mayor has a plenty of the article.

— A business man tells us that trade is mighty dull all along Main street, this city, with not a very flattering outlook for better times.

— The morning services at the First Baptist Church will be held in the auditorium of the church beginning with next Sunday morning.

— Have you visited North Union Market on Causeway street opposite the Northern Station, Boston? If not, why not? It is all right.

— Miss Agnes Cottle is confined to the house by an accident caused by a fall on the ice several days ago. She sustained injuries to her head.

— The Democratic convention to nominate a candidate for Representative is to be held at the Central House on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18.

— Grip still holds sway in this community, although it is thought the cases are somewhat less numerous and milder in form than they were a month ago.

— There were many falls on the icy roads and sidewalks here last Monday and Tuesday. It was a wonder that some broken limbs were not reported.

— The cars on the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. System will never be able to live up to schedule time until there is a double track from end to end of it.

— There was another light snowstorm last Sunday, which turned to rain in the evening; froze up in the night, and made bad walking Monday morning.

— February 20 is the date fixed for the 21st annual Encampment of the Massachusetts Division of the Sons of Veterans, and Huntington Hall, Lowell, as the place of meeting.

— The shoe shop of our townsman Mr. W. H. Bowers, located at Peabody, was totally destroyed by fire last week Thursday. Think of the idea of locating in Woburn, Bro. Bowers.

— Please read the notice of a public sale of real estate on Feb. 28, by Griffin Place and Geo. A. Day, executors of the will of the late Levi W. Cooper. The date of the sale was changed from Feb. 2.

— "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," as the Bard of Avon said, over the miseries of the poor hardworked postoffice clerks and mail carriers tonight and tomorrow, for it is St' Valentine's.

— Last Tuesday was a good one. The afternoon was springlike, balmy, and enjoyable. It was a poor time though for the Boston coal robbers, but not the last they will hear from Old Sol, by a jugfull.

— The Boston Coal Club refuse to exhibit their books to the Legislative Committee, and it is probable contempt proceedings will be instituted against them. No wonder they are afraid to show their hands.

— Pierce's plan for a boulevard from the Mystic Parkway in Winchester along the West side of Horn Pond including Rag Rock, to the Public Library grounds in Woburn, can't be improved on very much.

— Brackett made the effort of his life to secure the Representative nomination. He kept his politico-literary bureau red hot for a month. The simple fact of the matter is, Ed. Q. Brackett is a political hustler.

— With Miss Minnie M. Jameson, Musical Instructor in our public schools, as her Preceptress, Miss Dora A. Winn, the piano teacher, is training in that department, and aiding Miss Jameson in her good and profitable work.

— Tuesday evening Woburn Encampment No. 72, I. O. O. F., conferred the 3d degree upon one candidate A delegation from Columbian Encampment of Stoneham was present. Collation was served at close of exercises.

— The exposure of its workings by the investigation committees showed a rotton state of things in the Boston "Gentlemen's Coal Club." Their treatment of the public in the matter of prices was wicked and cruel to the last degree.

— Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day, a day for the exchange of love missives between young folks, and sending comical pictures and verses to people. Cupid and the Clown divide about equally the honors of the anniversary.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard, **50c and $1.00**

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale

Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

"SOMETHING DOING"

as usual at the Huntley corner. Allcock's Porous Plasters 10c. Absorbent Cotton, 1 lb. package 25c. Humphrey's Specific, 19c., 39c and 73c. Flax Seed Meal, 1 lb., 10c. • Diamond Dyes, 8c.

Robbins Drug Company.

(FORMERLY HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Telephone 48 4.

☞ **We want your trade. If you cannot conveniently call at our store send your orders and Preseriptions by mail. They will be promptly delivered by messenger. NO EXTRA CHARGE.**

— The subject of Mr. Chapman's lecture on Feb. 24 will be "Birds."

— Mr. John W. Shaw advertises a modern flat on Davis street to let at low rent. Read his ad.

— Mrs. Helen C. Hanson came to town last week to look after her real estate here and visit friends.

—Plummer, the Republican hustler, got in some fine work at the Ward 3 caucus. He's hard to beat.

— Miss Dora J. Leathe has been appointed as teacher in the Union St. School, and assigned to Miss Bosworth's room. This room has the largest number of pupils of any room in town, about 70 being enrolled in the first grade.

— Our people have been taught a useful lesson in the use of wood as fuel this winter. That is worth a good deal, although we have all paid rather high for our tuition. Possibly in the future, "King Coal" wont cut as large a figure as heretofore.

— The members of the H. S. Class '03 elected for graduation honors are; Valedictorian, Mabel Williams; Salutatorian, Agnes Fisher; with Nellie Whidden, Gertrude Neville, Lester Hartshorne, Sadie Lyons, Mary Doherty, Florence Laker, Joseph Kerrigan, in line for the remaining honors.

— We have received from Mr. S' M. Sayford, General Secretary of the New England Evangelistic Association, with request to publish, a report of the annual meeting of the Association held in Boston a few days ago, parts, or all, of which we will, in due time make use of in the columns of the JOURNAL.

— Although a true blue Southerner and a Staff Officer in the Confederate Army in the great War of the Republic, Col. Watterson said in his lecture here, and to the newspaper reporters, that he admires Boston and is fond of New England people. He comes to Boston at least once a year, and loves to.

— With the exception of Brackett, the Republican aspirants for the Representative nomination gracefully dropped out of the race and cast their influence and votes for Nowell. They were all original Nowell men and in the field only conditionally. They acted properly and for the best interests of the Republican Party.

— The Mock Lawsuit at the M. E. church last Wednesday evening was the biggist thing out of jail. The vestry was packed with people who got all the fun they could hold for two full hours. There was not a hitch from beginning to end, and not an actor in the play but filled his part in a manner to bring down the house. It was great.

— Our thanks are due to Mrs. C. P. Kimball of New York City, for a copy of the Des Moines (Iowa) *Regester* containing an obituary notice of her brother, Charles H. Getchell, a long time resident and prominent business man of Des Moines, a native of North Anoon, Maine, and an old aquaintance and friend of the Editor of the JOURNAL and his family.

— The Woman's Club held an educational session yesterday. They were addressed and greatly entertained by Mrs. Fanny Fern Andrews, a lady of wide and enviable reputation as an educator; after which live questions, pertinent to the subject in hand, were ably discussed by members. A plenty of good music increased the pleasures of the meeting.

— The Woburn Heat Light and Power Co. have sold out to the Edison Ill. Co. The deal went through yesterday.

— Mrs. Mabel F. Sawin of Westminster, Mass., has visited her aunt, Mrs. S. F. A. Jefferds, on Davis street, this week.

— Mrs Herbert Blanchard, Davis street, visited her parents in Malden this week, Mr and Mrs. Dickinson, former residents of Woburn.

— There are no signs of a strike on any of the Divisions of the Boston & Northern Street Railway system operating in Woburn. The cars are running as usual.

— At the annual meeting of the Towanda Club held last Wednesday evening the following officers were elected: President, Samuel W. Mendum; Vice Presidents, George A. Day, Herbet B. Dow; Secretary, John C, Andrews; Treasurer, Harry Brown; Directors, W. G. Stretton, J. H. Parker, Jr; Frank E. Wetherell. The Club are to give their grand annual Minstrel Show on March 11, 12.

— Frank M. Chapman is to give the winding-up lecture in the Burbeen Cource at Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 24. His theme has not been announed, but will be in due season. The course has been a successful one from the start, having been of a choice character and well delivered by men accustomed to the platform, and of good repute. Every lecture has, so far, been well attended.

— Dr. Daniel Jones feels absolutely certain that his calling and election are sure. Rising with dignity from a chair in a store last Tuesday morning, and extending his hand to a fellow cittzen, he asked: "Would you, Sir, like to shake hands with the next Woburn Representative in the Legislature?" After the shake the Doctor deliberatly resumed his seat, apparently at peace with the world and all mankind.

— The official organ of the Democratic Party in this city, "Haggerty's *Times*", did'nt have a word of rejoicing Tuesday over the success of Dr. Daniel Jones at the Democratic caucuses last Monday night. It is suspicioned that the Democratic wheel-horses, headed by their political organ, the *Times*, picked out another man for the honor; but the "b'hoys" rallied around Dr. Jones, and he raked in the persimmons in great shape.

— Mr. M. A. Burns, the complete house furnisher, 427,431 Main street, has issued a proclamation "to the people of Woburn and surrounding towns" in relation to his large and prosperous business which should be carefully considered by the public. In the nine years he has been here Mr. Burnes has built up a trade in furniture and household utensils which does credit to his business ability and personal popularity.

— An item appeared in the JOURNAL last week stating that the suit for $2,000 brought by Mrs. Mary Callahan against Aberjona Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, was defaulted in the Superior Court at Cambridge on Feb. 2. The reporter received it in that form from his informant, but it was wrong; the case was nonsuited, and therefore won by the Defendant Colony. This correction is due to the Order, for not less than 450 people are members of the two Colonies in this city. Mrs. Callahan's Attorney failed to show to the Court a good cause of action, therefore a nonsuit was ordered.

— Mr. Hern, the well known marble and granite artist of this city, has got out and distributed one of the neatest and handsomest calendars for 1903 that we have yet seen. The picture is a fine lifelike portrait of the celebrated actress, Maud Adams in her play "L'Aiglon," and is an art production worthy of being preserved. Mr. Hern keeps up with the times in business and advertising, and shows what an enterprising young man can do when he tries hard to do it.

— The regular meeting of Woburn W. R C., 161, was held in G. A. R hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 10. There was a large attendance and one new member was admitted to the Corps. Nearly 25 ladies of Woburn Corps were in attendance at the Department Convention held in Boston, at Peoples Church, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, with a large showing of National and Department officers.—Mrs S. F. A. Jefferds, Press Corr. Woburn Post, 161.

— The Endeavorers of Middlesex Central Union are planning to hold a Rally on the afternoon and evening of February 23rd, at the Hancock Congregational Church, Lexington. Addresses on questions which will deal with moral problems of to-day will be given by Rev. J. S. Willamson, of Haverhill; Robert A. Woods, of Boston, Rev. Chas. Watson, D. D. of Arlington, Rev. Maurice A. Levy of Medford and many others. A most interesting and instructive Rally is expected and of course the attendance is not limited to Christian Endeavorers. The afternoon meeting will commence at 2 30 and the evening at 6 45.

— It is with much pleasure that we are able to announce that the Tufts Coll.ge Glee and Mandolin Clubs will appear in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, February 27. This announcement will be welcome to all who have ever heard the clubs before. Wherever the clubs have appeared, they have invariably left behind a host of enthusiastic friends, and their return has been looked forward to as one of the social events of the season. This year's appearance will be no exception. Following the concert, dancing will be enjoyed from 10 to 12. Tickets may be obtained at Whitcher's Drug Store. Exchange these for reserved seat tickets at Whitcher's on or after February 20.

— By authority of the Probate Court for the county of Middlesex Mr. E. J. Gregory sold at public auction last Wednesday the Woburn Hotel property on Bennett street and the vacant lot in the rear of it, facing the B. & M. R. R. station. The former was bought by Mr. C. E. Smith for $3,100. The lot on which the house stands contains 9450 feet, and is assessed for $3,500. Mrs. McDonald, who bid $3,000, and Mr. Smith were the only bidders. Dr. A. C. Lane paid $600 for the vacant lot, which contains 10,310 feet. The whole estate is assessed at $8,500, and was sold only for $3,700. The sale to Dr. Lane was conditional on a right of way to the land being furnished by the seller.

— A good many of the Woburn War Veterans of 1861-5 went to Boston last Tuesday to attend the 37th annual encampment of the Massachusetts Department of the Grand Army of the Republic and had a fine time. The meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, the most appropriate place for it, and numerously attended by G. A. R. men from all parts of the State. At thea nnual election held in the afternoon Comrade James H. Wolff of Post 92, Brighton, was elected Junior Vice Commander with but little opposition. The convention was a good and successful one, which the Woburn Veterans greatly enjoyed. The W. R. C. gave enthusiastic demonstrations of their gratification over the election of Comrade Wolff as V. C.

— Mr. E. H. Richards et als, have left copies of the *Middlesex Journal* (WOBURN JOURNAL) at our office within a few days, and a perusal of them was interesting. The first was dated Oct. 1, 1859, and the other, April 22, 1865. The latter was issued the next week after the assassination of President Lincoln and contained appropriate notices of that event by the Editor, E. Marchant, and others. The new Board of Selectmen in 1865 consisted of nine members: Elbridge Trull, Chairman; A. E. Thompson, Clerk; E. E Thompson, Jacob Brown, W. T. Grammer, S. O. Pollard, Moses A. Tyler, Joseph R. Kendall, William Totman. Of these only two, we believe, are alive—E. E Thompson and Col. W. T. Grammer. Nearly all the people who were advertisers in both copies have passed away, and their names forgotten, except by our older citizens.

— A large audience went to Lyceum Hall last Monday evening to hear the famous Kentucky orator, Henry Watterson, deliver a lecture on "Money and Morals," instead of "Lincoln," as had been previously announced. The Redpath Lecture Bureau made a mistake in publishing the subject of Col. Wattersons' lecture in the Burbeen Course, which, however, created no confusion, or disappointment, with the explanation of J. W. Johnson, Esq. Burbeen Course has never given the public a better or more satisfactory lecture, than that delivered by Col. Watterson last Monday evening. One might have thought it would be dry and uninteresting, but it was far from that; indeed, it was highly entertaining. The audience were well pleased with the lecturer, and the lecturer doubtless was pleased with the size and attention of his audience. One more lecture closes this seasons Course.

— The statement that Copeland & Bowser's is the leading dry goods house in this city will not be seriously denied by any intelligent person. It is an indisputable fact. Mr. Hubbard Copeland, senior member of the firm, gives his entire time and personal attention to its management, ably assisted by Mr. Leon L. Dorr, who has had 20 years experience behind the counter and is an expert in all the details of the dry goods trade, and a large corps of smart and courteous saleswomen. The firm won and has constantly maintained their enviable reputation largely by honest dealing with the public. "At Copeland's" has always been associated in the minds of buyers with business integrity and strict regard for fairness between proprietor and customer. Unscrupulous upstarts sometimes succeed in cutting down the honest merchant's sales for a little while, but honesty wins in the end, and the upstarts go to the wall. The experience of Copeland & Bowser has fully exemplified this latter fact. This popular and reliable dry goods establishment is now fully prepared to do the largest spring business this year of any in its history.

...PRESCRIPTIONS...

DOZENS COMPOUNDED DAILY AT THE PILL BOX

Have yours compounded by "The Old Reliable" in business in Woburn for 20 years.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL

The first production in Boston of the new sensational and stirring society melodrama, "Why Women Sin," will occur at Boston Music Hall next week. The new drama, which has made a big hit wherever it has showed, is in four acts and seven scenes, and is from the pen of Will C. Murphy, a well known newspaper man, who has drawn a careful picture of an intrigue in New York society founded upon facts. The play shows the undercurrent of emotions of the butterflies of fashion, and the temptations and traps that beset the women of society.

THE TREMONT.

No royal progress could possibly be attended by more enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty than were lavished on "King Dodo" when that very jolly and extremely popular old potentate of mirth and melody reappeared at the Tremont Theatre last Monday evening, and the audience that packed every part of the house seemed never to tire of showing its pleasure over his return to the stage where last season he achieved so remarkable a success. In these days of makeshift musical comedy so frequently misnamed comic opera, it is a great relief to welcome back a really meritorious work, and it is not surprising that all Boston has taken up "King Dodo" once again, and proposes to make its reign one of the most prosperous and enjoyable of the theatrical season. While the entire organization presenting "King Dodo" has already gained first place in the affections of the Boston public, some of its members who are especially honored are Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian who plays the title role; Cheridah Simpson, the dashing prima donna; Flora Zabelle the sprightly soubrette; Celeste Wynn, the dainty ingenue; Greta Risley, the stately contralto; Arthur Wooley, Wm. Corliss and Iva Anderson. The chorus is composed of some three score of the prettiest girls to be found on the stage, who sing far better than the choristers to be found in the average musical production. New scenery and costumes have just been provided and the stage presents a series of scenes of really bewildering beauty. The engagement is limited to three more weeks.

THE COLONIAL.

Klaw & Erlanger's production of the ballet, musical and fairy spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," imported from Drury Lane Theatre, London, was given its New England premier Monday evening, Feb. 2, at the Colonial Theatre, and was voted by the audience, as well as the entire press of Boston, to be the most gorgeous and brilliant stage spectacle ever seen in this country. Its great tableaux and magnificent scenic effects taxed the immense stage of the Colonial, and the splendor of the settings and footlight groupings, culminating in the picturesque apotheosis of the production—the grand ballet finale to Act II, with its splendid pageant, "A Dream of the Year"—evoked the wildest kind of applause. The spectacular effects are tempered with a generous sprinkling of up-to-date and highly comical mirthmaking and burlesquerie, while the risibilities are tickled as they are not often tickled, for "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" has enough of fun to make in itself a satisfying footlight entertainment. The climax of gorgeousness in this spectacle is the grand ballet of "Beauty's Awakening" ("A Dream of the Year"), in which the multi-colored pageant of the season's—from spring buds and summer flowers to autumn's golden sheafs and harvest and winter's sudden advent—is most artistically and dazzlingly depicted. One revelation of beauty after another unveils itself to the gaze until the stage is a clouded tableau of pink and gold and autumn-rich effects. And over all floats a triumphant aerial novelty—the seven Grigolatis, as swallows, with their picturesque fleshings, their ceremonious black swallow tails and their crowning electric surprise. In the ballet are introduced St. Valentine's Cupids, the heralds of the Year, the Shamrocks, palm-bearers, nest-bearers, April fools, primroses, daisies, wisterias, laburnums, May Queen, pink roses, yellow harvest ceres, autumn leaves, holly, dryads, fawns and meadow insects. And suddenly, there appears a frost-like birth of snow fairies in white. The reign of King Winter comes as quickly and mysteriously in the midst of the bright colored, autmn-hued ballet as the writing of Jack Frost on the window pane. The story, dealing with the adventures of a young daughter, given to an old King and Queen by the fairies, and cursed by a wicked Witch who tries to prevent her marriage to a young Prince by turning him into a Beast, but is foiled through the Fairy Queen, is told in a series of tableaux of surpassing beauty and gorgeousness, each scene excelling its predecessor in magnificence until it would seem that the utmost limit of the scene painter, and stage mechanic and the costumer's art had been reached. The spectacle overflows with catchy musical numbers. The stage is crowded at all times, and over four hundred people appear in the ensemble. The company might well be called an "All Star One," Harry Bulger, Joe Cawthorne, William Macart, John Hyams, Viola Gillette, Leila McIntyre, Phœbe Coyne, Gertrude MacKenzie and Queenie Vassar, who handle the principal roles fitting their parts to perfection. "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" will be the sensation of New England for many weeks to come. It is an entertainment well worth traveling miles to see. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday at 2 o'clock each week during the run at the Colonial Theatre. The curtain on the evening performances will rise promptly at 7.45.

Want a Job.

A committee of the State Board of Agriculture in its report just made predicts dire things for cities and towns in which Medford is included on account of the depredations of the gypsy moth, and says there will be even worse and more wide-spread damage the coming season. The committee says the year just past proves the futility of individual efforts in controlling the moth and the pressing need for thorough-going, concerted, systematic work against the pest over the whole infested district. The moth commission evidently wants a job. —*Medford Citizen-Mercury.*

That's it exactly! "The family are out of meat," and the Commission want a job. In the mean time the people will manage to worry along, and the moths continue to decrease, without State interference.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—MRS J. A. MOORE, North Star, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

Towanda Minstrels | **Mar. 11 12**

FURNITURE REPAIRING!

Antique Furniture made over and polished.

Special attention given to Repairing Antique Clocks.

J. F. LESLIE,

110 Montvale Ave., WOBURN, MASS.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.

Woman's Club.

The Woman's Club listened to an intensely interesting, instructive and practical lecture last Friday when Dr. Wm. Byron Forbush, the well known preacher lecturer and author, addressed it. His subject, "The Humor and Pathos of Boyhood," was illustrated by many amusing anecdotes form his own personal experience with boys. In speaking of the different instincts of boys he thought fighting a legitimate one and should be allowed under certain restrictions. Boys get along together better than girls, and men better than women fight it out and then shake hands, while women sputter and continue to sputter. The boy may be educated out fighting by games. The instinct of play is found in all boys, yet they need to be taught how to play, and play-grounds are useless without a play-master. Curiosity, the Yankee, "I want to know', exists in all boys and should be encouraged. The Dramatic instinct is strong in boys, and instead of working against the theatre it would be well to cultivate this by little plays in the home. The lecture brought out forcibly the relationship between health and morals, also, the limitations of the boyish ideas. All boys have the right to four things, health, humor, nature and personality. The sentiment of the entire audience was expressed in the words of the President, "that all had been given a deeper and more sympathetic insight into the heart of the boy." The singing of Miss Woodside of two selections "A Summer Dream" and "Migon," added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

The next regular meeting of the Club, Feb. 20, is to be a home talent one under the direction of Mrs. E. F. Wyer. The subject of the meeting is "An afternoon with Scotch Song and Poetry." Miss Austin, a well known Boston contralto, who was to have sung Children's Day, has consented to render two groups of Scottish Ballads. At the close of the meeting a chafing dish tea will be served.—G. L. N. Rec. Sec.

Health and Hygiene.

Sudden weather changes injuriously affect even the healthiest systems, rendering them susceptible to the ecroachment of disease germs. It is therefore as much a necessity to keep one's environments perfectly clean, disinfected and deodorized with Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL as it is to give care and attention to the system.

It is safe to say that if Sulpho-Napthol w is more widely and liberally used there would be less sickness and disease for it absolutely kills all germs of disease, breaks up all foul and poisonous odors and destroys all forms of decomposition.

As a cleanser it is far superior to soaps, powders, etc., being more economical and far more desirable from a sanitary standpoint.

Wilmington.

On Thursday afternoon, Feb. 5, Mr. Arthur Thomas Bond delivered a highly interesting lecture in the Town Hall on the History of Wilmington. It was not only entertaining, but an instructive and valuable contribution to the annals of the town. Mr. Bond has devoted much time and study to the compilation of the "History of Wilmington," which is a reliable and standard work.

It is said here, and is doubtless true, that Chester W. Clark, Esq., the well known Boston Lawyer and worthy citizen of this town, will be a candidate again next fall for the Republican nomination for State Senator, with an excellent prospect of obtaining it. Wilmington will be solid for him, and his canvas last fall gave him a good clutch on the other towns in the District.

Literary Notices.

No city in the East presents more charming pictures of Oriental life and color than Damacus, and no other city contains so many magnificent private houses, whose shaded courts and luxurious chambers take us back in fancy to the enchanted period of Oriental splendor celebrated in the "Arabian Nights". But however luxurious the houses, the gardens of Damascus have even geater charm, and they are not only profusely scattered throughout the city, but they stretch for miles around, where the waters have rescued almost a province from the desert. "Damascus" says a writer in the February COSMOPOLITAN, "has had a longer continious existence than any city that is standing in the world to-day. Over this garden spot of the desert there has been eternal conflict. Bloodshed has been its portion, and century after century has witnessed battle without and massacre within its walls." The article quoted is entertainingly written, and is illustrated with a striking series of photographs.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard, Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use. For sale by all druggists.

When you feel blue and that everything goes wrong, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse and invigorate your stomach, regulate your bowels, give you a relish for your food and make you feel that in this old world is a good place to live. For sale by all druggists.

The Ice Crop.

Ice harvesting on the ponds of New England is one of the most interesting of the outdoor industries of this section. The Boston *Sunday Herald* of Feb. 15 will have an illustrated story showing how the crop is watched from the first freeze of the winter, and how it is cut and housed in the immense icehouse for sale in summer.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by all druggists.

GET YOUR TICKETS FOR

Towanda Minstrels

MARCH 11 & 12

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Literature as a Liberalizing Force."
Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning a 10.45. Subject: "Mind."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Incarnation Today." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., evening service with sermon by the pastor. Wednesday, at 4.30 P. M., Pastor's Class. Wednesday at 7.30, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sextuagesima Sunday.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 10, Ida M. (Duran) McKay, aged 32 years.

In Danvers, Feb. 11, Pascal M. Warland, aged 72 years, 22 days.

In this city, Feb. 7, Mary Rosseter aged 93 years.

In this city, Feb. 9, Mary Etta Larkin, aged 1 year.

In this city, Feb. 7, Charles Doherty aged 2 years 6 months, 14 days.

OLIVES Are Cheaper!

Best Queen Olives, qts., 55c. per Bottle
Best Queen Olives, pts., 30c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, pts., 25c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives, ½ pts., 20c. per Bottle
Best Spanish Olives in small bottles (2 styles), 10c. per bottle.

STUFFED OLIVES
10c., 32c. and 50c. per Bottle.

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Tea and Grocery House
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Theatre - Boston
"There is No King but Dodo"
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
BEGINNING MONDAY, FEB. 9.
AFTER A
Triumphal Tour
Of the United States
HENRY W. SAVAGE
AGAIN PRESENTS
KING DODO
THE RECORD-BREAKING
COMIC OPERA
BY THE AUTHORS OF
"PRINCE OF PILSEN"
Raymond Hitchcock
A BRILLIANT SUITE, AND
70 SURPASSING ..SINGERS.. 70
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
Seats Ready Tuesday, Feb. 3.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Honorable the Attorney-General for said Commonwealth, and to all persons interested in the estate given in trust under the will of Peter Fisk, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, for the relief of feeble Baptist Churches.

WHEREAS, Samuel Cook and others, Deacons of the First Baptist Church in said Woburn, have presented to said Court their petition praying the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, a body corporate, or some suitable person may be appointed Trustee of said estate in place of said First Baptist Church, which has resigned the trust and that said Massachusetts Baptist Convention may be exempt from giving a surety on its bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of February A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Attorney-General for said Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three..

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Thomas Salmon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JULIA A. SCALLEY, Admx.
No. 10 Arlington Road, Woburn, Mass.
January 28th, 1903.

Early Spring Styles.

To know what these are going to be, look over the February Butterick Patterns just received.

These February patterns show skirts with outside box plaits at the back, bolero jacket effects, some further developments in Norfolks. A new lot of Russian styles, tucked Empires, Blouses with capes, &c.

A Butterick Pattern enables you to make your own dress. Butterick Patterns can be relied upon for up-to-dateness. Fashion Sheets free at our Pattern Counter.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

To Cure

The Grip Cough

Take "Wild Cherry and Tar Cough Breaker."

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
DRUGGIST,
361 Main St.
TELEPHONE: 151-2 Woburn.

HAVE

You Visited

the largest and finest retail market in Boston? It is located at No. 105 Causeway St. opposite North Station and you can save money buying there your Meats, Groceries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit.

Bargains offering all the time.

Good Corn Beef	6c lb
Sirloin Steak	15 & 20c lb
Sirloin Roasts	15 & 20c lb
Fancy Legs Lamb	15c lb
Fancy Chickens	20c lb

All grades of coffee roasted and ground fresh every day. Complete Fish department. Reasonable purchases delivered free within 10 miles of Boston.

North Union Market,
105 CAUSEWAY ST.,
Opp. North Station, BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bartholomew Donahoe to Leonard Thompson dated November 1st, A. D., 1888, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1879, Page 220, said mortgage being duly assigned to John G. Maguire by Maria L. Thompson and Lewis W. Thompson, Executors of the will of Leonard Thompson, deceased, by assignment dated January 20, A. D., 1903, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3015, Page 407, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the twenty-first day of February, A. D., 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of a private street leading southerly out of Church street in said Woburn, containing about sixteen hundred and forty square feet, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on a private street, or court, leading southerly out of said Church street at a stake at land of Stephen A. Ferrin; from thence the line runs easterly by said land of Ferrin about forty-one feet to a stake at land formerly of Daniel Fahey; thence southerly by land formerly of said Fahey about fifty feet to a stake at land of Henry Bishop; thence westerly by land of said Bishop and said Stephen A. Ferrin about forty-one feet to a stake at said private street, or court; thence northerly by and with said street, or court, about fifty feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises described in a deed from Leonard Thompson to Bartholomew Donahoe dated November 1, 1888. Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens. A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance within ten days, at the office of the undersigned, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., January 26th, 1903.

Mortgagee's
Notice of Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick D. Conlon and Mary Conlon, his wife, in her right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Louisa C. Hudson, dated November 6, 1896 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2546, Page 194, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Monday, February 23, 1903.

t three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, containing eighteen thousand nine hundred and fifty eight square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on Buck street, so called, from thence the line runs east of south by and with said Buck street, two hundred feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs south of west still by said Buck street, eighty-two and one half feet to land of the heirs of Josiah Leathe; thence turning the line runs northwesterly by said land last named one hundred and ninety-two feet to land formerly of Thomas Richardson; thence east of north by land last named one hundred and sixteen feet to the point of beginning. Together with the right at all times to use said Buck street, for all proper uses of a street or passway in common with others having the same right.

One hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale, and the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Mortgagee.
JOHN W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, January 23, 1903.

FOR RENT.

Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls. Location: No. 16 Plympton street.

Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND,
403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CITY OF WOBURN.

SPECIAL ELECTION.

City Clerk's Office, Feb. 10, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter Eleven of the Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of the male citizens of Woburn, qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

Tuesday, the third day of March, A. D., 1903,

in the following places, namely:—

Ward 1, Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.
Ward 2, Armory, entrance Prospect St.
Ward 3, Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward 4, Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward 5, Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The polls, at said meetings, will be opened at SIX o'clock in the morning, and closed at FOUR o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Representative in the General Court from the Twenty-eighth Middlesex District, to fill vacancy in said office, caused by the death of Edmund C. Cottle.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Houghton & Dutton OPTICAL PARLORS.

(9th Floor.)

Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER

Executors' Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license issued by the Middlesex County Probate Court and dated January 6, 1903, the undersigned, executors of the will of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

Saturday, February 28, 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described parcel of real estate of said deceased, to wit:—Dwellinghouse and about four thousand square feet of land on the north side of Broad street, in said Woburn, bounded southerly by Broad street; easterly by land of heirs of John Reagan; northerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis; westerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
GEORGE A. DAY.
Executors of the Will of Levi W. Cooper.
Woburn, February 13, 1903.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Celia Callahan, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

THOMAS J. FEENEY, Executor.
No 53 Warren Ave., Woburn, Mass.
January, 23, 1903.

For Sale.

On Main street, Woburn, business and residence property for less than the tax appraisal.

Address 43 Boston Ave., West Medford, Mass.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

Various and Vast Values of Letter "V"

Vim, Vigor and Vitality, Very Vivid Virtues of Physician's Prescription called Vitone

This Vivacious consonant a Virile force—Very evident in words depicting power and Vitality of eminent physician's prescription—New Visitor to this city but Vocation Vividly Visible already.

The value of a thoroughly dependable tonic in every home has long been demonstrated, but careful parents have wisely hesitated about introducing to the family any medicine which could not be absolutely vouched for by a reputable physician as being entirely free from vitiating and destroying drugs. Stimulants produce results, but their effects are artificial; woeful and criminal are the drug addictions they bring on their unsuspecting victims.

An eminent New York physician now presents to the families of Woburn his prescription for the cure of weakened organs for the enriching of impoverished blood and for the making strong of pale and puny children. This prescription has been used for over 25 years in private practice, and absolute reliability and positive action is vouched for by over ten thousand cured people of both sexes and from all walks of life—each having written over their own signature of the wonderful help and benefit secured.

This prescription has been given a name—VITONE—under which it is sold by one careful and reputable druggist in every town and city in the land.

Vitone is just the sort of medicine needed where there is a general weakened condition where a patient is convalescent fron fever or other protracted disease or illness; where the blood is sluggish and shows impurities; where the food is not properly digested and cannot be eaten with comfort. Taken before meals, VITONE puts a keen edge on appetite, so that indifferent eaters are driven to the table with ravenous desire. Furthermore, VITONE puts into operation the many little ducts and organisms in the stomach that insure absolutely perfect and complete digestion. The condition thus induced is not artificial or temporary; it is natural; it will remain permanently. Try VITONE today.

VITONE TONIC is an elegant and finished product, with an agreeable, pleasant, bitter taste—there's health in every dose For sale at 75 cents for large bottles, and in Woburn by EDWARD H. CALLAHAN & CO., druggists.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Notice to Voters

In accordance with the provisions of Section 38, Chapter 11, of the Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that the REGISTRARS OF VOTERS WILL BE IN SESSION, for the purpose of REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote for State Officers, at their Office, Municipal Building,

Saturday Evening, Feb. 28, 1903,

From 12 M. to 10 P. M.,

When Registration for the Special Election for March 3, 1903, closes.

TAKE NOTICE.

Every male applicant for registration must present a Tax Bill or certificate from Assessors or notice from Collector of Taxes, showing that he has been assessed a poll tax for the year 1902.

Foreign born citizens must also present naturalization papers, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

☞ Examine the Voting Lists, and notify the Registrars of any Errors found in the same.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
HENRY L ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.
Woburn, February 10, 1903.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Sealed Proposals

For the building of the Hospital for Contagious Diseases will be received at the office of the Board of Public Works, Room 4, Municipal Building,

Until 5 o'clock, P. M., SATURDAY, Feb. 14, 1903.

Plans and specifications on file at the office of the Board of Public Works.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

Per order of the Board of Public Works.

JAMES McAVOY, Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Board of License Commissioners.

WOBURN, MASS., Feb. 13, 1903.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Revised Laws that George L. Robbins has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist of the sixth class, in building numbered and with entrance at 417 Main street, in said Woburn, with two unnumbered entrances leading to Walnut street, in two rooms on first floor in southwest corner of said building known as "Mechanics Building," and stock in cellar of said building.

William C. Kenney, Secretary.

FOR
BATH-ROOMS
USE.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Keeps closet and wash bowls, tub, drainage pipes, carpets, floor, woodwork, etc., in a perfectly clean, inodorous condition; drives away cockroaches and waterbugs, arrests and prevents the development of disease germs.

AT ALL DEALERS.

Don't take inferior imitations and substitutes, but get the genuine, which bears the above trademark on all labels.

MODERN FLAT
To Let.

No. 9 Davis street, gas, porcelain bath, connected to sewer, next house to Main street, 6 rooms, rent low. Apply to

JOHN W. SHAW, 10 Green St., Brockton, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

The *Star* won a point on the caucus question. It had rather be right than President of the United States.

The annual Town Meeting will be held on March 2, or the first Monday of the month. Are you ready for the question, gentlemen?

There was a grand musical festival at the vespers of the Unitarian church last Sunday. The "Stabat Mater" was sung in Latin by a strong choir.

The lecture, "To the summit of the Matterhorn," by Annie S. Peck, the famous mountain climber, in the Town Hall, last Monday afternoon, was intensely interesting. It drew a large audience.

"H. F. J." is mortally "down on" the Legislature. Viewing the august bodies in their seats, and hearing them talk, he fears for the fate of this glorious old Commonwealth. Henry thinks the Legislature weak; compared with the Congress of the U. S., it is a poor lot. Somebody ought to make him a member of it.

A caucus of Citizens of this town is to be held in Town Hall at 7.45 p. m. Feb. 19, 1903, to nominate candidates to be voted for at the Town Meeting in March, the warrant for which will be closed at 8 o'clock, Saturday evening, Feb. 14. There had been talk of abandoning the caucus and electing the officers from the floor, as it is called, when no preliminary steps are taken to steer the voters; but the proposition was not seriously considered, and a caucus is to be held, as always heretofore.

Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of influenaz (grip), and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficulty in breathing and pains in the chest, then it is announced that the patient has pneumonia Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

March 11, 12
Towanda Minstrels

The Bagdad Button.

A man recently returned from Turkey in Asia was showing some souvenirs of his trip. "There's one thing I didn't bring back with me, and that's a Bagdad button," he said. "I'm just as well satisfied that I didn't too. A Bagdad button? Well, I'll tell you about it. Every person who goes to Bagdad and stays there for six months is afflicted with a peculiar boil that leaves a scar about the size of a half dollar. It may come on the face or on some part of the body, but it is bound to come if you stay there long enough. I didn't. I got out just as soon as I could. Children who are born in Bagdad always come into the world with this mark, which is known as the Bagdad button."—Philadelphia Record.

Mortifying Advice.

A federal officeholder tells of campaigning in Kentucky with another stump speaker. The latter thought to make a good impression in the famous distillery town of Owensboro, and in his speech there sounded the praises of whisky. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have noticed in my reading of history and biography that all great men drank liquor. I tell you, whisky makes men smart."

"What's that?" said an old farmer who was a noted teetotaler.

"Whisky makes men smart," reiterated the orator, "and I challenge denial."

"Then," said the farmer, "you'd better get a couple of barrels and begin on it at once."

Whales In the Thames.

In former times the appearance of a whale in the river Thames was considered ominous. One was caught off Greenwich three months prior to the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the common opinion was expressed by Heath in his "Flagellum." "It pleased God," he remarks, "to usher in his end with a great whale three months before, June 2, that came up as far as Greenwich and there was killed." Evelyn, in his "Diary," under the date of June 8, 1658, mentions that a whale was killed off Greenwich and that it drew an "infinite concourse to see it by water, horse, coach and on foot from London and all parts." According to Robert Hubert, in his "Catalogue of Natural Rarities," the tongue of this whale was exhibited daily for some time at the "Miter, near the west end of St. Paul's church."

In February, 1857, another whale was caught in the Thames, and in the Times of that month appeared an advertisement for a piece of ground, some 40 feet by 60 feet, "on which to exhibit a whale." The piece of ground advertised for was found in the Mile End road, and the whale was exhibited until March 14. In the same month—namely, on March 21—expired the house of commons, which had been elected in 1852.

Having Fun With a Tragedian.

On one of the times when Barry Sullivan, the great Irish tragedian, was playing Hamlet a certain clever low comedian named Hoskins was the gravedigger. After answering Sullivan's question, "How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?" Hoskins proceeded with the business of illustrating his reply.

Taking up Yorick's skull he spoke the words of the text: "Now, here's a skull that hath lain in the earth three and twenty years. Whose do you think it was?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Sullivan as Hamlet.

"This skull, sir," said Hoskins, "was Diavolo Antonio's, whom Booth fought in this city!"

The house roared with laughter, while Sullivan stamped and fumed, exclaiming: "Yorick's, sir! Yorick's!"

"No," said Hoskins coolly, when the tumult had subsided, and taking up another skull. "This is Yorick's skull, the king's jester; but t'other's Antonio's, just as I told you."—Kansas City Independent.

Bottom of a Sea Falling Out.

Scientists tell us that, counting from the sea level, the lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian sea. For centuries its surface has been gradually settling down until now it is eighty-five feet lower than that of its near neighbor, the Black sea, which also lies far below the level of the oceans. The common conclusion all along has been that the Caspian was simply losing its waters by evaporation, but recent investigation shows that this is not the case. Soundings made and compared with records of soundings made over 100 years ago reveal the astounding fact that there is even a greater depth of water now than then. This leaves but one hypothesis that would seem at all tenable—that the bottom of the sea is actually sinking. There is much speculation in scientific circles as to what will be the final outcome.

Rice Paper Not Made From Rice.

Rice paper is not made from rice nor from rice stalks, nor has it any connection whatever with rice. It is of Chinese manufacture and is made from the pith of a certain tree resembling the elder. The pith is extracted from the tree in large cylindrical masses, and with sharp knives the Chinese pare off the cylinder till instead of a cylindrical form they have a large flat sheet. This is pressed and other sheets added until the required thickness is secured. The paper is then rudely sized and is ready to use. It was called rice paper under the supposition that when it was first introduced into Europe it was made from rice stalks, and the name has never been changed.

Cheese.

Cheeses come under three general heads, whole milk, skim or sour milk and whole milk and cream. The ripening of cheese, upon which depends its flavor, is due to the action of bacteria, which are ever present in milk; also in the rennet which is used in the manufacture. Cheese which has been improperly handled is apt to accumulate deleterious bacteria. Cheese has great nutritive value. It yields nearly three times the amount of caloric yielded by moderately lean beef.

Indignant.

Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Snappeschotte's?

Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence.

"Gracious! What was it?"

"Why, on the back of every picture were these words, 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

Steadfast.

Tupman—My watch is one of the cheapest makes, but it hasn't varied a second in the last three months.

Snodgrass—It seems almost incredible, doesn't it?

Tupman—Oh, I don't know about that. It stopped the first day I bought it and hasn't gone since.

Evidences of Affluence.

"Why do you think he is a millionaire?"

"Because he spends so little money and his son spends so much."—Chicago Post.

Aptly Expressed.

Small Boy—I got two lickings today, one from pa and one from ma.

Big Boy—Yes; they are a spanking team.—Princeton Tiger.

Sahara's Oases.

Some of the oases of the Sahara are quite large, one of them being 120 miles long and fifty-eight miles wide. The springs are of various kinds—hot, cold, mineral or gaseous. The Kargha oasis has a population of 8,000. They raise grain, onions and dates, but live on the least possible amount of food, work and reasoning power. Marshes abound and fever prevails.

Do You Blame Him?

Towne—There seems to be nothing he enjoys so much as the sound of his own voice.

Browne—That's so, and there's nothing annoys him so much as the thought that he can't hear himself when he talks in his sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

Business Instinct.

The following epitaph may be seen in the cemetery of a parish in the environs of Paris:

"Here lies Mme. N——, wife of M. N——, master blacksmith. The railing round this tomb was manufactured by her husband."

A Pope Related to a Sultan.

We learn from a Swiss writer of the seventeenth century that Pope Alexander VII., whose pontificate extended from 1655 to 1667, was related to the sultan Mohammed IV. The connection between these two contemporary sovereigns is traced to one of those occurrences which in the times of Moslem invasion and predatory aggression often led to strange blood relationships between representatives of Christian and Mohammedan houses.

The story is told by Wallichius, a contemporary of Alexander VII. and Mohammed IV. Some Turkish corsairs attacked and pillaged the castle of the Marsilis in 1525 and carried off Margherita, the daughter of Nani Marsili, and this fair lady was reserved as a present for the Sultan Solyman, who made her one of his wives. By this union she became the mother of Selim II., ancestor of Mohammed IV.

From the same noble family Alexander VII. was lineally descended on the maternal side. Lionardo Marsili, brother of the captive Margherita, had a son, Cesare, whose daughter, Laura, married into the Chigi family and became the mother of Fabio Chigi, known on the roll of pontiffs as Pope Alexander VII.

Raleigh and the Potato.

It was Sir Walter Raleigh who brought potatoes into Ireland at the same time he brought the other American product, tobacco. Sir Walter was busily engaged in oppressing the people about Cork, so naturally, when he planted the potato on his estate at Youghal, near Cork, the people were suspicious of it despite its palatableness. Cobbett cursed the root as being the ruin of Ireland, declaring it a device of Saxon ingenuity brought into their midst to tempt and eventually to weaken them. Sir Walter ate quantities of potatoes himself before he could assure the people of their harmlessness. Now, with commendable gratitude, the tourist is shown the very spot in the garden where Sir Walter planted the potato root. Close by it is another historical bit of ground. There, it is claimed, Sir Walter rested under the shade of a tree smoking his first pipe of tobacco when his servant deluged him with a pail of water under the impression he was on fire.—What to Eat.

A Silkworm of the Sea.

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the pinna, which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish in the first instance for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material when gathered (which is done at low tide) is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when spun, is a lovely burnished golden brown color.

Settling a Bill.

When Andrew Jackson lived at Salisbury, N. C., he once attended court at Rockford, then the county seat of Surry, and left without paying his bill, which was duly charged up against him on the hotel register, which seems to have been the hotel ledger at that time, and so stood for many years. When the news of the victory of the 8th of January, 1815, was received in this then remote section the old landlord turned back the leaves of the register, took his pen and wrote under the account against Andrew Jackson, "Settled in full by the battle of New Orleans."

Quick Change Artist.

"Maria," began Mr. Stubb, "last night I played poker, and"—

"Played poker!" interrupted Mrs. Stubb. "How dare you spend your money gambling, sir?"

"As I was saying, I played poker and won enough to buy you"—

"You did? Oh, John, you are so good! I knew those sharps could not get the best of you."

"And just as I was about to quit I dropped it all and fifty more"—

"You brute! To think I should have married a gambler!"—Chicago News.

Too Careful.

"One can't be too careful in this world," said the man who regards himself as remarkably wise.

"Yes, we can," answered Mrs. Corntossel. "If Josh hadn't of been stoppin' every ten or fifteen minutes to count his money while he was in town, that gold brick man wouldn't of seen how much he had."—Washington Star.

Something Better.

"Doctor, a week ago you gave me something that you said was good for dyspepsia."

"Yes."

"Well, now, suppose you give me something that's bad for it. It's been humored enough, sir."—Baltimore News.

As She Saw It.

A little three-year-old going to church for the first time was much surprised when he recognized one of his father's friends taking up the collection. "Look, mother, look," he said. "There's Mr. Bronson. I didn't know he was the—the—the conductor!"

The Difference.

Clara—What's the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?

Clarence—Oh, a pessimist thinks people who owe him won't pay him and an optimist believes they will.—Exchange.

Don't censure the man who scolds his wife in public. He doesn't dare do it at home.

Why He Didn't Call.

You don't call on Miss Cutting any more, I hear, Blobber?"

"No."

"Did she reject you?"

"Not exactly, but when I first began calling there was a mat at the door with the word 'Welcome' woven in it, and a motto on the wall that read 'Let Us Love One Another.' Later I noticed that the doormat was changed for one that said 'Wipe Your Feet,' and a motto declaring that 'Early to Bed and Early to Rise Make a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wise' had the place of the other."

Qualified Praise.

Nate Salsbury and Bill Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work in New York city and took a house on Staten Island, the showman went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Salsbury, turning to his host's little girl, said:

"Very clever papa you've got, my dear."

"Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."

The Watch Question

Whoever is interested in correct time is interested in our Watches. We have them at all prices, and when we sell it the watch will be a good one, or we'll make it right. Attractive Cases, Reliable Work, Right Prices, have given us the watch reputation we have to-day.

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The Most Abiding Language.

Latin is the language that has most enriched modern tongues, for its clear echoes are heard to this day in every quarter of the world. It entered largely, after their conquest by Rome, into the dialects of Spain and Gaul, countries thoroughly permeated by Roman life and civilization, and has since played a great part in the history of modern languages.

The Roman tongues are practically Latin in a new dress. Italian may be called the Latin of today; French and Spanish are based on a similar groundwork, and English has borrowed largely from the language of Rome, either directly or through foreign channels. In very early times Latin colonists introduced into Britain names for places, and in the seventh century many ecclesiastical words of Latin origin, such as altar, priest, candle, were adopted by our forefathers.

Although it may not be so flexible and pliant as some languages with which it has been thus incorporated, Latin reflects admirably the practical character of its people, who felt and used their power so that it has been well called the "voice of empire and law."

Savages of South America.

Two hundred miles beyond the mouth of the Rio Meta the Inirida river enters the Orinoco. I started up that stream, says a traveler, with my canoe loaded with trinkets for exchange with the natives, who live in a condition of extreme savagery, although they are amiably disposed and usually harmless. They go entirely nude save for the loin cloths and get their subsistence by hunting and fishing, chiefly the latter.

I was much interested in their method of taking fish by their use of the bow and arrow.

For this purpose they employ arrows six feet in length made of reeds tipped with iron. While a canoe is paddled gently along in the shallows the marksman stands ready with his arrow on the string of the bow. As soon as a large fish is seen, if the approach can be made within range, the arrow is let fly and rarely fails to strike the prey.

A Humorous Snake.

In Marianne North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" is a description of a tame snake.

Its mistress would sometimes twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore around her head and once threatened to go down thus decorated to a dinner party of rather stiff people.

But one of the snake's own eccentricities serves to distinguish it among all other reptiles of a similar nature which have served as pets.

It was as fond of glittering things as its mistress herself, and when she took off her many rings and placed them on different parts of the table it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body. Then it would tie itself in a knot, so that the rings could not be taken off until it was pleased to untie itself again.

Not Quite What He Meant.

The man who thought he had the knack of saying pleasant things calculated to warm the cockles of the oldest heart was revisiting the town in which he had spent a summer twenty years before.

"I'm Miss Mears. I don't know that you recall me," said a coquettish elderly spinster, approaching him in the postoffice the day after his arrival.

The ready heart warmer turned with his most beaming smile and wrung her hand.

"Recall you," he echoed, reproachfully. "As if one could help it, Miss Mears! Why, you are one of the landmarks of the town."

A Double Surprise.

Funniman—Now, there's your husband coming, Mrs. Candor. Let's make a little surprise for him. Mrs. Funniman and I will hide behind the curtains here, and you tell him that your expected guests haven't come. Then we'll step out and surprise him.

(Enter Mr. Candor.)

Mrs. Candor (obeying orders)—Well, Henry, our expected guests have disappointed us—Mr. and Mrs. Funniman haven't come.

Mr. Candor (heartily)—Thank heaven!

Didn't Seem Funny.

Little Johnny—That young man who comes to see you must be pretty poor company. He hasn't any sense of humor.

Sister—Why do you think so?

Little Johnny—I told him all about the funny way you rush about and bang doors when you get in a temper, and he didn't laugh a bit.

An Empty Assurance.

"He says he'd share his last dollar with me."

"Yes," said the man who looks at things coldly, "but he is a man who will take precious good care never to get down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

The Real Article.

Sillicus—Everybody says he is a genius.

Cynicus—Then I guess he might be. It takes genius to convince other people that you are one.—Philadelphia Record.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantage.—Bovee.

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LOVE'S STRATAGEM

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Fenella watched her aunt with wide, unfaltering eyes. She was much too angry to be the least bit afraid. Deliberately, in cold blood, Miss De Vaux had opened a letter addressed to Fenella and stood reading it as though it were her own. The reading made her eyes snap. When she came to the signature, she stamped hard and made to fling the offending sheet into the fire.

Fenella was too quick for her. She caught the letter, crumpled it between locked hands, then confronted Miss De Vaux with a face as set as her own. "I have wanted not to hate you, Aunt Pam," she said. "There are just the two of us left. But—but you make me do it. I did not think my father's sister could be so dishonorable."

Miss De Vaux gasped. If one of the roses blooming on the terrace outside the windows had spoken reproof of her, she would have been scarcely more amazed. Fenella in all the five years since she came to Vauxlour had shown herself a pattern of silent, shy obedience. She must be instantly disciplined.

"Go to your room at once!" she said icily. "Stay there until John Jermain comes. I shall tell him the whole truth. After that, if he still wishes to marry you, you will leave my house as his wife or else as penniless as you are ungrateful."

"I shall go now!" Fenella said, turning toward the outer door. Miss De Vaux barred her way, saying with a bitter smile: "Wait. Read your letter. Between the lines you will find out that your true love, Mr. Allen Lee, does not want you unless you bring him the hope of my money."

Fenella's luminous pallor turned suddenly ashen, but her head was high as she answered, "You would hardly have tried to burn a letter which said that." But instead of pressing to the hall door she turned and went up the stairway.

In an hour she came down, a slim, black wraith, clothed in the faded mourning she had worn when she came to Vauxlour. A small bag, pitifully rusty, more pitifully flabby, dangled from her hand. "I am taking away nothing but what belongs to me. Bear witness to that, Aunt Pam," she said dully, pausing a few steps in front of Miss De Vaux. "You were right. I was ungrateful. I understand now, you—you—wanted to save me the hurt, the shame of it," she went on, "but I must go away, just the same. I cannot—cannot marry"—

"Stop, foolish child! There need be no talk of marriage—until you choose," Miss De Vaux said huskily. Under her crust of imperious pride she loved Fenella dearly. "Listen! Be wise and a little pitiful. John Jermain ought to be my son. I never loved anybody but his father. My pride and temper parted us. Now you know why I want him to have the money, yet not to leave it away from my own blood."

"Let him have it—unincumbered," Fenella said proudly.

Miss De Vaux wrung her hands. "You—you must not go away," she said. Fenella smiled wanly, but shook her head, saying, "I must."

"You are mad—quite mad!" Miss De Vaux said, the distress in her voice apparent. A tall, wholesome looking fellow came gustily through the door. Two strides took him up to Fenella. "What does it mean—this masquerade?" he asked. Miss De Vaux began to speak, but Fenella stopped her by an imperative gesture.

"It means you are to be rich and happy in your own way," she said clearly. "I have not been so blind as you thought. Mr. Jermain does not really care for me. He loves Susan Weir, though he has never let himself acknowledge it."

Jermain laughed heartily. "In that case you must needs console me," he said. "Haven't you heard the news? Susan eloped last night with Allen Lee, and I have been ready to murder him this last six weeks. I was so sure he had bewitched our fairy here."

He touched Fenella's arm reverently as he spoke. She shrank from him and made as if to speak. Miss De Vaux put a hand over her lips, saying: "Let me tell him, Fenella. He ought to know the truth. Our girl was bewitched, John. That is the true word for it. But she had the strength, the sense, to save herself—would not hear of a secret marriage. She had found him out. She is going away because I have been cruel. Tell her she must stay."

"I have no right to tell her anything," Jermain said, paling through all his healthy tan. Then to Fenella he said: "But you need not go, dear, to—escape me. I shall never force myself on you. I love you too well"—

"It is not that," Fenella interrupted. "I will stay, and gladly, on one condition."

"Name it," Jermain said, looking away. Fenella drew back a step.

"That I may be my aunt's companion, not her heiress," she said. "If you will let her adopt you"—

She stopped, faltering the least bit. Jermain frowned blackly, but suddenly his face cleared as if by magic. "I believe that is the best way out," he said, with a slight significant gesture to Miss De Vaux.

The new order of things made little outward difference. Inwardly Fenella chafed over slight and subtle changes. Materially she had no cause for complaint. Her salary was a little more than her quarterly allowance had been. Her duties were less than she had voluntarily taken on herself in the old days. She had greater absolute freedom, but she missed something.

Miss De Vaux no longer talked to her of the future. Now and again she said of such or such a plan, "John will keep it up." And once she went so far as to add that in the event of Fenella's marriage after five years' satisfactory service she would give her a wedding outfit and a modest if comfortable dowry. Further, she made not the least objection to potential lovers. If they asked her leave to court her niece, she said invariably Fenella was free to choose for herself.

Thus a year passed. Fenella was finding out things—things bitter to be borne. She had thrown away happiness because, forsooth, she fancied it was to be thrust upon her. Jermain was as kind as ever, as chivalrously courteous, but nothing more. Of course he no longer cared for her; of course, too, he would marry as soon as he found a lucky woman exactly to his mind. Until that happened Fenella meant to stay. Afterward— She stopped there, blind and trembling.

Still it was like a knife thrust when Miss De Vaux said: "Fenella, John is to marry shortly, so on many accounts I think it wise to get another companion. He has chosen well. As he is to live with me after he marries, it is almost certain he would not like to have you keep the place."

"I understand. I will go," Fenella said through stiff lips, then, waiting for no answer, stumbled blindly away. In the briefest time she was walking down the avenue, looking neither to right nor left, her eyes still unseeing. Half way to the gate she ran plump into Jermain's arms. They closed about her in most possessive fashion as he said, with his lips on her hair, answering her incoherent murmurs: "Of course, Aunt Pam needs another companion. You are going to be my precious wife."

Origin of Earrings.

According to the Moslem creed the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear earrings is attributed to the following curious legend: Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his imbittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears.

The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of earrings or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear earrings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

Blonds In History.

It is certain that blond, long headed men once played a great role in history, for it was they who colonized Galatia and brought home the treasures of Greece and Italy to Toulouse, who overthrew the Roman empire in the west and won England from the Britons. It is equally certain that this physical type was once much more dominant and widely distributed than it is now and that it is tending to die out. This is especially true of that pronounced form of blonds which is distinguished by red hair. Red haired persons do not now constitute the majority in any known tribe or nation, but one authority sets forth grounds for thinking that red hair was once much more prevalent.

It must have occurred, for instance, among the Brahmans, since they were forbidden by the laws of Manu to marry red haired women. There is no doubt that blonds and red haired persons are still encountered about the Hindoo Kush, among the tribes from whom the Brahmans are supposed to have been immigrants. But obedience to the law mentioned would, in the course of time, annihilate the tendency to their reproduction.

Not an Optical Illusion.

He was positive that he bumped his head when he fell.

"You see, it all happened just as I stepped off the porch," he said as he rubbed the back of his thought repository.

"My heel touched the corner of the step, and I was gone. I nearly fractured my skull. The stars loomed up like a constellation. I never saw stars as plainly in my life."

"But, papa"—his young son attempted to interrupt, but the stern parent would not permit it.

"Don't contradict what I say, Frank, because you know I am older than you are," said the pater.

"But, papa"—

"Frank!"

"But, papa, I know you didn't bump your head. And you didn't see stars either. It was the ashes from your pipe. I guess I saw you."

And Frank was reprimanded for having his say.—Indianapolis News.

Yielded to the Inevitable.

Bilson—So you have a titled son-in-law. I suppose you consider him a high honor.

Tribbler—Well, yes, he did come rather high, but Carrie seemed sort of set upon buying him.—Boston Transcript.

Paying a Call In China.

A Chinese bride called upon a foreign lady, says a missionary. On entering the room she deliberately turned her back upon her hostess and made an elaborate obeisance. Of course the foreign lady was amazed and annoyed, but she found out the reason of the strange proceeding afterward. The bride's conduct had conformed to Chinese etiquette.

She had performed her obeisance, her k'o-t'-ou, to the north because that is the direction of the royal abode. If the foreign lady was so ignorant as to stand on the south side of the room, that was not the bride's concern. She knew, if her hostess did not, in what direction to bow her head.

Boiled Oysters.

In "Social Life In the Reign of Queen Anne" Swift writes to Stella, "Lord Masham made me go home with him to eat boiled oysters," and then he obligingly adds the recipe: "Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters in an earthen pot, with their hollow side down; then put this pot, covered, into a great kettle of water and let it boil. Your oysters are then boiled in their own liquor and do not mix with water."

Raphael's "Paul."

While Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes he was visited by two churchmen, who began to criticise his work without understanding it. "The Apostle Paul has too red a face," said one. "He blushes even in heaven to see what hands the church has fallen into," replied the indignant painter.

A Source of Revenue Stopped.

"How many quarters did you receive last Sunday night, Harry?"

"Four."

"I thought you had five sisters?"

"Yes'm, but one is engaged."—Town and Country.

Time's Changes.

Father (meditating on time's changes)—Ah, yes, the fashion of this world passeth away.

Daughter—Indeed it does, papa. I shall want a new hat next week.

FOUR MATCHED HORSES.

They Were Colored Black, Just as the Dealer Had Said.

Lord Mansfield, the famous lord chief justice of England, had a bitter prejudice against horse dealers, which, it is said, had its rise in a bitter disappointment he had experienced at the hands of one of them. When he was appointed lord chief justice in 1756 he wished to have four black horses without a white hair for his carriage. After considerable difficulty the four black horses were found and approved, for they were handsome horses and just what the lord chief justice wanted. The price, of course, was a heavy one; it always is under such circumstances. For a time all went well and his lordship was well satisfied with his bargain. Then one horse began to develop a white star and another a white fetlock and another was disfigured by a white blaze—indeed, in all of them in one place or another the hated white appeared.

The judge sent for the horse dealer who had supplied the horses and threatened him with all kinds of pains and penalties. That worthy, however, was not in the least put out by the wrath of the noble lord. He insisted that he had not misrepresented the horses on his bill and pointed out on that document being produced that he had sold to his lordship four horses colored black. This of course did away with any legal proceedings, but the incident was never forgotten by Lord Mansfield, who was scarcely ever known to give a horse dealer the benefit of the doubt.—Horseman.

Kleptomania.

James G. Kiernan says that in the vast majority of cases kleptomania is a morbid manifestation of neuroses and psychoses rather than psychosis by itself. In many cases of so called kleptomania stealing is a manifestation of viciousness or feeble morality. The majority of cases of both these forms occur in the department stores. "Bargain sales" are determining factors of theft. Women who are neurasthenic, alcoholic, opium eaters, hysterical, climacteric and senile, from so great a weakening of the will, fall ready victims to obsessions and morbid impulses. The "collector" type of kleptomaniac is as a rule perfectly responsible. "Book snatching" is a besetting vice of bibliomaniacs, just as coin and stamp purloining attacks numismatists and philatelists. Parisians think it "smart" to steal sugar and matches from restaurants. Not a few sane Americans think it is equally smart to steal rides on railroads.—Alienist and Neurologist.

Formidable Preparations.

"Yassir," said Uncle Asbury, "I'se got a daughter in de high school."

"I suppose you are very proud of her."

"'Deed I is. An' whut's mo,' she's gwine ter be a gre't he'p to her father. She's studyin' geometry at de present time, an' she's sayin' dem lessons over an' over ag'in so's I kin hear 'em."

"What's that for?"

"Well, suh, I allus was kind o' anxious to preach, but I nebber didn't hab de words to stand de competition. Now I reckons when I stan's up in front o' dat congregation an' gits to tellin' 'em 'bout hypothenuses an' pahiellograms dey's gwine to rise up an' admit dat dey's listenin' to language sho' 'nuff."

Writing on Metals.

Take a quarter of a pound of nitric acid and half an ounce of muriatic acid. Mix, shake well together, and it is ready for use. Cover the place you wish to mark with melted beeswax. When cold, write your inscription plainly on the wax with a sharp instrument to clear the metal. Then apply the mixed acids with a feather, carefully filling each letter. Let it remain from one to ten minutes, according to appearances desired, then throw in water, which stops the process, and remove the wax.

A Touching Consent.

The Youth—Sir, I came to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter.

The Old Man—Is your income sufficient to support a wife?

The Youth—It is, and in addition to that it is sufficient to enable me to stand an occasional touch from my wife's father.

The Old Man—Say no more, young man. She's yours. Bless you, my son.

An Eagle's Strength.

What tremendous power an eagle exerts when carrying away a lamb that weighs, say, sixty pounds or over! If you take the weight of the bird together, seventy-six pounds, then it appears that an eagle can develop more than two horsepower and must put a strain of over 1,100 pounds on the muscles of the wings, which leads one to think that "birds are stronger than mathematics."

Failed to Recognize It.

"He sent a copy of his dialect story down into the country where he studied the dialect."

"And did it make the natives angry?"

"Oh, no; they couldn't understand it."—Chicago Post.

Appreciation.

"How did you like the music at the symphony concert?"

"Mrs. Torque and I got into such a discussion about its beauty and technic that I really hadn't a chance to listen to it."—Baltimore Herald.

A Tractable Memory.

"I see you don't remember me, sir."

"No, sir; I don't."

"I'm Binks. I owe you $50."

"Ah! Now that you mention the—ah—sum, I remember you perfectly."—Detroit Free Press.

A Choking Dog.

Dogs frequently choke. A bone, a nail or a piece of tin gets in the throat, and there is great danger of death before the arrival of the surgeon. Many of them do die, but there is no reason for this, for it is easy, without the slightest danger of getting bitten, to put the hand in the mouth of a dog and to draw out or push down the obstruction that is choking it. A bandage—a handkerchief or towel will do—is passed between the teeth and over the upper jaw, and in a similar way another bandage is passed between the teeth and over the under jaw. One person, holding the ends of these two bandages, keeps the dog's mouth wide open. A second person can then with perfect ease and safety put his fingers down the animal's throat and relieve it.

A Transformation.

"How do you like our climate?" asked the South Carolina quail.

"It has made a new creature of me!" enthusiastically replied the ricebird, which had called itself a bobolink when it left New England last fall.—What to Eat.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

They Originated In Japan and Were Masterpieces of Art.

In Japan originated the art of making and the custom of exchanging New Year's cards. Today both are as obsolete in the Flowery Kingdom as is New Year's calling in the United States. More charming art, more delightful custom, are not numbered among the good things that have passed away to suffer, in their time, let us hope, a happy revival.

For more than 100 years the designing and coloring of New Year's cards occupied the attention of the foremost draftsmen and wood engravers of Japan. They were made at the command of the noblemen of the emperor's court. In size they were from 6 to 8 inches, and each was inscribed with a poetic sentiment dictated by the noble giving the order. They were printed from five or six blocks, each color requiring, as in modern color printing, a separate block. The blocks were the property of the noble, who retained or destroyed them at will. No reprints for another were ever permitted. A nobleman's New Year's card was like his coat of arms or his sword. The surimonos, as Japan's New Year's cards were called, were designed specially to please some ladylove.—New York Press.

The Picture In the Watch.

The following anecdote is related of Jerome Bonaparte: He had been playing cards until he lost all his ready money, then pledged his rings and finally laid his watch on the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened with a spring. A lady overlooking the game admired the watch and took it up to examine it. On her attempting to open the back Jerome immediately clasped it and said that must not be done. His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it, grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there and finally, bursting into tears, quit the room.

Jerome then opened the watch and showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife, Betsy Patterson, with the remark, "You see, I hope, that I could not with propriety let her see it." It was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.

Swelled the Conscience Fund.

The legislator took up his hat to leave the statehouse. It was in Connecticut some years ago. Tucked in under the sweatband was a roll of greenbacks. The legislator counted the bills. "H'm! Five hundred dollars," he said, and put the money into his pocket. Later in the day he encountered a man with a shifty glance of the eye who asked him, "Did you, ah, that is, h'm, did yo'uns find anything in your hat?" "Yes, I found something in my hat." "Well, it was a mistake." "It looked like one." "See here, that roll was meant for another hat, see?" "I see." "As it's a mistake, I suppose you are willing to rectify it?" "Not I," said the legislator. "I'm going to send that money to the conscience fund. Good morning."

Making Up For Lost Time.

Husband (to second wife)—You don't cook like Mary, my first wife, used to do, Alice, he said, in tones of gentle, exasperating reproof. No, it seems to me you can't cook like she used to.

On another occasion he remarked:

"You are not so smart at getting about as Mary was. You don't appear to catch on where she left off."

About this time a heavy rolling pin came in contact with his head.

"What do you mean by that, you ——?" he exclaimed, in agony.

"I am doing the work that Mary neglected," she replied.

There was more peace in that family afterward.

Black Bucks of India.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male when full grown is of inky blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow, the contract being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads in the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fishman that she wanted some eels and when he asked her how much replied, "About two yards and a half," has a rival.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"No. We wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."—Chicago News.

Giving Authority.

A worthy parson, on being accused of cribbing, owned to it cheerfully, but added naively, "I always acknowledge the fact by raising two fingers at the opening words, and two fingers again at the end of the borrowed matter, to indicate quotation marks."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 15.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. viii, 4-13. Memory Verses, 8, 9—Golden Text, Rom. xiv, 19—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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4-6. But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things and we by Him.

The Revised Version says in the first part concerning the Father, "We unto Him," and the A. V. margin says, "We for Him." The Revised Version says in the second part concerning the Son, "Through whom are all things, and we through Him." The title of the lesson, "Christian Self Control," suggests that a Christian is one whom Christ controls and not self. In the first place, a Christian is a sinner who has been washed, sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, by His precious blood, the Spirit having convinced of sin and revealed Christ (vi, 9-11). All such are to recognize that henceforth they are not their own, but have become by His purchase temples of the Holy Ghost, and are now to live unto Him whose we are and whom we have been redeemed to serve (Acts xxvii, 23; II Cor. v, 15). We have no greater enemy, next to the devil, than the sinful self that remains in us even after we receive Christ, and many do not seem to learn that He who delivers us from the wrath to come is able also to save us from our sins (I Thess. i, 10; Matt. i, 21).

7, 8. But meat commendeth us not to God, for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse.

The only gods whom the heathen know are such as must be propitiated with gifts, and many Christians seem to have no better idea of the living and true God. That we must give God something in order that He may do something for us or that we must refrain from something in order to win His favor seems to be such a common thought, but it is so unscriptural. It is true that God accepts our loving service and is pleased with gifts that come from loving and grateful hearts, but we must first see that He gives us all things freely in Christ before He expects or can accept anything from us (Rom. iii, 24; viii, 32; Eph. i, 3). As to eating or not eating, our Lord Himself taught that not that which goes into the mouth, but that which comes out of the mouth, defiles the man (Matt. xv, 17-20).

9. But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.

Many things that are lawful for us may not be expedient (I Cor. vi, 12; x, 23), for none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, and we must aim neither to be nor to put a stumbling block in another's way (Rom. xiv, 7, 13). Yet if all who refuse to consider the welfare of others are to be classed as children of the wicked one the number today is very, very large and would include the names of many of earth's great ones, for the man who gives "the other fellow" much consideration is considered rather weak. This is not to be wondered at among the people who live only for this world, but it is most un-Christlike when seen in Christians who should ever be found seeking the welfare of others rather than their own (Phil. ii, 3, 4).

10-12. Through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died, but where ye sin so against the brethren and wound their weak conscience ye sin against Christ.

There are many weak ones easily offended, and those who are strong must bear the infirmities of the weak and not please ourselves (Rom. xv, 1, 2). Christ died for all, and His redemption is sufficient for the whole world, but becomes efficient only to those who believe or truly receive Him. If the inconsistencies or un-Christlikeness of a believer turn one who is somewhat interested away from Christ instead of drawing more fully to Him, that would seem to illustrate verse 11. But it is well to consider also a perishing that is spoken of in chapters iii, 15; ix, 27—the perishing of one's works or service while the person is saved—saved as by fire, scarcely saved (I Pet. iv, 18), escaped with the skin of his teeth (Job xix, 20), the flesh destroyed by Satan, but the spirit saved in the day of the Lord Jesus (I Cor. v, 5). There is only one foundation, Jesus Christ, and whoever is truly on that foundation can never perish (John x, 27-29; Phil. i, 6); but every believer is a builder and is daily building that which is comparable to gold and silver and precious stones or to wood, hay and stubble, the former being uninjured by fire, while the latter perishes. All that Christ does in us and through us will stand, but all that self does will prove wood, hay and stubble. Paul knew that his soul could not be lost (II Tim. i, 12), but he also knew that his works might be disapproved or rejected, and this he desired to avoid (I Cor. ix, 27).

13. Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth lest I make my brother to offend.

Or as in Rom. xiv, 21, "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended or is made weak." The chief business of the Lord's redeemed is not eating and drinking, but a right relation to God, our neighbors and ourselves, righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost (Rom. xiv, 17). As Christ came to give life, and to give it more abundantly, so we must not be content with merely having life through His blood, but we must be filled with His spirit as a tree is filled with sap and as the body is filled with blood, every part permeated, and seek the same for others (John x, 10; Eph. v, 18; I Tim. vi, 18).

Mismatched.

Mrs. Greene—They tell me your husband has been decorated by some foreign ruler.

Mrs. Brown—Yes, but it's only a bit of ribbon, and it doesn't match my complexion at all. When Charles wears it anywhere, he'll have to go without me.—Boston Transcript.

A Modest Aspiration.

A man was asked recently by the gruff clerk at the stamp window, after he had deposited 2 cents, "Well, what do you want?" He answered gently, "An automobile, please." Verily, a soft answer turneth away wrath.—Albany Argus.

About three days after a man returns from a trip his friends begin to think up something to change the subject when they see him coming.—Atchison Globe.

If we all practiced what we preach, it would keep us so busy practicing that we would have to cut out the preaching.—Iroquois Chief.

SUPPRESSING THE BULLETIN

By C. H. Wetmore

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"Mr. Hudson, I believe?"

"Sir to you; that is my name." And the attorney swung around from his desk.

"You represent Jeremiah Selkirk?" queried the visitor who had drawn up a chair.

"Yes, sir. I care for his legal interests in this city."

The questioner drew a letter from his pocket, remarking as he passed it over, "This will explain why I have called."

"So," exclaimed the lawyer after reading a dozen lines. Then, rising, he slowly stepped to the side of his caller and, extending his hand, said in the usual conventional tones, "Allow me, my dear Mr.—Mr."—

"Adams is the name. It is so stated in the letter, I believe."

"Ah, yes—Mr. Henry Adams. I believe that I have heard of you."

"Very likely. I was employed by Mr. Selkirk before he made Paris his home. It was in Paris, you have doubtless observed, that I purchased the property."

"And may I ask, my dear sir"—

"If I will retain your services as legal adviser? I shall be glad to do so."

"Then, my dear sir, we might as well attend to the matter at once. The letter states that you are anxious to have the transfer take effect at noon on the 5th, which is this date, and as it is now 11 o'clock perhaps it would be well to visit the courthouse and have these documents placed on the records."

While going the few short blocks the attorney asked his client if he contemplated personal control of the property.

"Such is my intention," was the reply.

"That is well. No matter how faithful subordinates may be, it is wise for the proprietor of a large enterprise to keep in personal touch with those who carry out his orders."

The document having been passed to the clerk and the customary certificate having been received, Mr. Hudson said to his client, "Will you take luncheon with me?"

"Thank you, no. I wish that you would accompany me to the office and introduce me to the gentlemen who now are in my employ."

"I see!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You are anxious to get into harness, and I don't blame you. It must be a pleasing sensation to feel that one is at the head of a great newspaper."

As they walked arm and arm down the street they were passed by several young men who were running, despite the weather, spurred on by the information gained in the recorder's office that one of the largest dailies in the United States had suddenly changed hands.

Five minutes later Mr. Hudson and Mr. Adams stepped from an elevator and stopped in front of an office door which bore the legend "Editor" and from behind which came the sound of voices in eager conversation.

"Come in," was the reply to their knock, and as the portal swung it disclosed one of the reporters who had passed them on the way and who was red of face and perspiring profusely.

"Here is Mr. Hudson now!" exclaimed a short, stout man, rising from a revolving chair and taking a step forward. "Perhaps you can tell me what has happened. Chalders here has run so fast that his breath has failed him."

"To make a long story short, I will tell you that the Evening Bulletin has been sold by Mr. Selkirk to Mr. Adams, and the latter is now in absolute control."

Too astonished to speak, the editor sank back in his chair, and the silence was not broken until the new proprietor said soothingly:

"This change need not affect you, Mr. Hamilton, unless you wish to take the initiative, for I shall be well pleased to continue you in active charge of the news columns. Taking it for granted that you will remain, I would like to ask the hour when the next edition goes to press."

"At 2 o'clock."

"I would like to have a slight change made on the fourth page and also have an editorial put in type, and, as I wish to give some instructions concerning the typographical features, it might be well for me to talk with the foreman."

While an office boy was hurrying downstairs for the head of the mechanical department the editor asked his new employer if he had ever been a resident of that city.

"Yes, for a short time, many years ago. But I have always kept in touch with the residents, in whom I have taken a great interest."

"Mr. Sill, our foreman," said Hamilton as a man appeared on the threshold.

"Here is a short editorial which I wish run in all editions today," said Mr. Adams after a hearty handshake. "Also at the top of the first column of the editorial page substitute the words 'Edited and Published by Henry James Adams' for the phrase 'Published by Jeremiah Selkirk, Proprietor.'"

"Yes, sir," said the foreman.

"Please have a proof ready for me in an hour—by the time I return from luncheon. There will be nothing more today, Mr. Sill. Now, gentlemen," and Mr. Adams turned as the foreman left the room, "will you be my guests across the street?"

The tenderloin steaks were very tender, the mushrooms with which the meat was smothered were unusually juicy, and the wine had been well iced, so they were in no haste to depart. At last, when finally they strolled past the desk, Mr. Adams stopped in front of the cashier and said, "Charge it, please."

The knight of the automatic register looked up in surprise; but, receiving a nod from the other two, he made a note on a tab.

They found considerable excitement at the office. They had no sooner taken seats than the city editor found it necessary to come in and ask about the manner a certain elopement story should be handled; then one of the editorial writers wished instruction concerning a leader for the next day's issue, the Sunday editor gained entrance to complain of a poor halftone, and even the society editor managed to pass the threshold.

Meanwhile Mr. Adams, who apparently was not in the least disturbed by the interruptions, was carefully reading proof on the editorial he had written. He made a few corrections, then passed it to Mr. Hamilton, saying, "Tell me how you like it."

The editor read:

"Henry James Adams, having purchased the Evening Bulletin in its entirety and having decided to publish the same from today, takes this occasion to introduce himself to the citizens of St. Louis and to ask them for a continuance of their generous patronage.

"It is not his purpose to make any radical departure, and the newspaper will remain independent in politics, as it always has been. As for the news service, the fact that the present publisher has decided to retain in their various positions the men who have given satisfaction to the former owner and to the reading public of this large city should be a sufficient guarantee that the occurrences of each day will be faithfully and accurately chronicled.

"It has occurred to the publisher that there are certain reforms which might be brought about if the right force were wielded. The first of these will be the effort to have the course of the Mississippi changed so that the current will flow north and the microbes of the drainage canal will re-enter Chicago and no longer infest this fair place."

"Don't you think, sir, that some persons might consider it a—a—a—joke?" stammered Hamilton.

"Oh, dear, no! I have consulted with some of the most eminent engineers on the subject, and only after due consideration have I decided that this shall be the first mission undertaken by the Bulletin."

Then, changing the subject, he commenced a series of interrogations concerning the various members of the staff.

A tremble of the building announced that the presses had started.

"In here, did you say?" they heard some one ask, and the door was unceremoniously pushed open.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen, for not knocking," hurriedly said the intruder, "but I was afraid he might make for the window. You won't do that now, will you, Smiley? Glad to see me?

"We thought he was up to something like this," continued the newcomer, "for we found pen, ink and paper in his room, also several blank deeds, a description of this property and several letters from Mr. Selkirk, which he secured goodness knows where."

"What does this mean?" asked Hamilton, jumping up suddenly like a man awakened from a sound sleep by a cry of alarm.

The newly arrived tapped his head with an index finger and winked, then said: "He's been like this for five years. Thinks that he is a great newspaper publisher, and the only way we can keep him quiet is by letting him monkey with a little press which has been set up in his room. But hold on there! Don't knock a fellow over!"

For Hamilton had pushed him one side and was going down the stairs two steps at a time, yelling at the top of his voice: "Stop the presses! Kill the edition!"

A half hour later Mr. John G. Hudson, attorney at law, entered the restaurant across the street and paid the cashier $11.50.

Got It Twisted.

Little nine-year-old Rachel, whose failing it was to get stories somewhat twisted, once heard the conundrum of the rat and the thirty ears of corn. It ran thus: There were thirty ears of corn in a bin and a rat came along and carried away three ears every night. How long did it take him to carry away the thirty ears? The answer, of course, was thirty nights, counting the rat's two ears and one ear of corn.

Rachel thought this a wonderfully good joke and hastened to tell her older brother, whom she well knew always appreciated anything along the line of a good joke. Rushing up to him she said: "Oh, Newman, I've got the best conundrum you ever heard. See if you can guess it." And thus she went on: "There was a bag of potatoes in a bin and a rat came along and carried away three potatoes every night. How long did it take him to carry away the whole bag?"

Waiters' Hands.

Many waiters have hands that are more callous than a blacksmith's or ironworker's. The callousness comes from carrying hot plates, coffeepots and the like. The heat seems to fry their skin and to make a dead surface to keep them from being burned by things that a man with ordinary hands could not stand. It may have puzzled people who go to some restaurants to notice how the waiters hold things in their hands for some time which are too hot for the hands of the people at the tables even to pass to one another. This is the explanation: That the waiter's hands become callous and hard, so that the tough skin at the surface has no more feeling than a piece of horn.

What He Knew.

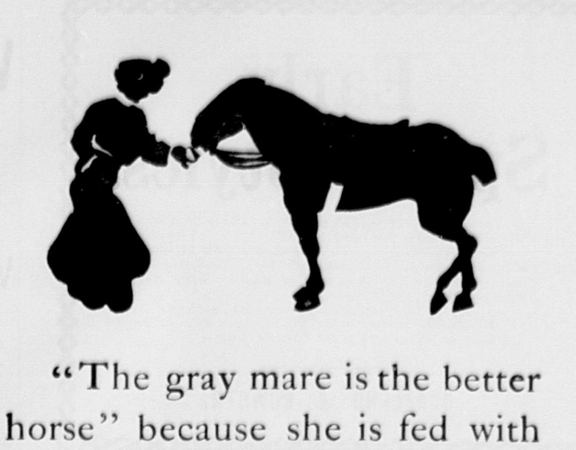
Wiseum—Honestly, now, did you learn anything while you were in college?

Graduate—Um—well, I learned how to state my ignorance in scientific terms.

Finds a Lack.

"The great poets are born," remarked the sententious person. "Yes, and they are also dead," replied the editor wearily.—Philadelphia Record.

Mistakes seem to be necessary. A man who can't show scars isn't much of a woodchopper.—Atchison Globe.



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Hundreds Say The Same.

I can heartily recommend the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed, having used it for over one year, and having found it a great saving. My horses have never felt better nor looked better than they have since using it. It is all you represent it to be.
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"Silver Plate that Wears."

An Early Norman Dinner.

The Saxon dinner arrangements were orderly compared with those of the early Normans, when the halls and passages were frequently the scene of a free fight between the servants bringing in the food and the crowds of hangers on endeavoring to snatch it from them. This nuisance became at length so intolerable that ushers of the hall and kitchen were established by King William Rufus to protect not only the cooks bringing in the dinner, but the guests arriving to partake of it. Upon the occasion of his great feast at Westminster 300 of these officers were on duty, some to guard the visitors as they ascended the steps and others to defend the threatened dishes.

Such was the uncivilized state of society at this period, but when later on the marauders disappeared from the great houses it became customary to carry in the dishes in procession, sometimes preceded by music and headed by the steward with his wand of office. It was the duty of an "asseeur" or placer to arrange them upon the table; the ewers and napkins with which to perform their ablutions were presented to the guests by the esquires and pages, while it fell to the lot of the almoner to say grace.

A Great Feast.

There has never been prepared at any feast a bigger bowl of punch than that which was brewed by the Right Hon. Edward Russell when he was captain general and commander in chief of the forces in the Mediterranean seas. It was made in a fountain in a garden in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with lemon and orange trees. In every walk there was a table the whole length of it, and on every table was a cold collation. In the huge fountains were the following ingredients: Four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, 1,300 pounds of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits and a pipe of dry mountain Malaga.

Over the fountain was placed a great canopy, while in the midst of this lake of liquor there sailed a little sailor boy who filled the cups and replenished the glasses of all those who had a desire to drink. More than 6,000 men put in an appearance at this feast.—London Tit-Bits.

The Feet of Chameleons.

Chameleons, as no doubt readers are aware, all belong to the old world, and particularly to Africa. In their tongue, their feet and their eyes they differ remarkably from other lizards. Their feet, though possessing five toes, are divided into two grasping groups, looking like a hand in mittens, and only by close examination you perceive the presence of the two or the three opposing respectively, but so close together as to appear like one broad one.

On the padded soles or palms of these grasping limbs you can feel and see the small—may one say—palpi, which enable them to grasp so firmly that it is difficult to detach a chameleon from its foothold. These clinging feet, together with their prehensile tail, enable them to sustain themselves on the branches in the strongest gale.

At a Boarding House.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—I declare I have three buttons off my vest.

Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining room, sir.

No Doubts About It.

"How do you know it is rheumatism?" asked his friend. "You haven't seen a doctor."

"I know what it is, all right," replied the victim. "Rheumatism is one of these things that don't need an introduction."

A Freak Giant.

Manager of Show—Have I got a vacancy for a giant? Why, you don't look five feet!

Candidate—Yes, that's just it. I'm the smallest giant on record.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.41, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

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Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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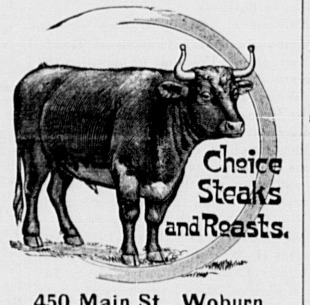
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



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Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half on the 37 minute after, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10.00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5.50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8.00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M.. half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8.25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

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SWAMI SPRAGGE

...By Ewan MacPherson

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"He's some sort of fakir or swami or occult duck. You'll find him at the Grand Circular. I got it privately."

That was what the city editor had said in giving him the assignment, and yet Wickham was not keen on it, for he had planned to happen to be near the ladies' entrance of quite a different hotel that afternoon at an hour when he had good reason to believe that Miss Olive Parker would be going in to get a cup of tea. He was not interested in wandering swamis.

Nevertheless he stuck to his assignment and was presently at the clerk's desk at the Grand Circular, trying to form a plan of interviewing a traveling swami of retiring disposition. The name on the register was in very matter of fact writing: "John Lyndon Spragge, Liverpool, England."

"Nothing mysterious about this fellow, I'll wager—common, everyday British drummer. And in ten minutes from now Olive will"—

Did Wickham say these thoughts aloud or only think them? Of that he never made sure. But a stocky man, dressed in tweeds, tapped him on the elbow from behind.

"Looking at my autograph, sir?"

Wickham started and turned. "Is this Mr. Spragge?"

The man in tweeds smiled pleasantly.

"I'm a reporter," said Wickham.

"So I thought."

"Then you have guessed what I want to see you about?" a fairly good diplomatic stroke, considering how hard it was for Wickham to keep his mind from wandering to the other hotel.

Mr. Spragge smiled oddly. "Oh, I don't know about 'guessed.' Suppose we go up to my room."

As they walked up one flight of carpeted stairs together he tried to guess Spragge's age, and that puzzled him. He studied the red and brown cheeks and neck, and they puzzled him, too, for he thought an occult person should look much less like an eater of thick beefsteaks.

"Is this your first visit to America?"

"Yes, but you didn't come here to ask me that."

Although this remark did not necessarily imply preternatural intuition, Wickham began to feel a little creepy.

"I suppose you—you travel for pleasure."

By this time they were entering the Englishman's room, on the second floor. "Yes," he said; "I do—that and other things." Then, closing the door behind him, he added, "And perhaps Spragge is not my only name."

Wickham gasped and turned to stare at him. "Are you a clairvoyant?"

"I might be, or I might be a mahatma or anything else that would interest your readers, and you might be a reporter for the Express if you were not in fact the representative of the Morning Star. What can I do in particular to oblige you at present?"

Wickham had forgotten all about Miss Parker. "Well—er—do you really possess these wonderful powers?"

"Which? Bilocation? Levitation? Perhaps."

"Then, if you don't mind, perhaps you might"—

The stocky man broke in with a gleeful laugh, throwing his head back in the chair. "If you should see me, for instance, float up to the ceiling, chair and all, what good would that do?"

"I thought you occultists wanted to convince the public."

"And you are one of the public's pairs of eyes? But if I did give you an exhibition like that"— Spragge stopped tantalizingly and looked at the reporter.

Wickham sat on the very edge of his chair in breathless expectation of something miraculous.

"If I did anything of that kind, you'd have two columns about it in the Morning Star, wouldn't you?"

"I should think so," said Wickham, relaxing into a more comfortable attitude.

The Englishman laughed again. "Well, perhaps your editor might let it get into print, but much more likely he would say you were drunk."

There was a pause, Wickham turning over in his mind the probabilities of this hypothetical case. If a reporter was to be accused of seeing double when he reported this kind of thing, what was the use of sending him to interview a magician? He began to think he had better let the interview go at that. Then he remembered Olive Parker again and nervously pulled out his watch.

At this the other man smiled and shook his head. "I'm afraid you're too late. Besides, the young lady has changed her mind and gone to a friend's house."

Wickham's jaw dropped, and the stare in which his face was set was as of one who saw a specter.

That evening the city editor cross examined Wickham, for the city editor was confident there was good news matter in this swami affair.

"You say he admits that Spragge isn't his real name?"

"Yes, in a sort of way."

"Well, what is his real name?"

"He didn't tell me that. He's a magician all right. He knew I was looking at his name in the hotel register when my back was turned to him."

"H'm! Is that all?"

"He knew I was a Star man without my telling him."

"Wickham, if you think it would take a mahatma to find that out—What else?"

Wickham turned red and stammered. It was borne in upon him that the final proof of Spragge's preternatural powers was much too delicately personal to be mentioned to the city editor. As for putting it into print, that was unthinkable.

The city editor sighed in weary disappointment, looked all around the room and sniffed.

Wickham went to his desk feeling that all his rosy prospects of journalistic advancement were fading; but when he reached his desk, behold, a square envelope of a delicate gray green tint! He opened it and read:

Dear Mr. Wickham—Just home from Mrs. Cowley's reception, where Alex would have me with her, and I didn't care to say just what in particular urged me to shop just this afternoon.

At Mrs. C.'s something turned up that may make a good item for you. She and a lot of them are theosophists, and it seems there is a man here who gives himself out to be an English swami. But those Boer relief committee women got private warning that this Spragge is the same English detective who was watching them at Philadelphia. He is an old Indian scout service man like you read about. Two of the B. R. C. saw him on the steamboat last night. They teased me about him, because they said he was watching us and taking you to be a recruit I was enlisting for the Boers. At Philadelphia the first thing he did was to find out all he could about newspaper men, gave his name as Southgate and let them think he was some lord in disguise looking for chances to invest money.

Can't you make something of this for the paper? He is at the Grand Circular, I think. Cordially, O. P.

P. S.—This goes by special messenger.

Wickham thought he could, and he lost no time in saying so to the city editor. And that was how it came to pass that next morning the Star had an exclusive story of Mr. Spragge—how Mr. Spragge, who had ostensibly arrived in the city the day before and registered at the Grand Circular, had really spent two days quietly at an obscure boarding house learning all he could about things not obviously his business; how he had played much the same game in at least two other big cities, all to make sure that the Boer relief committees were not shipping contrabands to the seat of war.

It was a great thing for Wickham's journalistic prospects, that story, but it hurt Spragge's career.

Breaking the Steers.

During an old home week celebration in a small town in New Hampshire there were present a learned judge from a western city, a professor from Boston and a United States senator. Grave and austere of manner, as became their age and honors, they addressed each other by the titles which belonged to their several stations. But they had been schoolmates, and when the senator told a story of school days the accumulated ice of forty years thawed in a burst of laughter, and they were John and Bill and Horace once more. The Delineator repeats one of their stories:

"Bill, do you remember breaking the steers?" laughed Horace.

"Now, that's between you and me, Horace."

"No secrets here," said John. "Out with it!"

"One summer one of Bill's steers got mired in the swamp and was killed. Bill wasn't going to miss the fun of breaking the steers, so the next winter he yoked himself up with the one that was left. I met them coming down over the crust like Sam Hill. Bill yelled between gasps: 'Stop us! Stop us! We're running away!' I cornered them in an angle of the wall. As soon as Bill got breath enough he said, 'For goodness' sake, Horace, unyoke the other steer!'"

The Planet Mercury.

Though Mercury is one of the smallest of the planets, it is perhaps the most troublesome to the astronomer. It lies so close to the sun that it is seen but seldom in comparison with the other great planets. Its orbit is very eccentric, and it experiences disturbances by the attraction of other bodies in a way not yet fully understood. A special difficulty has also been found in the attempt to place Mercury in the weighing scales. We can weigh the whole earth, we can weigh the sun, the moon and even Jupiter and other planets, but Mercury presents difficulties of a peculiar character. Le Verrier, however, succeeded in devising a method of weighing it.

He demonstrated that our earth is attracted by this planet, and he showed how the amount of attraction may be disclosed by observations of the sun, so that from an examination of the observations he made an approximate determination of the mass of Mercury. Le Verrier's result indicated that the weight of the planet was about the fifteenth part of the weight of the earth. In other words, if our earth was placed in a balance and fifteen globes, each equal to Mercury, were laid in the other the scales would hang evenly.—"Story of the Heavens."

An Answer For Gough.

John B. Gough, the famous temperance writer, was once in a New England town lecturing and after painting the tavern as a place of contamination even for the abstainer asked:

"Don't you all agree with me, friends, that there is no place a man should go and of which he should tell his mother and sisters unless he might take them too there? Should there be any such place?"

"Oh, y-e-s!" came drawlingly from a rear seat.

The audience was aroused from its spell of admiration for the orator and turned to look at the voice in the rear. Gough smiled as though he thought no discussion possible and blandly asked:

"Where, friend, would you go telling mother and sisters, but refusing to take them?"

"The barber's," was the laconic reply.

Early Marriage In China.

It is nothing rare in China for boys twelve to fourteen years old to marry. The physical, moral and intellectual development of the contracting parties has nothing to do with the matter. Other considerations entirely regulate the affair. An old Chinese aphorism says that the great business of life is ended when the sons and daughters are married. The Chinese parents do not care to run the danger of postponing the marriage of their children, especially of their sons, until after their own death.

Thwarted Them.

"Why did old Rollingold give away his money?"

"He was afraid his relatives would have him adjudged incapable of taking care of it."—Newark News.

BOSTON HARBOR FROZE.

But That Didn't Keep the Britannia From Sailing on Time.

Boston harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia, then in dock, seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not have it so. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time. The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged, like Frederick Tudor, in the export of ice, not from the harbor. Their task was to cut, within the space of three days, a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh water ice, and horsepower was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness. As the Advertiser of Feb. 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharfs to witness the operations and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds and even sleighs. Tents and booths were erected upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian holiday scene." On Feb. 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators, made her way to the sea.—M. A. DeWolfe Howe in Atlantic.

The Earthly Facts.

A story told of Lord Holt, who was lord chief justice of England in the eighteenth century, shows what a deadly enemy to wild superstition a sense of fact may be. A man presented himself to Lord Holt and said:

"A spirit came to me from the other world and told me that in your next case you must enter a plea of nol. pros."—that is, refusal to prosecute.

Lord Holt looked at the man a moment and then smiled.

"Do you believe that such a message is wise for a human being to obey?"

"It is absolute."

"And do you believe that the messenger had a full knowledge of the law of England?"

"Yes, and of all law. By following this heaven given advice you will be doing justice."

"Well, you tell your messenger if he comes again that he should have sent his message to the attorney general. The lord chief justice of England never prosecutes, and if the spirit knew anything about the English law he would know a simple thing like that."—Youth's Companion.

Helping Out a Poet.

Shortly after the publication of Tennyson's famous poem, "A Vision of Sin," the laureate was somewhat startled to receive from Mr. Babbage, the renowned arithmetician, a letter which ran as follows:

Dear Sir—I find in a recently published poem from your pen, entitled "A Vision of Sin," the following unwarrantable statement:

"Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born."

I need hardly point out to you that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is a well known fact that the said sum total is constantly on the increase. I would therefore take the liberty of suggesting that in the next edition of your excellent poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows:

Every moment dies a man
And one and a sixteenth is born.

I may add that the exact figures are 1.167, but something must of course be conceded to the laws of meter. I have the honor to be, sir, yours, sincerely, C. BABBAGE.

Nets Lure Athletes.

Races through deep snow are an attractive feature of winter sports in Germany, and athletes who take part in them do not always fare very successfully.

The reason is because over the ground which the runners must cross are laid nets with strong meshes, and as these are covered by the snow and hence are invisible the men's feet almost always catch in them, the result being that a race instead of being won by the swiftest runner is generally won by him who is lucky enough to escape the nets or who succeeds in freeing himself the most quickly from their meshes.

Races of this kind always attract large crowds, and there is much amusement when the nets begin to get in their deadly work.

Writers Whose Works Are Unread.

With care and precision the journal clerks of the senate prepare the daily chronicle of the senate's doings. They are proud of their achievements, and justly so. It is a cause of sore disappointment to the makers of that journal when some thoughtless senator, eager for the morning's business, moves to suspend with the further reading.

Other clerks around the desk enjoy the joke and when the proceeding is concluded repeat in an undertone from man to man:

"Another insult."—Washington Post.

She Wouldn't Make Trouble.

She was not one of these trouble making women. In fact, she had the greatest contempt for people of that kind. She said so herself.

"And she spoke of you, too," she said, in telling a friend of a call she had made.

"What did she say?"

"Oh, I'd rather not tell you, dear. There's no use making trouble, you know."—Chicago Post.

From the Cookbook.

Mrs. New Wed—You don't like the dumplings, Harry? Why, I made them from Mrs. Snorer's cook book.

Mr. New Wed—Well, my dear, the book itself may be very palatable, but I must have been helped to a piece of the cardboard cover.—New York Times.

She Furnished Bulletins.

"Their marriage was a surprise, wasn't it?"

"Well, his friends were surprised, but I believe her friends were expecting it."—Brooklyn Life.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood and the restorative of old age.—Landor.

Largest Variety and . . . .
Lowest Prices in Boston in
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A GIRL TO TRUST.

So Thought President Lincoln When He Handed Her a Pass.

During the civil war Miss N., a high spirited Virginia young lady whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room, Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. LINCOLN.

Red Jacket's Memory.

Red Jacket, the Indian chief, had more confidence in his own memory than in books and papers of white men. There was a council at one time before Tompkins, an early governor of New York, in regard to an ancient treaty. The agent said one thing, but Red Jacket corrected him. "You have forgotten," said the American agent. "We have it written down on paper." "The paper then tells a lie," was the confident answer. "I have it written here," continued the chief, placing his hand with dignity upon his brow. "You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers, but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here. This is the book the Great Spirit gave him. It does not lie." A reference was made to the treaty in question, when to the astonishment of all every word that Red Jacket had said was confirmed on the document.

Amused Only the Actors.

In his "Random Recollections" Charles H. E. Brookfield, a highly esteemed actor on the London stage, says: "I remember a piece which we produced at the Comedy theater, written by a popular author and very strongly cast, which amused us all so much that we could hardly rehearse it. Charles Hawtrey used every now and then to warn us: 'Now, don't speak too soon on that. There's certain to be a big laugh, and we don't want them to miss the next line.' We rehearsed for six weeks. On the first night nothing went wrong—but the piece. There was not one laugh nor one round of applause from start to finish. We took off the comedy in ten days, during which we rehearsed as a stop gap a conventional three act farce with no literary pretensions. I think it ran for a year."

There Are Exceptions.

"It is said that all parsons' sons turn out to be worthless. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Some persons have [illegible]

REELFOOT LAKE.

Its Great Sunken Forest and the Game With Which It Abounds.

Mississippi river shooting is varied with trips to the sunken lands, which begin near Hickman, Ky., and extend south several hundred miles on both sides of the river. This territory was covered with a dense forest of large trees before the land was submerged by the earthquake of 1811. On the Tennessee side Reelfoot lake, eighty miles long, was formed. Reelfoot lake is only three miles from the river at Upper Slough Landing and the same distance at Tiptonville, Tenn. The dense forest is still standing. The limbs and bark have rotted and dropped off years ago, leaving the bleached trunks standing like marble columns in water sixty feet deep, so close together that it is difficult to move a skiff among them. Some have rotted off at the water level, and others are hollow, making good blinds. The flight of wild fowl on Reelfoot lake is beyond the comprehension of the average sportsman. There are ducks, geese, cormorants, called water turkeys; cranes, water hens and snipe. They all keep up a chatter which makes the sunken forest ring. From the tops of the trees eagles, hawks and owls contribute piercing screeches to the continuous din.—Outing.

Apprenticed For Life.

"Have you ever encountered the child who in the matter of smart sayings and straight truths is an absolute terror to all with whom he may chance to come into contact?" said an anxious parent recently. "Because if not I should like to introduce you to that boy of mine."

"What has your boy done, then?" inquired his friend.

"What has he done?" said the parent. "Why, he's always at it. Only this morning he came to me and asked what it meant to be apprenticed. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, after a few moments the young rascal edged up to me and said, 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to ma, ain't you, dad?'"

Her Fathomless Eyes.

It was the hermit Thoreau, whose mistress was wood and stream, who wrote: "The lover sees in the glance of his beloved the same beauty that in the sunset paints the western skies. It is the same diamond here lurking under a human eyelid and there under the closing eyelids of the day. Here, in small compass, is the ancient and natural beauty of evening and morning. What loving astronomer has ever fathomed the ethereal depths of the eye?"

Cause and Effect.

La Montt—Children are so much worse than they used to be. What do you attribute it to?

La Moyne—Improved ideas in building.

La Montt—What has that to do with it?

La Moyne—Much. Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof.—Philadelphia Record.

Hard Work.

"I suppose you have heard about young Chumley? He is very seriously ill as a result of overwork."

"You don't say so! What has he been doing to bring it about?"

"Trying to collect his bills."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 20, 1903

NOWELL IS THE NOMINEE.

Mr. Charles H. Nowell of Reading was nominated by a handsome majority at the Republican Representative District convention last Monday evening, held in this city, as the Republican candidate to be voted for at the election on March 3. No better or more worthy man could have been selected.

Now let the Republicans of the 28th District go to work and elect him. This can be done, if the Republicans of Woburn do their whole duty toward Mr. Nowell and the Party on election day.

If the Republicans of Woburn would continue to accept favors from their brethren of Reading they must play fair and do the honest thing by the Reading candidate. Woburn can't elect one side of a Representative without Reading's help, a fact which they ought to appreciate, and act accordingly.

There should be no Republican stay-at-homes on election day. The Republicans of Woburn owe it to Mr. Nowell, to Reading, and to themselves, to cast a full Party vote on March 3.

☞ Mr. Edward Q. Brackett missed the opportunity of his life last Monday evening. He is ambitious to represent this city in the Legislature. If he had gone to the convention and instructed his delegates to vote for Mr. Nowell and thus give him a unanimous nomination on the first ballot, nothing under the sun but death could have prevented the nomination of Brackett next fall. But he lost his chance. What Mr. Brackett needs more than anything else is men for advisers who know politics.

☞ At the Democratic Representative convention held at the Central House last Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, Dr. Daniel S. Jones was unanimously nominated, on the second ballot as the Democratic candidate for the Legislature to fill a vacancy caused by death of Representative Cottle. From that Party's standpoint it was the best choice that could have been made, for Dr. Jones is a popular young man, and a good political worker.

☞ A few days ago Governor Bates wrote to Hon. John M. Harlow requesting him to accept a reappointment on the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, a position which he has filled with credit for several years past, or ever since he ceased to be a member of the Governor's Council. The request found Dr. Harlow strongly disinclined to accept the honor for another term.

☞ The scheme for a "Metropolitan County" does not meet with much favor from the Suburban newspapers. So far as we have observed they oppose it unanimously. It is a quixotic scheme, at the best. The idea of shearing the County Courts of Middlesex, Essex and Norfolk of the least little bit of their powers and perquisites is too absurd to be seriously considered for a moment.

☞ Francis P. Curran, Esq., of Cambridge, formerly a native of Woburn, is President of the Middlesex County Democrat Club recently organized. He is a stalwart partisan, and has in years past successfully engineered many conventions and elections, but is fair, and commands the respect of his political opponents. He will make a good president.

☞ A full Republican vote in this city will land Mr. Nowell in the Legislature by a splendid majority. Reading Republicans may be relied on to do their whole duty towards him on March 3.

☞ We have heard that the delegates from Reading to the Republican Representative convention were well pleased with the treatment they received from the Woburn delegates, as well as with the result of the convention.

☞ Lawyer George W. Norris received numerous congratulations last Monday morning on his appointment to the office of the City Solicitor by Mayor Feeney, which he will fill with ability and credit.

☞ It is due to Reading that Woburn gives Mr. Nowell the full Republican vote on March 3.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

S. of V.—Drama.
J. H. Bates—Bicycles.
H. C. Mulligan—Mort. Sale.
Hammond & Son—Saturday.

— Grand Charity Ball in Lyceum Hall tonight.

— The Woburn laundry, Moore proprietor, is doing a fine business.

— Mr. G. F. Jones is at his office every day and is looking all right.

— The Sons of Veterans will give their next social on this, Friday, evening.

— Ald. Greany's case in the Superior court has been postponed to the June term.

— Basket ball is a popular amusement in this city. There are some fine players here.

— Robert S. Magee, the painter, is still confined to his bed at his home on Beacon street.

—Master Owen reports a large number of High School pupils absent on account of sickness.

— On to Mexico! Messers. Benj. B. Cahoon and Fred Masson started for that locality Thursday.

— Voters, please make a note of the date of meeting of the Registrars of Voters, Feb. 28. See ad.

— The "St. Charles Boys" are to give their annual minstrel show at an early date. It will be a big one.

— Fitz & Stanley say in their advertisement that the Larsen pear are the best in the market. Read it.

— Willis J. Buckman has a neat store, a fine stock of choice family groceries, a good patronage, and is happy.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys rubbers 50c

— The Augustinian Fathers of Philadelphia are to hold a mission at St. Charles Church during the third week of Lent.

— The mock trial held at the M. E. Church last week will be repeated at the same place on Monday evening, Feb. 23.

— Next Monday night, Feb. 23, the St. Charles Ladies Auxiliary will give a popular dancing party in Lyceum Hall.

— Dr. William J. Brown a Woburn boy located at Provincetown, Mass., is a member of the Board of Health of that town.

— "The Spy of Gettysburg" is a fine patriotic drama. It is to be given by the Woburn Sons of Veterans on March 2. See ad.

— The Russell Counter Company factory has been closed for 3 or 4 weeks and its large number of employees are out of work.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson, after a hard turn with the grip, got down town late last week, and is able to be around among people again.

— Next Monday afternoon and evening the Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S., will give a dancing party in Lyceum Hall.

— Those who want to see the best minstrel show of the season should go to North Woburn tonight and learn how the N. W. A. A. do it.

— A new Episcopal church will soon be dedicated at Newton. The rector Rev Richard T. Loring was rector of Trinity church Woburn for a time.

— Fifteen members of the Gabalotte Club of this City attended the performance at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, Thursday evening of this week.

— The Fudgeta Whist Club composed of some of our best young people, gave a valentine dancing party in Odd Fellows Hall, last Friday evening.

— The demand for C. M. Strout & Co's kerosene oil and stoves keeps right up to highwater mark. They are selling parlor stoves mighty cheap, too.

— Lawyer Grace L. Norris was laid up with grip last week, which shows that Lawyers are not free from the ills that common flesh is heir to.

—Last Sunday Mrs. Edward Moody, widow of a former proprietor of the Woburn JOURNAL, called on friends in Woburn. Mrs. Moody resides in Arlington.

— The publishers of the *News* will print the City reports of 1902 having beaten all competitors for the job. There were a number of bidders, but the *News* won.

— Hon. George F. Bean of the School Board don't feel good, nor nothing, over the prospect for a new school house that he has been fighting for, lo, these many years!

— George Durward's provision market is a popular one. The best of everything in the meat and vegetable line is found there, and his prices are always reasonable.

— Towanda Club are to hold a Ladies Night on Friday evening, Feb. 27. There is to be an entertainment, to conclude with a dance. The committee of arrangements are preparing for it.

— We'll give the Highway Department credit for one thing at least, after a storm they never let any grass grow under their feet until the sidewalks and crossings are well cleared of snow.

— Miss Irene Boone, who is connected with the Malden Hospital, has lately been visiting Mrs. W. H. Spear and Miss Grace Spear, her grandmother and aunt, at 75 Garfield avenue, her home.

— On Feb. 18, 1902, occured the greatest snowstorm of the winter. From 12 to 18 inches of solid snow fell, which blocked the roads and held up railroad trains and street cars in great shape.

— Don't forget for a single minute the date of the Towanda Minstrel Show, March 11 and 13, for which rehearsals are in progress. The intention is to make it the best ever given by the Club.

— Chicago's and Minnesota's intensely cold wave of Tuesday last switched its tail over New England and made people shiver. A severe blizzard went along with the Arctic temperature all through the West.

— Dr. Daniel S. Jones feels confident that a majority of the votes in this Representative District are coming his way on March 3. But the old saying is: you can't tell who is Governor until after election.

— Woburn and Stoneham played polo at Stoneham last evening. Woburn plays at Malden this evening; and Malden comes to Woburn tomorrow evening. Shinney sticks are kept red-hot all along the line.

— Next Sunday, Feb. 22, occurs the 171st anniversary of the birth of George Washington. It is a legal holiday in some of the States, including Massachusetts. It will be celebrated this year, if at all, on Monday, Feb. 23

— There will be two plays presented at 8 o'clock after the regular supper at the Unitarian Church, Thursday, Mar. 5, by well known talent. Popular price of 25 cts. for supper and play; 15 cts. for evening only. Fuller particulars next week.

— A bowling contest on Thursday evening of this week at Flanders' Alleys between teams from the Fitchburg Div. R R. Y.M.C.A. and St. Charles of Woburn, resulted in a victory for the St. Charles boys. Score-3 straight-1236-1165.

— Miss Bertha W. Tidd has been transferred from the Cedar street school, vice Miss M. Grace Callahan, resigned, to the Main street school. Miss Ella M. McCall, W. H. S. '94, and a graduate of Tufts College, succeeds Miss Tidd at the Cedar street.

— It would be an outrage on the tax-payers for the city to pay the bills incurred in the Brady bribery investigation case, as it is proposed to do. There is no warrant for it, and the people will not quietly submit to such an unlawful raid on the city treasury. Let Ald Brady pay his own bills.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard,

50c and $1.00

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3¼x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale

Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

WHY GO TO BOSTON...

for your Drugs and Medicines when you can buy Winslow's Soothing Syrup 25c. size for 19c. Lung Kuro 50c. size for 39c. Laxative Bromo Quinine 25c. size for 15c. Fresh Herbs (the best that are grown) oz 4c. Witch Hazel (Hamemelis) full strength, 1 pint bottles 25c 1 quart 40c. 1 gallon $1.00. *None better at any price;* and all other Drugstore Goods at corresponding low prices of the

Robbins Drug Company.

(FORMERLY HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The corner where there is always "Something Doing." Send your orders and prescriptions by mail or telephone 48 4 No extra charge for prompt messenger service.

— The sleighing is first class, and people are improving it.

— Thermometers marked the zero point again yesterday morning. If this weather keeps on there will be "6 weeks sledding in March."

— The grand concert by the Tufts College Glee and Mandolin Clubs is to be given in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 27. Tickets may now be exchanged for reserved seats at Whitcher's Don't fail to be on hand at the concert.

— We have received a Grand Rapids, Michigan, paper containing a notice and picture of Charles E. Belknap, head of the Belknap Wagon Company of that city, whose English ancestors setteled in Woburn (so the paper says) in 1637, which date must be wrong.

— Mr. Stephen F. Hathaway, janitor at Savings Bank building, who was taken suddenly ill at his home on Bennett street one evening last week, is said to be improving, with a fair chance for final recovery. He is attended by Dr. Church of Winchester, his family physician.

— The storm of Monday and Tuesday nearly equalled in severity and snowfall that of Feb. 18, 1902. The snow was lighter and more easily handled. The B & M. trains were tangled up all day, but the electrics got on fairly well. Wednesday morning zero weather prevailed.

— There are a good many reasons for the belief that the concert to be given in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 27, by the Tufts College Glee and Mandolin Clubs, will be the best enjoyed by the people of this city for a long time. The Clubs are composed of musical artists of high rank.

— Frank Hale, stepson of Ald. James R. Wood of Salem street, and John Hanson, son of the late P. G. Hanson of Cambridge street, have formed a partnership to do a brokerage and commission business in Boston. They are smart, enterprising young men, and perfectly reliable.

— A grand Charity Ball will be given this evening at Lyceum Hall under the auspices of St. Charles Parish, which will doubtless attract a large company of good people. Its object is a noble one and deserves a liberal patronage. Nothing has been left undone to make it an enjoyable affair.

— Hanson & Co., jewelers, Mr. Varney, Junior partner, Manager, with Smith and Goode, are rushed with business, In addition to their daily sales of goods they have all the clock and watch repairing they can lay their hands to. They do the very best of work and are perfectly reliable in every way.

— The advertisement of J. H. Bates & Son, 4 Salem street, speaks for itself. Their grand opening bicycle and automobile show on Washington's birthday next Monday, Feb. 23, at the new store, will be something worth going to see. They are the leading dealers in bicycles and autos in this section of Middlesex County.

— Mr. J. J. Hern, the well known marble and granite dealer of this city, is to give his spring opening and exhibition of work at the shop at cemetery gate, Salem street, next Monday, Feb. 23. Some improved machinery for working marble and granite, new to Woburn, will be shown, and it is likely that many people will want to see it in operation.

— Last week 30 employees of one of the leather factories of this city were on the sick list and unable to report for duty. Grip was the prevailing disease

— The Sons of Veterans of this city are to give a firstclass dramatic performance on March 2, called "The Spy of Gettysburg," a patriotic play of thrilling interest. See ad.

— Woburn people are all carried away with "King Dodo" at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, and no wonder at it, for it has dead loads of the best fun to be found in Boston. Tremont Theatre is crowded to its utmost capacity every evening and at matinees.

— The matter of Water Registrar remains in statu quo, with Miss Calnan at the helm. Of course the State Board will not act until an appointment of a Water Registrar is made but when that time comes, if it ever does, then the State authorities will be heard from. It is high time that something was done in the premises.

— At a meeting of the Athletic Associations of the Woburn, Reading and Saugus High Schools held last week, laws were enacted and arrangements made for the next base ball season. Sub-Master Clark and Michael J. Mulkeen of the W. H. A. A. participated in the meeting. It was hoped that other High School A. A's might be induced to join the League.

— The address of Mr. Arthur W. Dalziel is still Woburn, where he continues to carry on the millwright business and is prepared to make contracts and accept orders for work in all its branches. He is one of the best millwrights in this part of the State and never lacks for employment. Just now Mr. Dalziel is putting the Duncan factory into prime working shape, and has other jobs on hand.

— Superintendent, motormen, conductors and shovelmen, did firstrate to keep their cars moving on the North Woburn Division through the great storm of Monday Tuesday. Perhaps that promised increase of pay on March 1, may have spurred them up to extra efforts to keep the tracks clear of snow and the electrics humming day and night. They are a good and faithful set of employees, any way.

— On Feb. 12 two flocks of wild geese were seen flying over this city to their summer home in the far North. They were the first of the season, the vanguard, and proved a welcome sight to everybody, except the wicked dealers who have large quantities of high price coal on hand, for the northern flight of the geese is a certain sign of the near ushering in of spring. They are a harbinger that can be relied on every time.

— Mr. William W. Crosby of this city is to give a lecture on "European Echoes" at the Ladies Night festival of Towanda Club, on Feb. 27, the same to be succeeded by a dance. He travelled in Europe a year ago last summer during which he stored his notebook with many interesting things some of which he will describe on the evening of the 27th. The lecture is to be handsomely illustrated. The Club are anticipating a pleasant evening.

— The Ladies Patriotic Supper is to be enjoyed at the Methodist Episcopal church at 6 o'clock Monday evening, Feb 23, to which the price of the tickets has been placed at the low figure of 25 cents. There can be no better way to celebrate Washington's Birthday than patronizing this supper, to be given for the best of objects. Be on hand at 6 P. M. sharp.

— Next Monday, Feb. 23, the Eleventh Mass. Regimental Association holds its annual meeting and banquet in Grand Army Hall at Arlington. Several electric lines center at Arlington, making it easy of access. In the closing year of the war of the rebellion the 1st and 16th re-enlisted men were consolidated with the 11th, and any of these comrades will be cordially welcomed. The business meeting is at one o'clock; banquet at two, to be followed with music and other exercises.

— Hon. John M. Harlow, a few days ago, received a letter from Gov. Bates in which His Excellency expressed real regret over the Doctor's declination to accept a proffered reappointment on the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospitalf and at the same time complimanted him highly for the manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office in the past. The Governor also said that the Board regretted Dr. Harlow's decision to decline another term.

— The members of the Board of Public Works have evidently come to the conclusion that Mr. John Connolly, Janitor at City Hall, is the right man for the place, and are likely to retain him in that position indefinitely. There is where they show good sense. Mr. Connolly is one of the best and most faithful of the City's employees at City Hall and honestly earns every dollar of his salary. We hope the board will keep him where he is until he is ready to cry quits.

— A horse belonging to Mr. Charles Marston was seriously injured in a runaway on Pleasant street last Tuesday. The sleigh was occupied by Mr. Thomas Collins, driver for Mr Marston, and Mr. James E. Cassidy, City Inspector of Plumbing, both of whom were thrown out, but not much hurt. The horse was frightened at a snow-plow and became unmanageable. It ran into the open space between Dr. Lane's and Benjamin Champney's houses where it did considerable damage.

— The price of coal continues to drop in this city and is getting within earshot of normal Last Monday the best anthracite was selling at $6 50 a ton in Lynn and last Wednesday it was $8.50 here. Demand for it on the part of consumers is not fierce. Expectations of a further considerable slump in price soon, and the near approach of spring hold back buyers, and dealers are not so happy as they were. It is thought that some of the Boston "barons," who regulate supply and prices in the suburbs, are likely to get squeezed.

— Every little while our teachers visit schools all over this part of the county, also in Boston, and its southern outskirts, and always come back home feeling perfectly satisfied with the condition of Woburn's public institutions of learning. They don't find any better schools than ours anywhere. That speaks well for their intelligence, and also for their loyalty to the interests of the town. The fact is, our public school's average well with those of other parts of the State in all the things that go towards making the best

— The nineteenth annual bench show of the New England Kennel Club will be held in Mechanics Building, Boston, beginning next Monday, February 23, for a four days run. Its success is guaranteed in advance by the splendid list of entries with a grand total of 1200 nominations for the cups, trophies and substantial money prizes which will go to the fortunate winners. All of the famous bench show favorites from Madison Square Garden will be seen in Boston as well as a number of celebrated dogs that were not on exhibition in New York.

— The final lecture in the Burbeen Course will be delivered by Mr. Chapman on Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, in Lyceum Hall. His subject is to be "The Homes of Birds," of which, and the habits of the feathered tribes, he has made an exhaustive study. He has written a great deal about Birds, and his productione are entertaining and instructive. This winter's Course has been a decided and highly gratifying success. Everyone of the lectures has been of the highest degree of merit, for which the managers deserve the thanks of the public.

— On March 1, 1903, there is to take place a material advance in the wages of the conductors and motormen of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company in response to their application for more pay. A petition for recognition of their Union by the Company was refused, but a good increase of wages was made, which will probably be satisfactory to them. The motormen and conductors work hard and are exposed to the severities of the weather, and they deserved the increase of wages which has been granted them. They care more for this than for recognition of the Union, and the strike, threatened last week, will not be apt to materialize.

— When Miss Lizzie Calnan, Deputy Water Registrar, opened her office in City Hall last Monday morning she found things in a somewhat deshabille condition as to contents, and besides that, her typewriter was missing, together with a small amount of cash. A similar state of things was found to exist by Miss Addie Godkin, clerk in the Tax Collector's office across the hall. It was evident that a burglar had been operating in the rooms some time between Saturday night and Monday morning, but secured hardly booty enough to pay him for his trouble. He captured a few postage stamps and a little change in the Collector's office, and his principal haul was Miss Calnan's typewriter. City Hall, we should think, would be about the last place in creation an intelligent burglar would tackle.

— The grand old game of polo has experienced a new birth in this city and bids fair to become a strong, if not successful, rival of bowling, over which amusement so many persons have just now, lost their heads. Polo is of Ancient Grecian origin, having been invented and first played at Athens several centuries before Paul preached his famous sermon on Mar's Hill and created such a commotion among the silversmiths of that city. It was the kingpin of the Olympian Games, and the victors were crowned with laurel and palms. With the decline of Greece polo became a lost sport, only to reappear in Woburn, in the beginning of the 20th century, in all its pristine vigor and attractiveness The game last Saturday between the Stonehams and Woburns at the Auditorium was, report says, a fine one.

...PRESCRIPTIONS...

DOZENS COMPOUNDED DAILY AT THE PILL BOX

Have yours compounded by "The Old Reliable" in business in Woburn for 20 years.

Mr. RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
as "King Dodo" at Tremont Theatre, Boston.

— The Durward Brothers of this city are famous marksmen who have won many honors and prizes in rifle contests in past years. A shooting-match in this vicinity that has not one or more of the Durward Brothers in it is not considered quite up to the scratch although other contestants would full as lief they would be out of it as in. James is one of the best shots of the four and the best in the Massachusetts Military Rifle League. By this latter token he was presented with a beautiful silver cup last week by Major W. W. Stover in behalf of Col. Fred. B. Carpenter, the donor, as a reward for the highest score in the League shoots last year. It was presented in an appropriate speech by Maj. Stover. The cup is a beauty, and is inscribed on one side: "First Individual Prize, 1902, Massachusetts Military Rifle League, won by James Durward." On the reverse are these words: "Presented by Major Frederick B. Carpenter, A.I.G. R.P., First Brigade, M.V.M." Mr. Durward has reason to be proud of his well earned trophy,

— The election of Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., to the Presidency of the Towanda club deserves more than a passing notice. The selection was an admirable one. Lawyer Mendum is in the prime of life, possessing a flawless character, and a reputation that must needs redound to the honor of the Club. He is vigorous in mind and body, courtly, and eminently progressive in spirit, except in politics, in which he is a confirmed Bourbon. By temperament, education, and business ability, he is splendidly equipped for the discharge of the multifarious and onorous duties which fall to the lot of the President of the Towanda. His election has a significance not apparent on the face of the papers. It means raising still higher, if possible, the social and ethical standard of the Club, not meaning by this remark to cast reflections on the administrations of former Chief Executives of the organization. In brief, the election of Lawyer Mendum was a distinct step forward in the path of progress, and a good thing for the community.

— A few days ago Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street found among his old papers, and handed to us for perusal, a circular notice of the reunion of the 39th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, held on Oct. 6, 1875, the centenial of the Battle of Lexington. The circular chiefly occupied by a patriotic poem written by Rev. Leander Thompson, brother of Abijah, of 13 8 line verses, set to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," which was sung with spirit by the Veterans at the reunion. The gallant 39th was mustered into the service of the United States on Sept. 4, 1862; left the State on Sept. 6, 1862; and was mustered out, after participating in the Grand Review at Washington, at Readville, this State, on June 2, 1865, at the close of a loyal service in the great Northern Armies of two years and 9 months. It fought in all the important battles in Virginia: Laurel Hill, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, The Rapidan, The North Anna, The South Anna, Mine Run, Hatches's Run, Gravelly Run, Cold Harbor, Weldon Road, Charles City Cross Roads, Five Forks, Bethesda Church, Dabney's Mills, and Petersburg, and was present at Appomatox when Lee surrendered to Grant. The circular is worthy of careful preservation.

— Disgusted with the outcome of the Republican Representative convention in this city last Monday evening, Mr. William E. Blodgett left immediately after its close for St. Louis, Missouri, on a somewhat singular errand. Mr. Blodgett has had trouble with his hens. It is safe to say that 26 larger or finer Brahmas than his cannot be scared up in Woburn, and yet, not one solitary egg have they contributed toward the support of Mr. Blodgett's family since last August, when the family went to the beach. Every known agency to promote the productiveness of the pullets has been resorted to, and innumerable suggestions of the neighbors acted on, and still the hens decline to lay, and the Blodgett household have been, and are, far from being happy. A man in St. Louis claims to have invented a hencoop that is a certain remedy for the evil of which our esteemed Courtend friends complain. He says that hens kept in it can't help laying eggs to save their lives. A few days ago Mr. Blodgett heard about this wonderful hencoop and Monday night he started for St. Louis. We close our story right here and leave the gentle readers to put the above facts together and draw their own conclusions as to the nature of Mr. Blodgett's errand to the far away city in the Mississippi Valley.

The Convention.

Woburn and Reading delegates, 29 in all, to the Republican Representative convention met at the Republican Headquarters in this city on Monday evening, Feb. 16, organized and proceeded to business

William E. Blodgett was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Bancroft of Reading Secretary. Previous to opening the convention a conference was held by the Woburn delegates, at the invitation of the Brackett men, but nothing came of it.

The Reading delegates asked for a recess of 10 minutes, which was granted, and subsequently extended another 10 minutes. Some speeches were made by Place, Lounsbury and others.

One ballot was taken which gave Charles H Nowell of Reading 18, and Edward Q. Brackett of Woburn 11 On motion of Mr. Lounsbury the vote was made unanimous for Nowell.

A committee to fill any vacancy that might occur was chosen.

The convention was harmonious and the best of feeling prevailed.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—MRS J. A. MOORE, North Star, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLONIAL.

The success scored by Klaw and Erlanger's production of the Drury Lane spectical and musical extravaganza, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, has become the principal topic of conversation throughout New England. The Boston success of this stage spectacle, completes the conquest of America for Drury Lane spectacle, as it endorses the verdict of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Washington. More than four hundred people are engaged in the presentation of this massive production, and they display more than one thousand costumes of exquisite beauty in design and coloring. There are eleven magnificently staged scenes, the most remarkable of which is the closing of the second act, in which the ballet is made to symbolize the four seasons It is in this scene that the marvelous Aerial or Flying Ballet is presented. Nothing surpassing this scene in grandeur has ever been presented on the American stage. The Colonial Theatre has been crowded at every presentment of this spectacle up to date, and the advance bookings have reached enormous figures. It is booked for a limited engagement only, so it will be well for local theatregoers who intend journeying to Boston to witness this attraction to secure their seats well in advance. A special matinee is announced for Washington's Birthday. Regular matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday of each week.

MUSIC HALL

"Hearts Adrift" is the title of the next week's attraction at Boston Music Hall and, as the name suggests, it is a melodrama in which heart interest assumes a prominent place and is the work of Langdon McCormick, a successful writer of melodrama. The managers believe they have one feature of novelty never before presented to the public. This is a genuine air-ship and as a realism for melodrama the air-ship is somewhat out of the ordinary and report says that it is amply satisfying to all who like a quick succession of thrills and a good measure of awe intermingled with their theatre diversion. The scene is said to be one of the most sensational and startling ever introduced into drama. The company presenting "Hearts Adrift" is reported to be one of unusual excellence and the production in its entirety a very elaborate and costly one.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard, Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use. For sale by all druggists.

IT WILL COST YOU $1 TO LOOK INTO OUR CLOTHING WINDOW ON SATURDAY, FEB. 21.
TRY IT AND SEE.
HAMMOND & SON, LEADING CLOTHIERS.

Larsen's Peas!

This is the name of the best brand of Peas on the market.

Larsen's Marraowfats 13 cents per can.

Larsen's Extra Sifted 17 cents per can.

Try them once and you will always want Larsen's.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Subject:—The Mystery of Personily. Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building Sunday morning a 10.45. Subject: "Mind." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Quinquagesima Sunday. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Ash Wednesday Full service at at 10.30 a. m Special service at 7.30 p. m. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject. "A Man Looking into Heaven." 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject:—A Contrast between Earth and Heaven. 7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting. At 7 P. M., Preaching. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Our Heroes and Heroines," a theme for Washington's birthday. Sunday School at 12 noon. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., evening service with sermon by the pastor. Wednesday, at 4.30 P. M., Pastor's Class. Wednesday at 7.30, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city Feb. 11, by Rev. H. C. Parker, Edward H. Taylor of Boston, and Susan J. (Eddie) Johnson of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 13, Ellen Richardson, aged 65 years, 1 month, 27 days.

In this city, Feb. 17, Grace L. Hall, aged 97 years, 11 months, 23 days.

In this city, Feb. 12, Ellen Gibbons, aged 75 years

In this city, Feb. 16, William Jones, aged 62 years.

In this city, Feb. 11, Evelyn A. Woodard, aged 63 years, 4 months, 22 days.

City Council.

The Aldermanic Board held a regular meeting last Monday evening, Feb. 16. President Johnson occupied the chair.

The special committee reported in favor of building a schoolhouse, and the report was accepted. Ald. Ellis, Felch, Linscott and Martin spoke in favor of the proposed new building, and Brady and McHugh opposed acceptance of the committee's report.

The resignation of John W. Johnson and Rev. James J. Keegan from the Board of Library Trustees were accepted. The appointment of Rev. J. J. Keegan a Life Member of the Board of Library Trustees, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John W. Johnson, was confirmed.

Licenses were granted C. E. Smith, auctioneer; B. J. Harkins, public carriage; P. J. McHugh, pool table.

The Lucky Ones.

Last Saturday evening Mayor Feeney bestowed official favors on the following fortunate gentlemen. They are good men, all of them, and they will make good officers. Mr. Edward Simonds is the oldest City Messenger in the State, and one of the most active and efficient. Mr. George Buchanan is not a young man, but has rendered valuable services on the Board of Health and is good for another term.

George W. Norris is to be City Solicitor for the term of one year.

Edward Simonds City Messenger for one year.

Levi Furbush, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Daniel W. Kelley, Inspector of Milk and Vinegar.

Daniel S. Jones, Inspector of Animals and Provisions.

Arthur E. Gage to be principal assessor for the term of three years from the first Monday in February 1903, and until his successor is appointed and qualified.

Charles J. Quigley to be a member of the Overseers of the Poor for three years.

Woman's Club.

For February 12, a special committee arranged an extra meeting to further the educational work started by the Boston branch of Collegiate Alumnae and taken up by the federated clubs of Massachusetts. The meeting opened with two songs:—

(a) "For Thee."
(b) "Going to Market."

charmingly sung by Mrs. Helen M. Owen to Mrs. Annie M. Strout's accompaniment.

Mrs. Hayward emphasized the need of co-operation in educational work in her graceful introduction of the speaker, Mrs. Fannie T. Andrews of Boston, who throughout her address, held the attention of all present, not only by reason of interest in her subject, but through the charm of her personal magnetism and reserve force. Without notes she outlined the plan of the Advisory Board of Mass. educators, and showed that by bringing our citizens together in a union of purpose to serve the children, we were taking our part in a general movement throughout the State. In closing her address, she read a few selections from Supt. Balliet's report and clearly defined the respective duties of a School Board and a School Supt.

Then followed an interesting discussion in which Mrs. Hill, Dr. Bixby, Mr. Cotton, and the Rev. Mr. Parker participated. Mrs. Andrews proved her thorough grasp of the subject in hand by the way she replied to every question. Her answers were happily worded, logical and to the point. The questions, too, reflected credit upon their authors, who were not too busy to give time and thought to the encouragement of a work whose object is the betterment of our public school system.—E. S. E., Rec. Clerk pro tem.

GET YOUR TICKETS FOR
Towanda Minstrels
MARCH 11 & 12

Early Spring Styles.

To know what these are going to be, look over the February Butterick Patterns just received.
These February patterns show skirts with outside box plaits at the back, bolero jacket effects, some further developments in Norfolks. A new lot of Russian styles, tucked Empires, Blouses with capes, &c.
A Butterick Pattern enables you to make your own dress. Butterick Patterns can be relied upon for up-to-dateness. Fashion Sheets free at our Pattern Counter.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

To Cure

The Grip Cough

Take "Wild Cherry and Tar Cough Breaker."

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., DRUGGIST, 301 Main St.
TELEPHONE: 151-2 Woburn.

TREMONT Theatre - Boston

"There is No King but Dodo"

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT BEGINNING MONDAY, FEB. 9.

AFTER A Triumphal Tour Of the United States HENRY W. SAVAGE AGAIN PRESENTS

KING DODO

THE RECORD-BREAKING COMIC OPERA BY THE AUTHORS OF "PRINCE OF PILSEN"

Raymond Hitchcock

A BRILLIANT SUITE, AND

70 SURPASSING ..SINGERS.. 70

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
Seats Ready Tuesday, Feb. 3.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Honorable the Attorney-General for said Commonwealth, and to all persons interested in the estate given in trust under the will of Peter Fisk, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, for the relief of feeble Baptist Churches.

WHEREAS, Samuel Cook and others, Deacons of the First Baptist Church in said Woburn, have presented to said Court their petition praying the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, a body corporate, or some suitable person may be appointed Trustee of said estate in place of said First Baptist Church, which has resigned the trust and that said Massachusetts Baptist Convention may be exempt from giving a surety on its bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of February A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Attorney-General for said Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three..

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard, Dominion, Leyland, White Star LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

MODERN FLAT To Let.

No. 9 Davis street, gas, porcelain bath, connected to sewer, next house to Main street, 6 rooms, rent low. Apply to JOHN W. SHAW, 10 Green St., Brockton, Mass.

FOR RENT.
Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fireplace in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls. Location: No. 16 Plympton street.
Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND, 403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CITY OF WOBURN.

SPECIAL ELECTION.

City Clerk's Office, Feb. 10, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter Eleven of the Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of the male citizens of Woburn, qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

Tuesday, the third day of March, A. D., 1903,

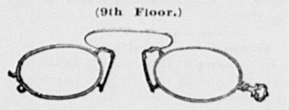
in the following places, namely:—

Ward 1, Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.
Ward 2, Armory, entrance Prospect St.
Ward 3, Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward 4, Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward 5, Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward 6, Vilette Hose House, Main St.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The polls, at said meetings, will be opened at SIX o'clock in the morning, and closed at FOUR o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Representative in the General Court from the Twenty-eighth Middlesex District, to fill vacancy in said office, caused by the death of Edmund C. Cottle.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Houghton & Dutton
OPTICAL PARLORS.
(9th Floor.)



Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR ALBERT A. CARTER.

Executors' Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license issued by the Middlesex County Probate Court and dated January 6, 1903, the undersigned, executors of the will of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

Saturday, February 28, 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described parcel of real estate of said deceased, to wit:—Dwellinghouse and about four thousand square feet of land on the north side of Broad street, in said Woburn, bounded southerly by Broad street; easterly by land of heirs of John Reagan; northerly by land of Jacob M, Ellis; westerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
GEORGE A. DAY.
Executors of the Will of Levi W. Cooper.
Woburn, February 13, 1903.

FOR BATH-ROOMS USE.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol
LIQUID CLEANLINESS. TRADE MARK.

Keeps closet and wash bowls, tub, drainage pipes, carpets, floor, woodwork, etc., in a perfectly clean, inodorous condition; drives away cockroaches and waterbugs, arrests and prevents the development of disease germs.

AT ALL DEALERS.

Don't take inferior imitations and substitutes, but get the genuine, which bears the above trade mark on all labels.

For Sale.

On Main street, Woburn, business and residence property for less than the tax appraisal.
Address 43 Boston Ave., West Medford, Mass.

Towanda Minstrels Mar. 11 12

Without Strength To Resist Germs

Health of the Community Threatened, and Prompt, Stringent Measures Necessary.

Timely Protection Better Than All the Cures in the World—A New Positive Preventive of Disease and Suffering.

The germs of disease implant themselves in the weakest spot. Science has proven that most all diseases have their origin in germ life, that all disease may be traced to some insidious bacteria which fastens itself inta the very vitals, multiplying by the billion in the period represented by the ticking of the clock. This discovery of bacteria for every disease is not theoretical, because the germs are found and examined under the microscope, and the search for methods to secure their destruction forms a basis for the study of the leading members of the medical fraternity everywhere. Typhoid fever, Lockjaw, Cholera, Diphtheria, and Blood Poisoning are examples of disease where the bacteria or germ responsible for them have been found and a treatment devised which lessons materially their ravages and fatality.

However, it is interesting to note that all medical authorities unite in their claims that the system properly nurished and equipped with healthy vitality possesses the power in itself to throw off these germs and render their inoculation resultless. In other words, vitality and vigor are the surest weapons with which to fight these diseases which spread contagion by bacteria end germs.

The tuberculosis bacteria, the most insidious and persistant of all germ life, can not get a foothold in the system of persons strong and healthy from a medical standpoint. VITONE TONIC, the prescription of an ald Bellevue hospital physician, is being used with success as a means of fortifying against the ravages of disease, whether contagious or otherwise. It is a prescription which gives all tha stimulation of alcoholic medicins, all the quiet and calm of opiates, without their depressing and nerve-destroying after-effects. VITONE builds on a natural foondation and leads every function of the body to more complete and ideal action. The old, the young, the weak and the strong must take VITONE for their health's sake.

VITONE TONIC is an elegant and finished product, with an agreeable, pleasant, bitter taste—there's heahh in every dose. For sale at 75 cents for large bottles, and in Wobnrn by EDWARD H. CALLAHAN & CO., druggists.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Notice to Voters

In accordance with the provisions of Section 38, Chapter 11, of the Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that the REGISTRARS OF VOTERS WILL BE IN SESSION, for the purpose of REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote for State Officers, at their Office, Municipal Building,

Saturday Evening, Feb. 28, 1903,

From 12 M. to 10 P. M.,

When Registration for the Special Election for March 3, 1903, closes.

TAKE NOTICE.

Every male applicant for registration must present a Tax Bill or certificate from Assessors or notice from Collector of Taxes, showing that he has been assessed a poll tax for the year 1902.

Foreign born citizens must also present naturalization papers, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

☞ Examine the Voting Lists, and notify the Registrars of any Errors found in the same.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
HENRY L ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters
Woburn, February 10, 1903.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles H Harrington, Ellen J. Harrington, his wife in her right, and Hannah A. P. Plympton to Ansel F. Gurney, dated December 15, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2871, Fol. 354, will be sold at public auction on the first parcel of land hereinafter described, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, on

Friday, the thirteenth day of March, nineteen hundred and three,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the westerly side of Winn Street, containing 5680 square feet more or less, and bounded on the south by the Unitarian Church premises about seventy (70) feet; on the west by land of John Cummings about seventy-six (76) feet; on the north by land of said Cummings about seventy (70) feet; and on the east by said Winn street about seventy-six (76) feet. Being a part of the premises conveyed to Augustus Plympton by James F. Baldwin by deed dated April 29, 1830, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 298, Fol. 15. This parcel is subject to a prior mortgage of twenty-five hundred ($2500.00) dollars.

Also a certain other parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the easterly side of Hillside Avenue (a private way leading southerly from Bedford Street) and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the north-westerly corner of the granted premises on said Hillside Avenue at a point distant southerly about 100 feet from the southerly side line of Bedford Street, and at land of one Johnson; thence southerly by said Avenue 191 feet to land of one Ellis; thence easterly by said Ellis land 85 feet; thence turning and running northerly, bounded easterly by other land of grantors about 191 feet to land of said Johnson; thence westerly by said Johnson land 85 feet to the point of beginning.

Also a certain other parcel of land situated on the southerly side of Bedford Street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the north-westerly corner of the granted premises at said Bedford Street and at land of one Johnson; thence southerly by said Johnson land, and by other land of grantors about 291 feet to land of one Ellis; thence easterly by said Ellis land about 113 feet to land of owners unknown; thence northerly about 300 feet to said Bedford Street; thence westerly about 113 feet to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain other parcel of land situated on the westerly side of Hillside Avenue, in said Woburn, and containing two acres, more or less. Said parcel is also reached by an old road from the southerly side of Bedford street.

Also, a certain other parcel of land situated on the southerly side of Plympton street, in said Woburn, and bounded northerly by said Plympton street, there measuring 131.9 feet; easterly by land of one Nevins, there measuring 112.6 feet; southerly by land of one Jameson, there measuring 129.7 feet, and westerly by land of one Griffin, there measuring 120.7 feet, and containing 14,200 square feet, more or less.

Also, a certain other lot of land situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Plympton street and the easterly side of Scott street, containing 34,000 square feet, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwest corner of the granted premises at land of one Salmon and at Scott street; thence easterly by said Salmon's land about 182 feet to land of Eaton; thence southerly by said Eaton's land about 133 feet; thence easterly about 50 feet; thence southerly by land of Prior about 123 feet to Plympton street; thence westerly by said Plympton street about 140 feet to land of Weldon; thence northerly by Weldon's land 100 feet; thence westerly 50 feet to Scott street; thence northerly by Scott street about 145 feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments, and subject to said prior mortgage of twenty-five hundred ($2500.00) dollars on the first described parcel. Three hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

HANNAH E. GURNEY,
Guardian for said Ansel F. Gurney.
February 18, 1903.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

THE Spy OF Gettysberg

Patriotic War Drama in four acts by Chas. Townsend, Presented by.

C. B. Winn Camp 66, S. of V. and S. of V. Club,
Lyceum Hall, Woburn,
MARCH 2, 1903.

Whole House Reserved, 25 & 35c.

Tickets for sale at Buckman's Shoe Store, 388 Main St., and of members.

FURNITURE REPAIRING!

Antique Furniture made over and polished.
Special attention given to Repairing Antique Clocks.

J. F. LESLIE,
110 Montvale Ave., WOBURN, MASS.
All orders by mail promptly attended to.

March 11, 12
Towanda Minstrels

Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of influenza (grip), and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficulty in breathing and pains in the chest, then it is announced that the patient has pneumonia. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

Whoever is interested in educational matters will find considerable food for reflection in some criticisms of modern pedagogic methods that are advanced by H. G. Wells in February COSMOPOLITAN. "The tendency of the present time," he says, "is enormously to exaggerate the importance of school in development, to ascribe to it powers quite beyond its utmost possibilities, and to blame it for evils in which it has no share. And in the preposterous invasions of the duty of parent, clergyman, statesman, author, journalist of things which are in truth scarcely more within the province of a schoolmaster than they are in the province of a butcher, the real and necessary work of the school is too often marred, crippled and lost sight of altogether.

When you feel blue and that everything goes wrong, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse and invigorate your stomach, regulate your bowels, give you a relish for your food and make you feel that in this old world is a good place to live. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. John H. Carter, will, no doubt at all, be reelected.

According to "H. F. J." boulevards are not such a terrible big boom, after all.

The price of coal is falling to the reach of the consumers. Dealers begin to squirm.

Members of the Melrose Workers Band, Y. M. C. A., conducted the Boys' meeting of the local Y.M.C.A., last Sunday afternoon.

About a dozen members of the Y. M. C. A. will attend the Boys Conference at Worcester which opens on Feb. 20, and continues to and including Monday, Feb. 23.

A caucus of citizens is to be held this (Thursday) evening. On its decision will depend the matter of who are to be the candidates at the March meeting. There is a plenty of good timber to select from.

Our real estate men are anticipating a fine building season here during 1903 and a good trade in houselots. The town is growing fast, and it is probable many dwellings will be erected during the coming summer.

As the time for holding the Town Meeting approaches interest in it increases. The choice of Selectmen is the main bone of contention, over which, it is expected, there will be a hot contest at the caucus. The names of many suitable men are mentioned for the officers.

The last of the *Star* was indeed a pictorial one Accompanying Mr. Abijah Thompson's history of the Winchester Savings Bank were many portraits of its former and present Trustees and buildings it has occupied since its organization. It is said to be one of the best Savings Banks in the State.

Hon. A. B. Coffin, a Boston Lawyer resident of this town, who posesses a full supply of thinking machinery and never lets it rest, has written out a bill "to prevent combinations for the purpose of fixing the price of certain commodities," which the Legislature certainly ought to enact. The Act hits the nail on the head. I suppose the pirati cal conduct of the Boston and Suburban coal dealers during the last fall and present winter was the moving cause of Mr. Coffin's action in framing his bill, and now if he can get it through the Legislature the people will rise up en masse and call him blessed.

Farmers Buying Corn Cobs.

The Hatch Experiment Station has just issued Bulletin 85 on Concentrated Feeds. The bulletin gives the result of the examination of the different feeds found in Massachusetts markets as well as a description of the composition and feeding value of a number of new feeds, making special reference to dried distillers grains. Many mixed feeds were found to be *seriously adulterated with ground corn cobs* and feeders are especially cautioned against them. The bulletin states which feeds are the most economical to purchase, gives the relative values of all the most important concentrates, suggests a number of satisfactory grain rations and furnishes much information about the composition and feeding value of condimental stock and poultry foods. Parties wishing this bulletin may apply for the same by postal to the Director, Hatch Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass.

August Belmont.

August Belmont to day occupies a remarkable position in the world of finance. He is President of the greatest urban transfer company in the world and is known chiefly for the tunnel he is building in the City of New York and the gigantic deals through which he is to unite the underground and elevated railroad system of the city under his own control. THE COSMOPOLITAN this month publishes an interesting sketch of the man who took advantage of the opportunity to raise the millions required for the Rapid Transit Subway, and is now endeavoring to persuade the city to build a complete system of tunnels with money borrowed from him and his associates. The same issue of the magazine contains an admirable article on Henry M. Whitney, who controls the street-railroad system of Boston, and a sketch of William Andrews Clarke, the Montana Copper King.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by all druggists.

FIXED DATES IN RUSSIA.

They Rule Even In Simple Things With Absolute Tyranny.

Routine is exceedingly strong in Russia. There is a day in June upon which, says tradition, it becomes safe to bathe in the rivers after the winter freeze. No matter how warm the water may be earlier, no matter how cold it may be on that day, then is the time to take the first swim. Other fixed dates are mentioned in "Ivan at Home," by Herbert Barry. Of course the statements do not apply to all Russians, but to the average peasant only.

No man dare touch an apple before the 6th of August, however ripe the fruit may really be before that day. He does not believe it is fit to eat.

The village sportsman, although he may have observed the blackcocks fighting among themselves unusually early owing to the warmth of the spring, cannot make up his mind to shoot them until the appointed day has arrived.

No traveler will start on a journey on either a Monday or a Friday.

Although the delay is strongly against his own interests the fisherman will not cast his nets before a certain day, whether the season be late or early.

No lamb is supposed to be able to reach the age of mutton should it have been born before the day named in the peasant's calendar. And so on through all the common events in their daily life does this attachment to fixed dates hedge in a Russian's existence.

Not Acquainted With Him.

"Do you know Mr. Fresco, Mr. Albert Fresco?" inquired Mrs. Nuritch.

"No," said her husband. "Why?"

"I've got an invite to Mrs. Blugore's garden party, and she says they're going to dine Al Fresco."—Philadelphia Press.

IT WILL COST YOU $1 TO LOOK INTO OUR CLOTHING WINDOW ON SATURDAY, FEB. 21.
TRY IT AND SEE.
HAMMOND & SON, LEADING CLOTHIERS.

HE STOPPED THE BELL.

Good Reason For Giving Him Free Entry to the Show.

The requests for theater favors in the small towns are very troublesome. Every person of local standing feels that he has a right to admission at least, while the trustees and the constable feel that they are entitled to private boxes. Some of the requests are decidedly unique.

Recently a company played a small southern city. The manager was taking the tickets at the door of the theater, and the natives were struggling to get in. "Suddenly," he tells, "a long, thin, bushy chinned individual divided the folding doors with his shoulder and whispered confidentially, 'I stop the bell.' I asked him to repeat. 'I stop the bell,' he said again in a hoarse whisper. 'You will have to see the opera house manager and tell him what you stop,' I said, reaching for tickets. He tripped up several ladies while backing out. Soon the manager of the house came in, saying, 'He's all right; he stops the bell.' I allowed him to go in, and after the people were seated I asked the local man what he meant by 'He stops the bell.' 'Well,' said he, 'this man is the janitor of the town hall, right opposite, and on "show nights" he does not ring nine or ten on the town clock. You see, he said, "it would disturb the performance." and so the poor people do not know what time it is until 11 o'clock, when the opera house is open. If I had "turned him down" he would have rung out nine and ten every half hour to get even.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Lincoln the Ideal President.

Lincoln is the ideal president in that he led public sentiment, represented it and followed it. "I claim not to have controlled events," he said, "but confess plainly that events have controlled me." During his term of office he was one day called "very weak" and the next day "a tyrant," but when his whole work was done a careful survey of it could bring one only to the conclusion that he knew when to follow and when to lead. He was in complete touch with popular sentiment and divined with nicety when he could take a step in advance. He made an effort to keep on good terms with congress, and he differed with that body reluctantly, although, when the necessity came, decisively. While he had consideration for those who did not agree with him, and while he acted always with a regard to proportion, he was nevertheless a strong and self confident executive.—James Ford Rhodes in Scribner's.

Killing the Turtle.

Killing a turtle with an arrow seems a very difficult feat, since a very hard shell covers practically all of the animal, yet the natives of the Andaman islands kill huge turtles with arrows as easily as American sportsmen kill rabbits with shot.

Accustomed from their childhood to use bows and arrows, they soon become wonderfully skilled in the use of these primitive weapons, and as they know the places where turtles congregate it is easy for them at any time to bring home a good bag of game. Sometimes they try their skill on large fish, and, though the latter are harder to kill than turtles, there are a few islanders who rarely miss their mark.

The bows and arrows are made of native wood and are longer and stronger than those used by European archers.

Fierce Wild Hogs.

The wild hogs of southern Colorado share with the peccaries of Central and South America the reputation of being the fiercest, most vindictive and toughest animals of the western hemisphere. They will follow tenaciously, tree and starve out an enemy. Their skins are tough, their vitality is remarkable and their teeth sharp as razors. They travel in small droves and are ready to attack anything, be it man or beast, that arouses their ire. Hunters in southern Colorado always observe the precaution of stationing themselves within reach of a tree when in the neighborhood of a drove.

Realism.

"De Starr is the great exponent of realism in the drama."

"I know; that's why he wouldn't take my play."

"What was the matter with your play?"

"Why, the hero had a surgical operation performed, and De Starr said if it was done at all it would have to be a real operation, and he couldn't stand for that eight times a week."—Washington Times.

Not Much Difference.

Magistrate—Now, sir, while the evidence is not technically conclusive, I am fully convinced of your guilt, and it will be only a matter of time until you are apprehended and your guilt brought to light.

Prisoner—And then, your honor?

Magistrate—Well, then it will be a matter of some more time.—Buffalo Express.

Had Enough of Law.

A gentleman who is now general superintendent of a railroad began life by trying to practice law in a Missouri village. One of his first cases was before his father, who was a justice of the peace. After a stormy wrangle between the young attorney and his adversary, the old gentleman decided the case against his son's client. The young man gave vent to some expressions of indignation, gathered up his books and started to leave the room. His father pushed his specs on to his forehead and began mildly to lecture him, saying:

"Young man, do you expect to make your living practicing law?"

The son, who had by this time reached the door, shouted back as he retired from the field:

"Not before such a blamed fool court as this."

He abandoned the law and engaged in railroading with great success.—Green Bag.

A Bluff That Worked.

Peter Newell, the artist, was camping out in Colorado at one time, living in a tent. News came of a nocturnal murder in the neighborhood, and considerable uneasiness was manifested by some members of the family. Mr. Newell thereupon cut out some silhouettes representing men of the roughest western type, all with pistols in their belts and in the attitude of men intensely interested in a game of poker. The silhouettes Mr. Newell fastened to the inner canvas of the tent. At night the family, stepping outside into the darkness to view the result, were entranced with its success. The shadows thrown from the silhouettes in the lighted interior indicated a tent filled with poker playing, pistol shooting desperadoes. Thenceforth the Newell family slept in pastoral peace.

The Watch Question

Whoever is interested in correct time is interested in our Watches. We have them at all prices, and when we sell it the watch will be a good one, or we'll make it right. Attractive Cases, Reliable Work, Right Prices, have given us the watch reputation we have to-day.

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One Client Lawyers.

The poverty of briefless barristers is as proverbial as that of the church mouse. It would not be an unnatural mistake to consider a barrister with only one client hardly better off than one with none. But the modern "one client lawyer" is usually a prosperous individual. Said a man well known in the business world some years ago to a friend: "I want a young lawyer to put down at a desk beside mine. I'll familiarize him with my affairs, and then I want him to keep me out of trouble." The counterpart of this lawyer, whose duty it is to act as his own client's ounce of prevention, may be found in the office of many large concerns. He is often connected with trust companies, banks, banking houses, railroad and other transportation companies and large wholesale mercantile houses. When a merchant found himself in a tangle, it was once the custom for him to go to his lawyer for advice. The results were a written "opinion" and a fee. The business man today obtains a lawyer who shall work for him alone. Again, the field of the general practitioner is narrowed.—World's Work.

Minnie Hauck as a Drummer.

Mme. Minnie Hauck was once singing at the Berlin court opera in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment." Emperor William I., after the opera, called her into his presence and told her she had sung very nicely, but that her drumming—as the Daughter of the Regiment she had to play the drum—was very bad. Next morning a drum major of the First Grenadier regiment called at her hotel and said he had come to give her a drum lesson. The diva was bound to accept the instruction and learned the whole art of drumming in a couple of dozen lessons. Then the kaiser sent to ask how she was getting on, and, hearing that she had made excellent progress, he commanded a performance of "A Daughter of the Regiment." Mme. Hauck acquitted herself excellently in the drumming scene, and the kaiser complimented her warmly, sending her next day a real official military drum with a silver plate and inscription.

An Interrupted Story.

Captain Williams, a jovial Irishman, known everywhere as "Bob," used to be a favorite in Dublin society many years ago. His stories were famous. Give him an incident, and he would set it out to the general admiration.

One evening he went into the club and there began telling the true tale of rescuing a lady and her daughters from a dangerous situation into which their spirited horses had brought them.

"I quieted the ladies," said he, "and I quieted the horses. And the gratitude of the ladies! Me boys, I shouldn't be surprised if her ladyship left me"—

At that moment a little Irish page in livery appeared.

"Sir," said he, "Lady Arnold says she lost her purse when yez helped her out of the carriage, and plaze, she says, do yez know anything about it?"

The captain's story was never finished.

Dodging an Interview.

A young reporter once called to interview Senator Quay and found him reading. After formal greetings had been exchanged the senator said: "Do you play poker? Of course you do once in awhile. Then you will find this one of the best poker stories you ever saw," handing the newspaper man a book. The reporter out of politeness read a page. "Ah," said the senator, "I see you are interested. Take the book along and read it at your leisure. Good evening." And the dazed young journalist was out on the sidewalk before he could recover his breath.

It's Never Given Away.

"Pa," said Johnny, who is a persistent knowledge seeker, "what is a law giver?"

"There isn't any such thing, Johnny," replied the old gentleman, who had been involved in considerable litigation in his time.

"But this book says that somebody was a great lawgiver," persisted the youngster.

"Then it's a mistake," rejoined his father. "Law is never given; it's retailed in very small quantities at very high figures."

How He Kept Humble.

Hiller—You'll excuse me, but I never see your name in the list of subscribers for the poor of the village.

Slender—Naturally. You see, it is this way: I pity the poor awfully and I am rather proud that I do pity them. If I should go so far as to give them money, I'd be so vain there'd be no living in the same town with me.—Boston Transcript.

Harking Back.

"You were telling Miss Gaussip this morning that you were going to be married again, weren't you?" said the shrewd man.

"Why, yes," the widower gasped in surprise. "How did you know?"

"After you left her she began to count on her fingers."—Philadelphia Press.

Pipes and Hymns.

Rev. Dr. Parr, when perpetual curate of Hatton, Warwickshire, which living he held from 1783 to 1790, regularly smoked in the vestry while the congregation was singing long hymns, chosen for the purpose, immediately before the sermon. The doctor was wont to exclaim, "My people like long hymns, but I prefer a long pipe."—London Telegraph.

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A Hospital Case

There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of a few moments a very sick woman was brought in on a stretcher — she was pale as death and evidently suffering keen agony. There was a hasty examination and consultation, and in less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was on the operating table to undergo an operation for ovaritis.

The above is an accurate account of an incident which occured in New York recently; the young woman in question had warnings enough of her dangerous condition in the terrible pains and burning sensation low down in her left side. She had no one to advise her, and she suffered torture until it was too late for anything to save her life.

Women should remember that if they do not care to tell a doctor their troubles, they should be willing to tell them to a woman, who stands ever ready to advise and help them. Again we state that Mrs. Pinkham's advice is freely and confidentially given to every one who asks for it. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The following letters prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the power to cure, and does cure thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries, womb, and all other derangements of the female organism.

MRS. OTTOSON SAVED FROM A SURGICAL OPERATION.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — I cannot thank you enough for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. If it had not been for your medicine, I think I would have died.

"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat. Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had inflammation of the ovaries, and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that.

"I received a little book of yours, and after reading it I concluded to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and also recommend the same to any one suffering as I was." — MRS. MINNIE OTTOSON, Otho, Iowa. (June 9, 1901.)

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these thousands of cures of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** the great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want — a cure. Moral — Stick to the medicine that you **know** is Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

INFLAMMATION OF THE OVARIES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes." — MISS ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga., Treasurer St. Francis Benevolent Association.

$5000.00 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

MACHINATIONS OF BOBS

By LOUISE LAMPRAY

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"Why, I don't know, Bobby. What would you like to name him?" From under her filmy gray parasol Fairfax Browne regarded her son with a look grave in its perplexity. Bobs adored his pretty mother because she never laughed at him; also because she had big blue eyes and a mass of fluffy red gold hair precisely like a princess in a fairy tale. Therefore, as a matter of course, the pepper and salt terrier was brought to her to be christened.

"Call him Rags," suggested Captain Frederick Lawton, the navy officer, who chanced that morning to be attendant. This had happened so often of late that dowagers were beginning to suggest in penetrating undertones that if dear Mrs. Browne were really thinking of marrying again she could not do better than to take Captain Lawton, suitable in age, good looking and quite independent of his profession. And every one knew that Mrs. Browne had but little besides that ramshackle old plantation in Louisiana, or was it Maryland?

Bobs had overheard one or two of these suggestions and, revolving them in his seven-year-old brain, had come to the conclusion that something portentous was impending. This or something else made him regard Captain Lawton's suggestion with vague disfavor.

"I don't like that," he said shortly. "It might seem disrespectful, you know."

He turned a sturdy blue back on them and trudged off, with the meek terrier under his arm. Presently came in sight a fresh faced young subaltern.

"Hello, Bobs! Where are you going with—what's his name?"

"He hasn't got any yet," said Bobby soberly. "That old Captain Lawton said to call him Rags, but I shan't. How would he feel if his father had named him Rags, I'd like to know?"

"That is a question which Captain Lawton has probably never considered," answered Charteris gravely. "But you might call this little beggar after General Kitchener."

"Is General Kitchener a great soldier?"

"The greatest next to Bobs," averred the lieutenant. And that settled it. Henceforth it was Bobs and Kitchener to all the American colony.

Meanwhile, as the gossips had surmised, Bobs' mother was pondering in the remote depths of her subconsciousness the question of accepting Captain Lawton. There were times when she felt a longing for the home and position which he could give her. It would be home for Bobby, too—Bobby, who looked at her with his big, honest, adoring gray eyes, so like his father's. But, curiously enough, as often as those eyes met hers she felt a strong distaste for Lawton, with his precise speech and immaculate uniform.

She had no idea that Bobby was also considering the merits of a prospective stepfather, but he was.

"Mr. Charteris," he said one day, "you aren't married, are you?"

Charteris blushed all over his boyish face. "Not yet," he said.

"Because," said Bobby with deliberation, "I've been thinkin' it over, and I believe I'd rather have you for a father than anybody that's here now."

Charteris gasped. "It's very good of you, I'm sure," he said, smothering an impulse to laugh, "but your mother might have something to say about that."

"Pooh! She wouldn't mind," said Bobby superbly. "She'd like you any amount better than that old navy captain. My father was a cav'lry off'cer, and his sword's hangin' up in the libr'y at home. I'm goin' to wear it when I grow up, but I won't be in the navy. A man's no good 'less he can ride."

Bobby's tone was that of long settled conviction, and in his heart Charteris, subaltern of hussars, with a medal won in Africa, may have agreed with him. At any rate, when he made a third that day in a group otherwise consisting of Mrs. Browne and Captain Lawton the latter inwardly cursed the inclination of the subaltern to talk of cross country hunts in England, rough riding on the plains and wild dashes over the African karroo. All the more violent was his emotion as he saw the rare color come into Fairfax Browne's face.

"He was the best rider I ever saw," Charteris said at the conclusion of one of his stories, "a big, gypsy looking chap—one of those men who don't seem to come from any place in particular, though I believe he was born in New York; chap that was always sure to do great things some day, by Jove!"

Charteris' eye had fallen on a paragraph in the paper on his knee.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Browne, interested.

"The very man. He's in Brighton—just back from South Africa."

Nobody noticed that as the group separated Bobby secured the newspaper and studied it carefully.

Arrived at the hotel, he begged the clerk for a sheet of paper, an envelope and a stamp and, producing a stubby pencil from his trousers pocket, composed a letter, sitting on the back veranda, while Kitchener made love to the cook. When the letter was done, he addressed it in a scrawly but distinct hand to "Mr. Edward Wharton, Brighton, England."

The letter ran as follows:

Dear Mr. Wharton—Mr. Chartris told about you and I like you my father was a cavlry offcer to and I dont like the navy one bit and I dont want a navy man for my new father

I think Kickner and Id rather have you if youd like it Im sure Mama and you would be grate friends Yours with love

ROBERT FAIRFAX BROWNE.

"By Jove!" said Wharton, and he threw back his head and laughed—a splendid, ringing laugh that consorted well with the gleam of his white teeth in the dusk of his beard and the flash of his deepset dark eyes. "This is certainly uncommon. It must be Charteris of the hussars, and—let's see; that's a Scheveningen hotel. I'd like to see the boy again. I'll run over there after I've been to London."

Some days later Bobs and Kitchener took it into their heads to play in an empty boat. Kitchener found the boat, and Bobs led the way into it. Then it gently parted company with the land and drifted away. The place was almost deserted at that time of day, and Bobby, half frightened, half elate, held his peace, wondering if it would be manly to call for help. A sudden gust of wind struck the craft, and somehow or other the two went over the side just as Captain Lawton and Mrs. Browne came strolling along the pier.

Mrs. Browne gave a cry of terror. "It's Bobby!" she exclaimed.

A moment's hesitation was all that saved Captain Lawton's immaculate garb, and in that instant a huge, swift moving form went by them, dropped into the water with a tremendous splash and swam with strong, assured strokes toward the dots in the water.

It was all over in a minute, and Mrs. Browne, all regardless of soft silk draperies and floating laces, had Bobby in her arms, and Lieutenant Charteris, who had come running up, was saying:

"'Pon my word, Bobs, you and Kitchener"—

Then his eye fell upon the rescuer, and he broke his sentence off in the middle to grab the hand of the big, tall, very wet man who had dropped his traveling bag to take an impromptu swim. There were introductions and handshakings and tears. When Bobby heard the name of Wharton, he stared round eyed, and when Wharton heard the name of Bobby he, too, said, "Upon my word!" to himself.

Perhaps all this had something to do with the fact that when on the following evening Captain Lawton came for his final answer to his suit the pretty widow knew her own mind and answered him with a gentle but decided "No."

At about the same time Wharton was confessing frankly to his friend Charteris that he was bowled over for the first time in his life, and would there be any chance for him? That naval officer, you know—

Charteris grinned. "I don't think you need worry about him," said he. "Go in, old chap, and here's luck."

The rapidity of Wharton's courtship shocked the whole place. It was not more than six weeks after his first appearance that he was walking in the twilight with a charming, gay gowned dame, and she was saying in that delicious soft voice of hers:

"But it wasn't all what you did that first day, Edward, though I'd have been friends forever with any one who had saved Bobby's life. It was just that you were you, and—don't you think it was fate?"

"I think," said Wharton, with a twinkle in his eye, "that it was the machinations of Bobs."

And then he told her.

The Lucifer Match.

It is to Mr. Isaac Holden, member of parliament, that we owe the invention of the lucifer match. This discovery was, he himself has told us, the result of a happy thought. "In the morning I used to get up at 4 o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, the use of which I found a very great inconvenience. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light, but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put sulphur under the explosive mixture. I did that and showed it in my next lecture on chemistry, a course of which I was delivering at a large academy.

"There was," added Mr. Holden, "a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterward lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately, but I thought it was so small a matter and it cost me so little labor that I did not think it proper to go and get a patent; otherwise I have no doubt it would have been very profitable."

By One Arm.

"It is a matter of surprise to me," remarked a man who is a keen observer, recently, "that half the children of this country do not grow up minus an arm."

"But wherefore?" asked the person to whom he was speaking.

"Here is an illustration," continued the first speaker. "Do you see that woman walking with a little child? Now, notice her when she crosses the street."

At the crossing the woman lifted the child by one arm. It dangled in the air, and its feet did not touch the earth until it was across the street, when the mother dropped it on the sidewalk.

"Well, the arm held, didn't it?"

"But," continued the philosopher, "I was afraid at one time it would be wrenched from its socket. Now, that is a sight you can witness every hour in the day—mothers dragging children out of street cars, across the streets or up a flight of stairs by one arm. I wonder how the mothers would like it if a being four times as large as themselves should suddenly swoop down and lift them by one arm. I'd like to see it tried once, I just would."

How the Springboks Travel.

The springboks of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march, as sometimes happens, it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the springbok army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and in the rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest and chew the cud, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.

The Fragrant Heliotrope.

You may give a heliotrope, and not a very large plant, as much water as you give a geranium and think you are giving all that is required. Your plant will fail to make a vigorous and healthy growth because it is not moist enough at the roots. Examine it, and you will find that the tiny roots have extracted the moisture almost wholly. If not given more water at once, some of the young and delicate roots are injured, and the plant takes on a diseased condition, from which it often never recovers. Do not get the idea that the soil in which heliotropes are grown ought to be kept wet. Not at all. But because it requires more moisture than many plants, because it extracts more rapidly from the soil, water should be given oftener to keep the soil in the proper condition.

Stated a Fact.

A clergyman highly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, of which oratory is not one, has recently had placed in his church by his loving congregation a new pulpit. It is a fine piece of work, ornate with carving and artistic embellishment. But the text inscribed on it, considering the effect of the good rector's sermons, might have been more happily chosen. "He giveth his beloved sleep," it runs.

Proved His Case.

Mother—The whipping you had yesterday does not seem to have improved you. Your behavior has been even worse today.

Willie—That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was as bad as I possibly could be yesterday. I knew you were wrong.

No Enemies.

"No, sir," said the cowboy. "Cactus Cal ain't got an enemy in the world."

"I should think a man like him would be continually making enemies."

"Sure, but as soon as he makes one he gits his gun inter play an' unmakes him."—Exchange.

His Hard Remark.

Young Wife—That horrid tramp said my biscuits were like cement, and yet he ate them.

Young Husband—Cement, eh? Well, perhaps he wanted to make himself solid.—Philadelphia Record.

Hurrah For Pa!

Little Willie (proudly)—My pa knows a few things.

Little Bob (contemptuously)—Ho, my pa knows fewer things than your pa.—Smart Set.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 22.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. xiii—Memory Verses, 1-3—Golden Text, I Cor. xiii, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.]

1-3. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

In the next two verses he says that no manner of testimony or service amounts to anything apart from love. As "love" and not "charity" is the proper word, and it is so translated in the R. V., we will use it through this lesson. These first three verses might be summarized as—Love versus prophesies, tongues, knowledge, faith, goods, etc., and the whole chapter might be called, Love contrasted, analyzed, defended. It is said to be the only chapter in all Paul's epistles that does not mention Jesus in one or other of His titles, but it is a portrait so wonderful that one cannot fail to recognize the likeness even without the name. The Lord Jesus combined all in Himself, the picture is His, and without Him we are nothing and can do nothing (Rom. vii, 18; John xv, 5). Until we are born again and thus become children of God nothing counts that we do, for "they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii, 8). Then after we are born again only that which God works in us will count, as we saw in last week's lesson, and "God is Love" (I John iv, 8, 16). Note the oft repeated I, I, I of these verses and contrast Gal. ii, 20; I Cor. xv, 10, "Not I, but Christ who liveth in me;" "Not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

4-7. Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

What a perfectly beautiful section we have in these four verses, two of which we have quoted. Such love was never fully seen on earth except in Christ Jesus, and only as He fills and lives in us can it be reproduced. Try to imagine a person who is always patient, never in word or look or act unkind, never in any way jealous or self seeking, never under any circumstances provoked (R. V.), never thinking or saying evil of any one, rejoicing only in things true and lovely and always meekly bearing, patiently enduring and ever hoping for the best, with a firm faith in God. It is too altogether lovely to come from earth, and it is not of earth; it is wholly heavenly. It is a description of Him who came down from heaven, who while He lived on earth for over thirty years was at the same time in heaven (John iii, 13), of whom it is written, "Yea, He is altogether lovely" (S. of Sol. v, 16).

8. Love never faileth, but whether there be prophesies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away.

He says: "I am the Lord. I change not" (Mal. iii, 6). He who says "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" is the One who said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." And He is the same yesterday, today and forever (Heb. xiii, 5, 8; Jer. xxxi, 3). There will be no more need of prophecy, for every prophecy shall have been fulfilled. There shall be but one language, and all we now know by the word of God shall be actually realized in the kingdom.

9, 10. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

All that we know is found in the word of God, and there is to every statement and truth in such breadth and length and depth and height that we shall never while here grasp fully all that there is in any utterance of the Spirit. We may well say concerning all we have as yet learned, "Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him" (Job xxvi, 14, R. V.). "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv, 18).

11, 12. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.

When once the light and glory of heaven shine in our souls, the things which once occupied and interested us seem as the toys of childhood, and we wonder how we could ever have wasted our time on them. Yet all our knowledge is but partial. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, and not till He shall appear shall we be like Him (I John iii, 2). The question is often asked, Shall we know each other in heaven? Is not the answer found here? We do not know any one fully here, but we shall know them fully there, and those whom we know here we shall surely know better there. It refers to people as well as to truths. As Peter knew Moses and Elijah without an introduction, so I believe it shall be.

13. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love.

Faith looks to the great sacrifice for pardon, love to a risen Christ gives us fellowship with Him in suffering and service, while hope looks to His coming again. In I Thess. i, 3, 9, 10, we see how they turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven, and so we read of their work of faith, labor of love and patience of hope. The love of God is the greatest thing we ever heard of, the greatest thing ever seen on earth (John iii, 16; I John iii, 16; Rom. v, 8), and yet of all things the least understood or appreciated. On our part the greatest thing is faith, for "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi, 6), but love is the foundation of our faith, as it is written, "We have known and believed the love which God hath to us" (I John iv, 16).

Obtaining Heirs In China.

The practical Chinese have adopted a simple way of obtaining heirs where there are no legal ones—the adoption of children who belong to side branches of the family. In this way the family line is kept intact. In the absence of male descendants in the side branches of the family the sons of strangers are adopted. The Chinese prefer this method to marrying second wives.

An Unreasonable Caption.

Witticus—I think the caption of this essay is one of the most unreasonable things I ever saw.

Criticus—How so?

Witticus—It is "The Decline of the Amateur." As if any one ever knew an amateur to decline.—Baltimore American.

Spoke the Professor.

"Culture," sententiously observed the doctor, "is like charity. It begins at home."

"Yes," said the professor, "but it is usually finished abroad." — Chicago Tribune.

THE BOW IN WAR.

How It Was Made and Used by the Asiatic Tribesmen.

The bow as used by Asiatic horsemen assumes a curious shape. They were made of horn, generally buffalo horn, in two pieces, joined by a wooden center, and when unstrung had the form of a capital C, which enabled them to be hung over the arm on horseback. When strung, a difficult feat to those unused to them, they took the double curve of the antique bow as seen in the representation of Cupid. This was the "Tartar's bow," used by the Scythians, Parthians and Persians and up to quite recent times in India. It was drawn by the thumb alone, on which the archer wore a broad, thick ring of horn, ivory or cornelian, on whose edge the bowstring rested.

The long bow was also much in use among Indian infantry of the middle ages, but neither they nor any other Asiatics appear to have done such execution as the English archers of the same period. Bernier says, describing a battle between Aurangzeb and his brother Dara: "They draw their arrows with a marvelous swiftness, one man being able to draw six of them before a musketeer can discharge twice; but, to say truth, their arrows do but little execution. More of them are lost in the air or broken on the ground than hit."

The bow, in fact, requires more than any other weapon constant practice from childhood, and strong Englishmen of the present day are quite unable to use the bows of the half human Mincopies of the Andamans.—Chambers' Journal.

STUFFED BLACK BEARS.

The Reason They Are Used as Signs by the Furriers.

The man who comes to New York only once in ten years said he could not understand why the bears in Central park seemed so much more stuck up than the rest of the animals, but after he had traveled about town for several days he saw through it. It was because 99 per cent of the furriers in town have chosen a big black bear for an advertising sign. Why the other animals in the zoo should be so discriminated against puzzled the man not a little. One day he asked a furrier about it.

"It is because the bears last longer than anything else," said the furrier. "Of all the animals in New York I don't know of any that have a harder time than those that stand outside furriers' stores winter and summer and try to drum up trade for their employers. It doesn't make any difference what kind of weather comes along, whether it blows hot or cold, those fellows have to stand at their post and swelter or freeze, as the case may be. Naturally all those changes are pretty hard on their hide, and none but bears can stand the strain. Some furriers have tried the fox, the lynx and other animals now and then at a venture, but they have mostly come back to the bear as the most satisfactory of the lot. They cost more too. A good stuffed bear comes as high as $75, but if he is treated well he will last for twenty-five years, so that brings him down to a comparatively low price after all."—New York Press.

Charles A. Dana's Logic.

They tell a good story of Charles A. Dana—how Dana once summoned a boy reporter and said, "Tomorrow you write up the yacht race."

"But," said the lad, "I don't know how; I'm a Nebraskan. I only came here last night, sir, and I haven't so much as seen New York harbor yet. As for yachts—why, I never saw a yacht in my life!"

"Just the reason I sent for you, my boy! You'll write a story that people can read; you'll picture the thing; you'll write with enthusiasm because it's all new to you."

Sane logic! The poetry of the sea has always been written by landsmen; it always will be. The barrack room ballads are best sung by a gentle civilian. The inside of anything is clearest seen by an erstwhile outsider. Mr. Bryce, not Mr. Lodge, writes "The American Commonwealth." Emerson, not Carlyle, writes "English Traits."—Rollin Lynde Hartt in Atlantic.

Why He Should Learn Spanish.

One of the most brilliant series of the Gobelin tapestries represents the surprising adventures of Don Quixote. Louis XV. had a great affection for the doughty chevalier. One day he said to a great gentleman of his court:

"Do you know Spanish?"

"No, sire," said the other.

"Ah, it is a great pity."

The seigneur, thinking, at the least, the king was going to offer him the ambassadorship at Madrid, put himself with extraordinary zeal to the mastery of Spanish. In a few weeks he came back to his royal master and, with a conqueror's air, said:

"Your majesty, I have learned Spanish."

"My compliments," said Louis. "Read 'Don Quixote' in Spanish. It is much finer than in French."

Not the Usual Result.

"How can you afford to give away these salt pickles with your meals?" asked the man who dined cheaply at the little German restaurant around the corner.

"Ah, but you forget they make the awful thirst," said the proprietor. "The awful thirst makes trade for the bar. Is it not the clever idea?"

"They certainly do make one thirsty," said the man at the table. "I feel those I've eaten already. Bring me"—

The proprietor's face was a study in expectancy.

"Bring me another glass of water!"—New York Tribune.

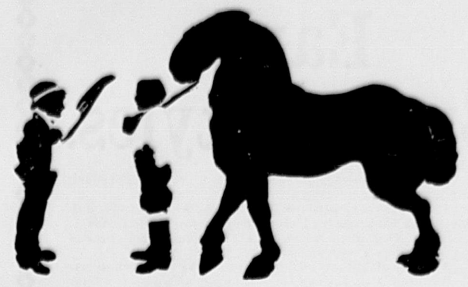
The Final Straw.

A story is told of a rustic who, after imbibing too freely, fell asleep by the wayside.

The day was hot, and a swarm of flies settled on his face and proceeded to make his sleep anything but pleasant. In a little while a few mosquitoes came along to add their torture to that of the flies. Of course the man woke up after repeated attacks by the combined forces and vainly tried to brush them away. Finally along came a big wasp and stung him on the nose. "Now, for that you can all get off," he said.

The Discovery of the Fork.

Some believe that the fork was in use all over Europe as early as the year 500 A. D., but if they were their use and the fork itself were lost sight of up to about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was either discovered or rediscovered and popularized. Walton, Weems and other antiquarians hold to the earlier date, because a stone vessel containing coins of the middle ages and some iron forks was found at Sevington, England, in the year 1834.



"A short horse is soon curried." So is one fed on The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed. It makes a sleek, smooth coat.

"The Cheapest Food We Can Use."

We have been using the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed on all of our horses the last six months, and find, after a horse's summer work, they look better than ever before; besides, we think it is the cheapest feed we can use. COOLIDGE & LIVERMORE, Lynn, Mass.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

Polished Shoe Thieves.

"No, it is not all profit in our business," declared the manager of an "exclusive" shoestore in the Fifth avenue district. "It is true we fit the feet of people of money, which means that in cases of running accounts we have to wait till the end of the year for our money, because they scorn anything but yearly settlements—that is, we render our bills on Jan. 1 and get our money some time before June. But our chief source of loss is from polished, well dressed thieves. How can a man get away with a pair of shoes? Why, by putting them on his feet and walking away with them. These thieves, men and women, come in with the air of wealth and gentility, select expensive shoes, try them on—both shoes are tried on, you know, in a first class place—and while pretending to walk up and down to try the feel of the shoes they divert the salesman's attention and simply walk out of the store with twenty dollar shoes on their feet, leaving a dollar and a half pair on our hands. Don't think we are 'easy,' but there are so many ways in which this can be worked that we sometimes lose three or four pairs of shoes in a week."—New York Times.

Beaconsfield's Loves.

Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, wrote to his sister when he was a young man: "By the bye, would you like Lady Z. for a sister-in-law—very clever, £25,000 and domestic? As for 'love,' all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."

Within four years Disraeli had married, not Lady Z., but the rich widow of Wyndham Lewis, of whom he had written on meeting her for the first time: "A pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequaled and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she liked 'silent, melancholy men.' I answered that I had no doubt of it."

Stopped the Stealing.

The Rev. Joseph Erskine of Edinburgh at one time in his life lost handkerchief after handkerchief. He found, on investigation, that it was on Sunday these losses occurred, and accordingly Mrs. Erskine sewed his handkerchief in the tail pocket of his coat.

"Noo," said she—"noo lat us see what wull happen."

Mr. Erskine, with the sewed in handkerchief, passed down the aisle of the church that morning, as usual, to ascend to the pulpit, but as he sailed by the amen corner he felt a gentle tug behind, a delicate nibble among his coattails. Thereupon he turned on the disappointed old woman in the corner and said, with a triumphant smile:

"No' the day, honest wuman, no' the day."

Saved.

The traveler in Ireland will do well, when he engages a jaunting car, to make sure of the step to which in mounting he must trust his weight. The carman does not help him to mount.

A gentleman once said to the driver he had engaged:

"I'm afraid that step is loose."

The man took hold of it and shook it.

"Ah, sure," said he "it's too sthrong, it is! What are ye afraid of?"

At that instant it came off in his hand.

But he turned to his fare with the sunniest of smiles. "Well, sure," said he, "didn't I save yer honor from a broken leg?"

Artistic Education.

Artistic education, whether by the direct teaching which develops the power of creation or by the indirect influence of surroundings, which improve the taste and ennoble life, is not a luxury and should never be so regarded. Luxury pampers the body, art gladdens the soul; luxury seeks for dainty food and soft raiment, art seeks for the beauty which ennobles the mind and uplifts the heart; luxury weakens the powers; art, on the other hand, strengthens them; luxury debases the ideals of life, art inspires and exalts them.

The Widower.

"A widower," remarked the elderly female, "always reminds me of a baby."

"How's that?" queried the young girl.

"During the first six months he cries a good deal, the next six months he begins to take notice, and the odds are against his getting safely through his second summer."—Chicago News.

One Thing She Hadn't Seen.

"And now," said the country cousin to the city girl, "I have shown you everything on the farm."

"Oh, George, you haven't done any such thing. Why, I heard father say before I started that you had a mortgage on it that covered nine-tenths of the ground."

Too Sensitive by Half.

Terence (with the hod)—Yer not workin', Dinnie. Are yez out of a job?

Dennis—Sure, Oi fell off a nine sthory buildin' yisterday, an' Oi got mad an' quit.

Terence—Aw, go on! Yer too sinsitive!—Judge.

Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Mr. McNutt's Speech.

Among the famous men of Vicksburg before the war, one of the most prominent was a Mr. McNutt. Two qualities marked him out as an individual type. The first was his personal cowardice. Still more individual was his power of setting aside in his own favor those prejudices of the public mind which would have crushed any other man. He was at one time a candidate for United States senator. The opposing candidate was General Quitman. In a speech McNutt said: "Fellow citizens, I understand that General Quitman is now in the eastern counties reviewing his militia, and that he says when he meets me he intends to whip me. Now I tell him at this faroff distance that if he whips me it will be because he can outrun me, for I have a great horror for the barbarous practice of personal violence."

Such a speech from any other man would have won him the contempt of his listeners, but it was McNutt, and people laughed and applauded.—"Recollections of Mississippi."

Indians and Citizenship.

Indians who maintain their tribal relations are not permitted to vote in any state. They are not citizens of the United States, but merely "wards of the nation." In all the states, we believe, an Indian who has severed his tribal relations and become a citizen and a taxpayer has a right to vote on an equality with the whites. In the matter of voting the fifteenth amendment to the constitution prohibits the states from making any discrimination on account of race or color. Our naturalization laws, for instance, do not admit Chinamen to naturalization, but the supreme court has decided that a Chinaman born here is as much a citizen as are the descendants of those who came over with John Smith to Jamestown or with the pilgrim fathers to Plymouth rock. And the Indian ought to have better rights here than the Chinaman.—St. Louis Republic.

Training Russian Policemen.

There is a policemen's college in St. Petersburg to train applicants for the force. There is a museum combined with the school where the pupils make themselves familiar with the tools of criminals—jimmies, drills, chisels and contrivances for robbing collection boxes, a special field of Russian thieves. The Russian passport system is studied in detail. The duties of the dvorniks, a sort of assistant police, are taught. They keep watch on the residences, report on the habits of tenants, their visitors, examine the papers of newcomers and direct them to report themselves at the police station. The members of such a clever and complicated system need careful instruction.

A Curiosity of Sound.

If when riding in a balloon, at a height, say, of 2,000 feet, a charge of guncotton be fired electrically 100 feet below the car, the report, though really as loud as a cannon, sounds no more than a mere pistol shot, possibly partly owing to the greater rarity of the air, but chiefly because the sound, having no background to reflect it, simply spends itself in the air. Then, always and under all conditions of atmosphere soever, there ensues absolute silence until the time for the echo back from earth has fully elapsed, when a deafening outburst of thunder rises from below, rolling on often for more than half a minute.

Reversed.

"What sort of a man is my husband? Well, before we were married he wouldn't leave the house before midnight, and since he never enters it before."—Journal Amusant.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies; never safe to instruct even our friends.—Colton.

Almost an Invitation.

Fred—Your father is a man of great presence of mind, I am told.

Stella—Yes, and of wedding presents also.—Exchange.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

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241 Main St., Woburn

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P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
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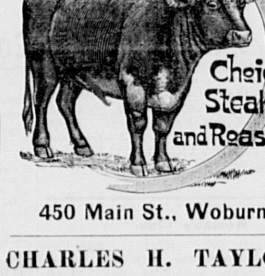
George Durward



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Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10.00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12.15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M., 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5.50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M., 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8.00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8.25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—15 cents.

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

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EFFECT OF THIRTY SIDES

By Richard Kann

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Harrington had gone up spasmodically from small parts to leads. While he was playing in stock on the way up he had written a play. Of course the play was never produced. And about that time Harrington began to come down. His coming down had not been spasmodic. It had been certain and sure as fate. He seemed, however, able to hold a position as stage door keeper. He could be scared into coming around on time for successive weeks by the threat that he would be assigned to the billposter's forces.

And he was only thirty-five. Sometimes when he became very bad he would mumble something about "Eleanor." But mumblings about "Eleanor" didn't excuse his condition to Buscoe, who believed that there was no reason on earth good enough to keep a man away from the theater later than 7:30 and no trouble great enough to need an extended stay along a bar rail to drown it.

So Harrington, with all his brilliancy, all his artistic training and his wonderful mind that could absorb thirty sides in a night, got finally to be a back door keeper. It was only because he never attempted to excuse his conduct that Buscoe kept him at all. He was merely penitent after one of his periodical attacks.

And Harrington was the back door keeper when the company moved into New York for a run. He stood, book in hand, checking the company as it arrived for a rehearsal a day before the opening. Harrington got the note, with a doctor's certificate inclosed, telling that Temple, the leading man, had brain fever. He turned pale as he read it. He was that kind of a back door keeper.

Buscoe didn't turn pale, but every one who heard what he said a minute later did.

"Send a boy to the manager," he ordered. "Tell him Temple can't possibly go on tomorrow night. Tell him that unless he wants me to use a bad understudy we'll have to postpone the opening."

Harrington came over to him. "I haven't sent the boy yet," he said. "You know I can get up in that part by tomorrow night. Maybe they wouldn't know Temple wasn't playing it. If you'll let me"— He looked wistfully at Buscoe.

"You could, you know," said Buscoe kindly, "but it's too important. They've been banking on this New York opening. A set of good notices will carry them the rest of the season, and I'd rather postpone than take any chances."

Harrington went mechanically back to the door. Buscoe held the company until he heard from headquarters. "Use the understudy," said the note. "Can't possibly postpone."

Buscoe walked over to the call board. "Company called for all day rehearsal at 8 o'clock tomorrow," he wrote.

"Now, Harrington," he said kindly, "you take this part to my hotel and begin on it. If you're letter perfect by tomorrow morning, you go on in Temple's place. At 4 o'clock this afternoon I'll come over. We'll work on it all night."

* * * * * * * *

The hotel people wondered next morning what had been going on in "42" during the night. Two men had left at 7:30 in the morning with a bar bill of $2 for black coffee. It had gone up regularly every thirty minutes since 4 o'clock. Around on the walls were pinned strips of paper with meaningless sentences written upon them. They took them down and read them curiously. They seemed to be passages chosen broadcast from a book.

They would have understood if they had known that the process of cramming thirty sides of typewritten manuscript into the brain of a man means that the brain must be stimulated with something and that strong coffee is the only harmless thing that will do it. They didn't know that a man's brain sometimes refuses to memorize past a certain amount, but that it will receive impressions of things seen. That was why some of the speeches Harrington couldn't get, although they were repeated to him endlessly, were written on strips of paper, pinned on the walls and stared at him through the night until they sank into his mind.

Buscoe had been cruelly insistent, but his methods had won out. Harrington, haggard and brain weary, went through the 8 o'clock rehearsal with but few hitches. Then Buscoe ran them through again and dismissed them at 12:30 with orders to report at 4 for a dress rehearsal. He dragged Harrington back to the hotel and again sent him over the part, this time with the business included.

He went on that night almost crazed. Forty-eight hours without sleep and not much nourishment but black coffee did it, but in his brain were the thirty sides.

He played the three acts without a break, and he played them as Harrington could when he wanted to. But his big scene didn't come until the fourth. It was strongly written and intensely emotional. It depicted a final parting from the woman he loved, in a set lighted by blue borders, with the foots low. The exit of the leading woman was the cue for the first speech.

Buscoe, all attention, stood in the side entrance as Harrington began. He was playing it low, but fiercely, acting it beautifully. He had the audience breathless. Suddenly Buscoe felt for the curtain signal.

"Heavens!" he said under his breath. "He's way off the text."

Out in the weird light of the blue borders Harrington raved on. Not a line he spoke had even been in the manuscript, but he talked of a parting from a woman. He was horribly earnest, and instead of cursing the woman he cursed himself. Buscoe jammed the signal. The big drop began to slide. Just then Harrington reeled across the stage and fell in a queer heap. The drop came down with a thud within a foot of his face.

Then from out in front came roar upon roar of applause. "They didn't know he was off," thought Buscoe.

"Harrington," he almost yelled, "get up! I'm going to give you a call alone!"

But Harrington was past curtain calls. They carried him to a dressing room and tucked him comfortably on a couch.

He was asleep when the woman asked for him. She was too well dressed to be asking for a man like Harrington, Buscoe thought. Still, he asked himself, how did she know that Harrington was on the bill? The programme said "Temple."

"Nobody here by that name," he told her.

"I know he is," she said quietly. "I was in the audience. I am Miss Burton. I have known Mr. Harrington a very long time."

"Are you 'Eleanor?'" asked Buscoe quickly.

"Yes," she said softly.

When he awakened, she was beside him. So was Buscoe. But Buscoe left at once. He only knew that when Harrington awakened and saw her beside him he seemed to take everything for granted.

She came out a little later and asked that some breakfast be sent in to him. "He will be able to act tonight, he says," she told Buscoe. "He'll tell you about us when you go in."

"I gather," said Buscoe, trying to be diplomatic, "that you are what ailed him."

"But I didn't know it," she replied, "until last night."

Breakfast For One.

That keen observer of nature, John Muir, tells in "Our National Parks" a pretty story of a woodchuck. In the spring of 1875 he was exploring the peaks and glaciers about the head of the middle fork of the San Joaquin and when passing round a frozen lake where the snow was ten feet deep was surprised to find the fresh track of a woodchuck.

What could the animal be thinking of to come out so early while all the ground was snow buried? The steady direction of his track showed he had a definite aim, and fortunately it was toward a mountain 13,000 feet high that I meant to climb. So I followed to see if I could find out what he was up to.

From the base of the mountain the track pointed straight up, and I knew by the melting snow that I was not far behind him. I lost the track on a crumbling ridge, partly projecting through the snow, but soon discovered it again.

Toward the summit of the mountain, in an open spot on the south side, nearly inclosed by disintegrating pinnacles among which the sun heat reverberated, making an isolated patch of warm climate, I found a fine garden full of rock cress, phlox, silene, draba and a few grasses, and in this garden I overtook the wanderer, enjoying a fine fresh meal, perhaps the first of the season.

How did he know the way to this one garden spot, so high and so far off, and what told him that it was in bloom while yet the snow was ten feet deep over his den? He must have had more botanical, topographical and climatological knowledge than most mountaineers possess.

He Went.

"I'm afraid I'll have to charge you full fare for that boy, madam," said the ticket agent as he issued a ticket to a sharp featured Boston woman of middle age and held out his hand for the additional fare.

"What for?" she asked.

"He is more than twelve years old."

"Ain't you Tom Sanders that used to live in Greenwich about eight years ago?" inquired the woman, eying him.

"Yes, but why?"

"Used to buy your tea and sugar of Widder Jones?"

"I believe I did."

"I'm the Widder Jones. Recollect the last lot of groceries you had of me—those you promised to pay for in ten days?"

"Why, Mrs. Jones, didn't I—didn't I"—

"Those groceries, Mr. Sanders, ain't been paid for yet, and this boy lacked about a month of being twelve years old when you got them. Does he go?"

"He goes, madam," said the agent as he gave her a half ticket, with a sickly smile. "The boy is probably large for his age."

An Article Balzac Didn't Write.

Balzac was once asked by a French publisher to write an article on the Rue Richelieu. He named his terms, which today would not seem excessive, but the publisher considered them outrageous, whereupon Balzac replied: "If I am to describe the Rue Richelieu in a way worthy of the street and of myself, I must know it thoroughly and must not upon any account fail to investigate all that specially characterizes it. I shall have to commence by lunching at the Cafe Cardinal; then I must buy a gun and a cravat pin at the two shops next door to each other. After that I must go to the tailor's at the corner of the Rue St. Marc"— "Oh, don't go any farther than that," interrupted the publisher in alarm. "You would come to the Indian shop next, and things there are a fabulous price!"

A Relief.

Husband—Darling, I believe that I am failing.

Wife (in alarm)—Gracious! How often I have warned you, George, against your foolish speculations!

Husband—I don't mean in business, dear; I mean I'm failing in health.

Wife (relieved)—Oh, is that all?

Love In Spectacles.

He—I suppose now that I shall have to ask your father for his consent.

She—No, Harry. After the first time you called, pa said I might have you if I wanted you. Pa and I have understood it for a long time.—Boston Transcript.

From Killarney.

Lady Tourist—Driver, how many will your car hold?

Jarvey—Well, if ye sits adjacent I can take only six, but if ye sits familiar I can stow away nine of ye.

A RESOURCEFUL LAWYER.

An Inspiration That Won a Case He Considered Hopeless.

A Philadelphia lawyer tells the story that a picture of Fanny Davenport once won a case for him. His client was suing the Pennsylvania Railroad company, of which Wayne MacVeagh was counsel, for $7,500 damages for the death of her husband. "Just a few days before the case was to have come up she happened into my office and announced that she had married again. 'Good Lord, madam,' I gasped, 'why couldn't you have waited until your case came up? It's next to impossible for me to get damages for you now.' She said she didn't care very much, and went out, seeming very happy. Well, it just happened that I had a photograph of Fanny Davenport on my desk, and when the next day Wayne MacVeagh happened into my office to discuss quite another matter he picked up the photo and admired it. 'Who's your friend?' he asked. I had a sudden inspiration, and I said: 'Why, that's the lady who is suing your company for $7,500.' 'The deuce you say,' said he. 'Handsome woman, isn't she?' 'She is, indeed,' I replied. 'H'm!' he exclaimed, looking at the picture closely. 'A deuced handsome woman, I should say. A deuced handsome woman.' There was a slight pause. 'What'll you take to settle this case?' he asked. I thought of my client's second marriage, and I fixed the figure at $5,000. The deal was consummated and the case never came to court."

Paid In His Own Coin.

Once in a way Archbishop Temple of Canterbury would get paid back in his own coin. A delightful instance of this is recorded. The church people of a certain parish are said to have strongly urged the bishop to find another sphere for their parson, whom they wished to get rid of. Dr. Temple summoned the obnoxious clergyman to his study and suggested a change of benefice. What was it, the parson wanted to know, that his people had to find fault with? "Well," said the bishop in the peculiarly harsh, strident voice that so sadly marred his preaching, "if you insist on knowing, it's your voice they complain of; they don't like your voice." "How curious!" said the clergyman. "A friend was with me at the cathedral the other day, when your lordship was preaching, and as he went out he said, 'What a fine sermon, but what an unfortunate voice!'"

An Accommodating Witness.

The witness on the stand had been bullyragged by the lawyer until his patience was exhausted.

"Now," said the attorney, "you say you saw the prisoner draw his pistol?"

"Yes."

"Remember you are on your oath."

"I'm not forgetting it."

"You are sure you are telling the truth?"

"Sure."

"No mistake about it?"

"None."

"You couldn't be persuaded into any other statement?"

Here the judge interposed.

"Oh, let him go on, your honor," pleaded the witness. "He's a lawyer, and he doesn't know the truth when he sees it, and I'm only too glad to show him how so far as I can."

The Monument Was a Misfit.

A stately granite shaft had been erected in the cemetery of a Massachusetts town in memory of a man whose life had been anything but praiseworthy. None the less the monument was one of the sights to be shown to a stranger, and one day a former resident of the town who had been away for many years returned and was taken to see the granite obelisk. He was no stranger to the faults and failings of the man whom it eulogized with its gilded inscription, and, after silent contemplation of the shaft on all sides, he said, "Well, if it's for goodness, it's too big, and if it's for badness it's not big enough."—New Haven Chronicle.

Trained Chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums in Japan are trained into numerous quaint shapes, like the old English yew trees, in the forms of peacocks, etc. In Tokyo there are gardens filled with life sized figures made entirely of the flowers and leaves, the faces being masks, and these chrysanthemum figures accurately represent court ladies, warriors, children and animals, one of the favorite characters being a young lady with a fox's tail peeping from under her dress and a mask which by the touch of a string turns into reynard's head.

Down With Impertinent Neighbors.

Mr. Mulhooly—Phwat fur are yez makin' such a noise on thot pianny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r racket an' me head achin' loike it wud split in two paces.

Daughter—Them new neighbors nixt door has been complainin' of my playin'.

Mr. Mulhooly—Begorra, hammer harder.—New York Weekly.

Took No Chances.

He (after being promptly accepted)—Why didn't you say "No" at first and keep me in suspense for awhile? I understand that is the way women generally do.

She—Well, I tried that once, and—and—

"And what?"

"He didn't ask me the second time."

Obeying Orders.

A mistress told her maid, Betsy, that she must not always do things on her own responsibility, but first ask permission. The next day Betsy walked into the parlor and said politely:

"Please, madam, the cat is busy eating up the duck in the pantry; must I drive her away or not?"

Real Talent.

Mrs. Bruce—Really, Mr. Hamilton's acting is the greatest I ever saw.

Mrs. Scott—It's good in its way, but you should see my Johnny when he is simulating a stay-away-from-school headache!—Exchange.

When the pessimist gets to heaven, his first move will be to look about for the fire escapes.—Saturday Evening Post.

Largest Variety and . . . .
Lowest Prices in Boston in
Wall Papers,
Picture Mouldings
— AND —
Window Shades.
MELMON L. FLETCHER,
(Formerly with Ward & Waldron),
84 & 86 Union Street, Boston.
Near Haymarket Subway Station. Telephone 1075-3 Richmond.

Animal Superstitions.

There are many animals that the superstitious consider it unlucky to kill. Among them may be mentioned a ladybird, a martin, a robin, a stork and a money spider, while to kill a wren means that you will break a bone before the year is out. Many animals are also supposed to herald death, and superstitions in this direction are so numerous that only a few can be mentioned here. The most commonly known is the clicking or tapping of the beetle called a death watch, which is reckoned as an omen of death to some one in the house.

The howling of a dog at night near a house is supposed to predict the death of a sick inmate, as also the setting of a white pigeon on a house bodes death to some one in the house, while, again, an old saying among the superstitious runs, "No person can die on a bed or pillow containing the feathers of a white pigeon."

That the gnawing of furniture by rats presages death is also a common superstition. To meet certain animals is considered lucky, while to meet others is the reverse. For instance, to meet a sow with a litter of pigs is very lucky, but it is unlucky if a sow crosses a traveler's path. To meet a weasel is lucky, but should a hare run across the road in front of you it augurs bad fortune.

Passed the Bottle Too Quickly.

Will Low, the painter, told a story of the Latin quarter days of Robert Louis Stevenson. Low and Stevenson were great friends in their youth. Their friendship indeed continued up to the time of the writer's death.

"Louis," said the artist, "was no less diplomatic than brave. He could be fiery, and he could also be gracious and pacific. One night, I remember, we sat in a garden in Montmartre. The red wine had been flowing pretty freely, and one of our party got heated and aggressive.

"Finally some one said a thing that this fighting chap disliked. As soon as the words were spoken he grabbed up a bottle and hurled it at the other's head. It was a strong, true shot and would have hit the mark had not Stevenson sprung to his feet and caught the missile.

"'Tut, tut, George,' he said to the thrower; 'tut, tut. If the bottle is passed so quickly, none of us will be able to stand out the evening.'"—New York Tribune.

Reason to Be Happy.

What is the use of being at odds with the world? What is the use of being blue and despondent? The world is full of trials for us all—has plenty of trouble and worry to hand out even to the best of us from time to time. But there would be no need for men and women—we could all be babes—if there were no great life problems to solve, no burdens to bear, no sorrows to live down. These are the balance wheels of life. They are the trials we have to face in order to strengthen us and broaden us to the opportunities and the real happiness that riches do not command nor poverty bar.—New York Mail and Express.

The Butler Was In Doubt.

The recent St. Andrew's dinners, according to the Westminster Gazette, have been noteworthy for the profusion of Scotch stories, which in several cases fairly set the tables in a roar. Some of them have an ancient ring, but there is one that is perhaps not generally known. A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald, "I hope your master's temperature is much lower today than it was last night." "I'm no' sae very sure aboot that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."

An Authority.

Peter McArthur was once talking with a friend when he quoted another man as a financial authority. His friend disputed the right of the person quoted to be considered an expert. Mr. McArthur insisted that the man had a right to speak like an oracle.

"What is your definition of an authority?" asked his friend.

"My idea of an authority," retorted Mr. McArthur, "is a person who bluffs beyond my limit."

Strained Relations.

It took place in a dairy.

The dairyman was pouring large quantities of milk through a fine wire netting.

There were microbes in the milk.

Other microbes by the hundred were sitting on the edge of the crock and gayly looking on.

Their relations were being strained.—Baltimore American.

Science to the Rescue.

Housekeeper—Has any way been discovered to kill the pests that destroy carpets?

Great Scientist—Yes, madam. Take up the carpets, hang them on a line and beat them with a heavy stick.

"Will that kill the insects?"

"Yes, madam, if you hit them."

A Terrible Weapon.

The weapon common to every part of Hindustan, so as to deserve the name of the national arm, is the "katar." This is a broad, two edged dagger, the hilt of which is formed something like an H, the hand grasping the crossbar, which is generally double, while the side bars extend on each side of the wrist.

Some katars are made with five blades, which unite into one, but by squeezing together the crossbars diverge like the fingers of a hand when the thrust has been given. Other katars are made in sets of two or even three, of diminishing sizes, the blades of the larger being hollow and forming sheaths for the smaller. Some of the southern Indian katars, known as "death givers," are immense weapons, nearly two feet long in the blade, and the hilts are a mass of fantastic scrollwork and mythological moisters, the cobra with expanded hood figuring largely. There is also the "bich'hwa," or scorpion's sting, a doubly curved dagger; the "khanjar," a larger form of the same, and the "peshkabz," or hunting knife. But none of these elaborate weapons has about it the terribly "businesslike" look of the Khyber knife (ch'hura), with its ponderous single edged, tapering blade and plain ivory hilt.—Chambers' Journal.

Eye Exercise.

An exercise which, if perseveringly practiced, will greatly strengthen the eyes and which has entirely restored many cases of impaired vision, so that spectacles and eyeglasses were discarded, is to turn the eyes upward and downward alternately, as far as possible, twenty times, says a writer in the New York Herald. Don't pause in the upward glance. The motion is incessant, but not hastened. Next turn the eyes to right and to left, repeating as before. Turn them to the upper left corner and the obverse, or diagonally—that is, to lower right corner. Repeat. Turn them to the upper right corner and its obverse. Repeat. Conclude the exercise with rolling the eyes around, first to the right, then to the left, in the extreme limit of the muscular extension, being careful, however, not to strain the muscles.

If the exercise is repeated at convenience several times during the day, it will soon strengthen the muscles.

Admitted on One Question.

Patrick Henry Cowen, a prominent Saratoga lawyer, was fond of relating the story of his admission to the bar. The committee met at Ballston, and young Cowen was the only candidate. A member of the committee remarked: "I think a single question will determine the legal qualifications of the candidate. Young man, can you name the best brand of champagne?" "I can," responded Cowen, "but for fear that your honors may suspect I am in error I will forward to each of you a sample that will vindicate my judgment." That satisfied the committee, and Cowen was admitted. He kept his promise.

Squeaking Sands.

Singing sands are found in many parts of the United States, but squeaking sands are not so common. The singing sand emits a musical sound only when dry and loses this property on being dampened. The squeaking sand, on the other hand, is silent when dry and squeaks best and loudest when moistened. The sound it gives forth is by no means loud, but somewhat resembles the squeaking of an armchair. It sounds when rubbed between the fingers or when placed in a small bag and violently struck, but the cause of the sound is a mystery.

Finland.

Finland is larger than England, Ireland, Scotland and the Netherlands combined. It has its own constitution, which was framed in 1772. This instrument was modified and changed when, in 1809, the grand duchy was ceded to the emperor of Russia, but it still provides for a national parliament, in which the four estates—the nobles, the clergy, the burghers and the peasants—are represented, and names as the head of the state the Grand Duke of Finland, who is the czar.

Ancient Glove Etiquette.

Woodstock and Worcester leather gloves are of ancient celebrity. In the middle ages the giving of a glove was a ceremony of investiture in bestowing lands and dignities. In England, in the reign of Edward II., the deprivation of gloves was a ceremony of degradation. The importation of foreign gloves into England was not permitted until 1825.

Defined.

She—Dear, you have crushed and almost suffocated me. What kind of a hug do you call that?

He—That's a Metropolitan street railway hug.—New York Life.

Extremely Rare.

Tommy—Pop, what is meant by the sense of humor?

Father—The sense of humor, my son, consists largely of knowing when not to be funny.—Philadelphia Record.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 27, 1903.

MR. NOWELL'S ELECTION.

A fair estimate of the relative strength of Mr. Nowell and Dr. Jones in the District, based on the present condition of things, favors the election of the former by a handsome majority. According to reports there will be a large falling off of the Democratic vote in Reading, while it is likely Mr. Nowell will hold the strength of last November in his home town, and perhaps exceed it. That will give Nowell a long lead over Jones and, with the aid of Woburn, insure his success in spite of all the Democrats can do to prevent it.

Coming back to Woburn, no great amount of enthusiasm for Dr. Jones's candidacy is discovered in any quarter, and General Apathy is more likely to figure in his campaign than in Mr. Nowell's. Then with 400 majority against him in Reading, and only about 700 votes for him in Woburn, it is not difficult to figure out his defeat in the District.

If the Republicans come anywhere near doing their duty next Tuesday, Mr. Nowell will carry the day, with a plenty of votes to spare.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The one hundred and seventy-first anniversary, or, more strictly speaking, the one hundred and seventieth, of the natal day of the "Father of his Country" was modestly but appropriately, observed in this city last Monday. All the business places were closed, and the American Flags floated in the fresh February breeze from many flagstaffs. Capt. Wyer, P. M., had the postofice handsomely decorated with bunting and pictures, and proprietors of some other buildings honored the day in a similar manner. There was no public demonstration, or special anniversary gatherings, and the city wore its customary holiday deserted appearance. A much larger crowd than usual went to Boston in the evening to visit the theatres and other places of amusement.

ELECTION MARCH 3.

An election to fill a vacancy in the 28th Representative District is to be held in Woburn and Reading on Tuesday, March 3, 1903. The candidates are Charles H. Nowell, of Reading, Republican, and Daniel S. Jones of Woburn, Democratic. The polls will be opened at 6 o'clock in the morning, and close at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The polling places are designated in an advertisement in this issue of the JOURNAL.

☞ Mr. Henry McMahon of this city, President of the Boston Typographical Union, 13, was presented with a fine gold watch and chain and a purse of $225 in gold by the Union in recognition of his faithful and efficient services given for the welfare of the fraternity in Boston and New England, last Sunday. In his presentation speech Mr. Alexander Cook, Chairman of the Boston *Globe* Chapel, among other complimentary things, said of President McMahon's good work:

"He has done much for the advancement of the workingmen, for besides arranging for the adoption of the present scale in the daily newspapers he has as district organizer of the I.T.U. been instrumental in settling more strikes in New England in his line than any other man."

After picking up a little typographical learning at Benicia, California, Henry McMahon came to the Woburn JOURNAL office in 1881, a lad in knickerbockers, to learn the art of printing, and gave three years of faithful apprenticeship to it. Then he went out into the world to seek his fortune, in which pursuit, by industry, perseverance temperance, and integri,y, he has been eminently successful and won for himself an honorable place in the profession.

☞ We see by the newspapers tha Mrs. C. Vey Holman of Rockland, Maine, has, by a recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, become a millionaire, and the only woman millionaire in the State of Maine. The suit, lately decided in her favor, was brought in 1896 to recover title and possesion of one of the richest gold mines in Alaska, and having won, after several trials, she proposes to work it "for all it is worth." A dozen years ago Mrs. Holman was known to people in this city. Her husband, Vey Holman, a rich young man, and one of the smartest journalists that ever graduated from Harvard University, edited and published a redhot daily paper here, which proved to be anything but a financial success. Vey was its Editor-in-Chief; Ben Palmer and Charles O'Neil, Assistant Editors; Mrs. Vey, Business Manager and Treasurer; and if they did'nt make the dust fly for about a year, then nobody ever saw dust fly. We congratulate Mrs. Holman on her good luck.

☞ No sensible person can believe that Mr. Edward Q Brackett endorses, or has the least sympathy with, the threats of a few of his injudicious friends to "knife" Mr. Charles H. Nowell on election day. He is too much of a gentleman, and too good a Republican for that. Mr. Brackett went into the campaign under the mistaken idea that Mr. Nowell would not consent to be a candidate; fought a good fight; secured a majority of the Woburn delegates; but was overpowered in the convention. There the contest ended. It was a fair fight, and Mr. Brackett was satisfied. To attempt to prolong it at the polls; to seek revenge at the ballot boxes, as some of his friends propose to do, would be doing a grave injustice to Mr. Nowell, Mr. Brackett, and the Party.

☞ The Republican Ward and City Committee, H. S. Riley, Chairman, and Charles H. Harrington, Secretary, have invited the Republicans of this city to convene at Republican Headquarters, 381 Main street, at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, Feb. 28, 1903, then and there to meet the Republican candidate for Representative, Mr. Charles H. Nowell, and make proper arrangements for the special election to be held on March 3. The above named officers of the Commitee hope there will be a large gathering of Republicans on that occasion.

☞ The Woburn Board of Public Works have received notice from the State Board of Civil Service Commissioners of "the illegal employment of James McAvoy and Elizabeth Calnan, as clerks, and John Mahoney as timekeeper, by your Board" which "should make requisitions upon the Civil Service Commissioners to fill the positions" The notification was fortified by an affirmative opinion from the Attorney General. It was referred to City Solicitor Norris for an opinion.

☞ Apathy on the part of the Republican voters of this District may defeat Mr. Charles H. Nowell at the special election next Tuesday. Given an average vote in Woburn and Reading and his election is assured; but if the Republicans do not take interest enough to turn out and go to the polls, he may be snowed under. It is hoped that the Republicans will make a good showing in both towns next Tuesday.

☞ If the Republicans fail to take sufficient interest in the election to go to the polls and vote for Mr. Nowell next Tuesday, March 3, they cannot complain if a Democrat is chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Cottle. If they turn out as generally as they should, Mr. Nowell, an excellent candidate, will be elected.

☞ Of course the Republicans of this city engaged in business in Boston will drop into their several polling places next Tuesday morning before taking their trains and deposit ballots for Nowell.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Notice.
McDermott—Lost.
Advertiser—To Let.
H. F. A. W.—Notice.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
C. E. Smith—Real Estate.
Woburn Co-op. Bank—Notice.
A. E. Sproul—Meyer Jonasson.
Andover Sav. Bank—Mort. Sale.
Mrs. Hayward—Piano Teaching.

— 8 A. M, Feb. 27. Wind W., clear; temp., 40.

— Many people in this city are still down with the grip.

— Those sweet oranges of Angy Crovo's are the boss.

— The weather has been decidedly March-like this week.

— The weather last Sunday was good enough for anybody's folks.

— The Towanda Club held a social dance in their hall, on Monday evening last.

— It looks as though the Tufts College concert tonight would get a big patronage.

— The Christian Scientists have changed their place of meeting to the Dow Block.

— Please read notice of adjourned meeting of H. F. A. W. corporation to March 3, 1903

— Day before yesterday was Ash Wednesday, and next Sunday will be the first in Lent.

— Bluebirds have made their appearance over in Arlington according to the *Advocate* of that town.

— Mr. John Maxwell of Pell City, Ala., will please accept our thanks for late Atlanta, Ga., papers.

— The automobile exhibition by Bates & Son last Monday attracted a large crowd of spectators.

— Mr. J. E. Boutwell's famous pointer dog captured a prize at the Boston Dog Show last Monday.

— "Oil cans filled while you wait" is the watchword at C. M Strout & Co's; likewise airtight stoves.

— Concerts, dramatics, shows, and other entertainments come thick and fast as winter approaches its end.

— The Highland Orchestra will play at the drama by the Sons of Veterans in Lyceum Hall, Monday, March 2.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys rubbers 50c.

— Woburn Council, 77, K. of C. will celebrate the 10th anniversary of their organization early in April, after Easter.

— A furnished room for a single lady is advertised for rent in another column of this paper. Board also if desired.

— Copeland & Bowser, leading dry goods merchants, advertise a closing out of "Odd Lots" this week. See announcement.

— The fine ball given by the St. Charles Ladies Auxiliary last Monday was well attended and proved an enjoyable affair.

— The Boston University Glee Club at M. E. Church Wednesday evening, March 4. Tickets 25 cents only. No reserved seats.

— Motormen and Conductors of the B. & N. Street Railroad voted to refuse the offer of the company for the present time.

— The grip is no respecter of persons. Rev. Mr. Collyer, pastor of the M. E. church, was obliged to succumb to it last week.

— Mr. Hanson is not a partner of Mr. J. Frank Hale in the brokerage business in Boston as stated in these colums last week.

— This evening the X.L.O. Basketball team of this city are to play a game with the Reading High School Girls Team at the Woburn Auditorium.

— Read carefully, please, the display ad of Meyer Jonnasson & Co., in this paper. It is one of the best and most reliable houses in their line in Boston.

— Now the question is, where is the new schoolhouse to be located? Several sites have been proposed and partially canvassed by the authorities and public

— Lieut. George E. Cutler of Co. G, 5th regiment, Woburn Phalanx, attended Governor Bates's Washington's Birthday Reception in Boston last Monday.

— Chairman Riley and his Republican committee will do all that lies in their power to elect Mr. Nowell, who deserves the vote of every Republican in the District.

— On March 4 the Boston University Glee Club are to give one of their popular concerts in the M. E. church, this city, under the auspices of the Epworth League.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard, **50c and $1.00**

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale

Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

A good family Syringe, hard rubber pipes,	25c
A good fountain Syringe. 2 quart, hard rubber pipes,	59c
A good Hot Water Bottle, 2 quart,	49c
Pure gum rubber Nipples, 3 for 10c., dozen for	30c

A complete assortment of Syringes, Hot Water Bottles, Atomizers, etc., all fully warranted or money refunded.

Prices AWAY BELOW what you HAVE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO PAY.

Robbins Drug Company.

(SUCCESSOR TO HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The place to SAVE MONEY ON ALL DRUGSTORE GOODS.
Telephone 48-4. Mail orders will receive prompt attenrion.

— Republicans are respectfully asked to keep in mind that a Representative election is to be held in this District next Tuesday, March 3, and to act accordingly.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson and his son-in-law, Mr. Charles M. Strout, celebrated Washington's Birthday by attending the regular Monday Ministers' Meeting in Boston.

— Mayor John P. Feeney was an honored guest at a grand Washington's Birthday Ball in Boston last Monday night. It is a fine thing to be a high up Public Funtionary.

— There are 16 Burlington pupils in the Woburn High School. They are all fine scholars and industrious workers. The town of Burlington pays $30 apeice for their tuition.

— In our business columns Secretary Buck announces a meeting of the shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank on March 11. For further particulars please read his ad.

— Missing a train, Mr. Frank M. Chapman failed to make connections with his lecture appointment in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening and the same was postponed.

— Messrs Alva Wood, Marcellus Littlefield and Henry L. Andrews of this city attended the meeting of the Sons of the Revolution at the Vendome Boston, last Monday, Feb. 23.

— Mr John Winn, the veteran and wealthy Burlington farmer, is recovering from a serious struggle with the grip. He was on the streets last Tuesday for the first time in several weeks.

— The School Board held a regular meeting last Tuesday evening. Several matters were considered, among them the heating of schoolhouses, and the school appropriation for this year.

— Attention is asked for the professional card of Mrs. E. F. Hayward in this paper. She is a thoroughly educated pianist and a successful teacher. She offers reasonable terms to pupils.

— Ald. Brady's aguments against building the new schoolhouse will have a tremendous effect on the minds of the people. Still, at last accounts, the School Board were not quakiug with fear.

— The Salem Normal School Class of which Mrs. William A. Prior of this city was a member held their annual reunion at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston, last Saturday. It was attended by Mrs. Prior.

— Gage & Co. have received a full supply of material of the very latest styles for men's suits, coats and trousers which they will be pleased to show the public. In fabric and pattern they are neat, nice, and nobby.

— Miss Maude West, daughter of Mr. James West, has been appointed a teacher in one of the Westboro schools. Smart graduates of the Woburn High School are teaching schools all over New England.

— Miss Stella Eames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin Eames of this city, played in fine form the Wedding March at the nuptials of Mr. Francis W. Clarke and Miss Ethel Davis in Stoneham last week. She comes honestly by her musical gifts.

— The Charity ball given by St. Charles church last Friday evening in Lyceum Hall was one of the most brilliant social events of the season. There was a large attendance, the assembly being composed of the most prominent society people in the city.

— Womens Relief Corps, 84, will give "The Spinsters Return," at their hall, Main St., Friday evening, March 6. Prof. Dinkenspiel will be there, and give an exhibition of his wonderful hypnotic power over the human mind Do not fail to see him. Tickets, 15 cts.

— Last week Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1903, Miss Grace L. Hall died at the residence of Mrs. Urial Sevrens in North Woburn, at the greatly advanced age of 97 years, 11 months and 23 days, probably the oldest person in Woburn. She was a native of Newport, Maine.

— Mr. F. W. Moore has added a new and useful industry to his Woburn laundry in the shape of a men's suit pressing and cleansing department, as may be seen by reference to his card in this paper. It will be found a good and handy establishment to have and patronize.

— Tonight comes off the grand concert by the Tufts College Glee and Mandolin Clubs in Lyceum Hall. Mr. Guy Marion of this city, member of the Tufts Senior Class, is the manager. The Clubs enjoy a great reputation as concert givers and those who attend tonight will have a rich musical feast.

— At a meeting of the State Executive Council of the Foresters of America held at the Central House, this city, last Monday, it was voted to hold their State convention in Boston next May. It was found that Woburn could not accommodate the large number of delegates that would be present, so, Boston was chosen.

— The burning out of chimney in the JOURNAL Block raised quite a commotion at 9.30 o'clock Sunday evening, Feb. 22. No alarm was rung in, but a few of the firemen were privately invited to attend the affair with their apparatus, and by judicious management soon quelled the excitement. No damage was done.

— St. John's Dramatic Society have organized a basketball team with the following officers: Edward F. Gorman, President; Joseph Meehan, Vice Pres; Edward Kelley, Secretary and Treasurer; James S. Murray, Manager; Frederick McCue, Captain; Edward Gorman, Philip Porter, Patrick Walsh, Committee in charge.

— It is always a good thing to patronize the Sons of Veterans when an opportunity is offered to do so. Their fathers fought in the great Civil War and helped save the Union. They are to present "The Spy of Gettysburg" in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening, March 2, to obtain money for the use of Charles B. Winn Camp.

— About 20 Woburn Christian Endeavorers attended the convention of the Middlesex County Union of the C. E at Lexington last Monday. It was held in the Hancock Church, afternoon and evening, and able addresses were delivered at both sessions. The Lexington C. Es. furnished an excellent collation for the guests from abroad.

— Charles B. Winn Camp, 66, Sons of Veterans are booked to give a stage presentation of "The Spy of Gettysburg" at Lyceum Hall on Monday evening, March 2, by a cast of unsurpassed dramatic talent. The play is intensely interesting, replete with startling incidents and situations, and the public need have no fears but that it will be given in the best possible manner by our home performers. The tickets are 35 and 50 cents only.

— Sleighing is played out in this town.

— Notice particularly the ad concerning the loss of a gold watch.

— Hammond & Son are cleaning out their winter stock at greatly reduced prices preparatory to a big spring trade

— Principal Henry A. Henshaw of the Montvale school is First Reader of the First Church of Christ in this city.

— The Towanda Club Ladies' Night on Feb. 25, was great success. Mr. W. W. Crosby lectured on "European Echoes."

— Remember "The Spinster's Return" is to be given in the G. A. R. Hall, 420 Main street on Friday evening, March 6.

— The alarm from box 55 last Saturday morning was for a slight fire in the cellar of a house on Buckman street caused by thawing out water pipe.

— There was a special meeting of the City Council last Wednesday evening. The new schoolhouse matter went to the Finance Committee for a report.

— The patriotic supper at the Methodist church last Monday evening was largely attended. The Mock Trial was repated at the close of the supper and scored a second success.

— Post 33 presented Camp 66, S. of V., with a gavel made from wood of the U.S.S. Olympia last Wednesday evening. Com. Bernard Fletcher made the presentation, and Capt. L. W. Patten received the gavel for the Camp

— Holders of Towanda Minstrel Show slips are reminded that they may be exchanged at the Clubhouse Hall Wednesday evening, Mar. 4, at 7 30 o'clock. The seat plan will be transferred to Whitchers Pill Box Thursday morning, March 5.

— Mr. Frank M. Chapman claims that the reason why he did not meet his engagement to lecture in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening was failure to be notified concerning it. The Trustees have letters of his showing that he knew all about it—date, time and place—and regard the above excuse for his nonappearance as not valid, nor satisfactory to this community. Our people were greatly disappointed.

— Mr. Joseph F. DeLoriea of this city, its President, and a most estimable gentleman, besides being a staunch Republican, presided at the annual reunion and banquet of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange in Boston last week. He is a member of the produce firm of Brown, DeLoriea & Co., 89 South Market street, Boston, a leading house in that branch.

— Mr. Charles E Smith, the wide-awake real estate dealer and auctioneer, has a card in the JOURNAL this week which is well worth consideration. He buys, sells, rents and cares for, all kinds of town and country real property and is called one of the fairest men in the city to deal with. He is equally popular with landlord and tenant, and treats people on the square.

— It is possible that Mr. Louis R Wallis, who has been the General Manager and Treasurer of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Company for several years, may soon voluntarily sever his connection with the Edison Company, the new proprietors of the establishment. It is likely that Miss Mary Feeney, a skilled phonographer, will continue to fill her present position, and perhaps get a promotion.

— A serious mistake was made by the JOURNAL last week in its announcement of the price of tickets to the dramatic entertainment of the Sons of Veterans, "The Spy of Gettysburg." It should have been 35 and 50 cents, instead of 25 and 35 cents. The entertainment is to be given in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening, March 2, and will be worth all it costs, and more too. A talented cast has been selected to give the play.

— Nason & Russell's Washington and Southern pleasure tours are the most popular that run from Boston. They are largely patronized by people from all over New England and spoken highly of by the excursionists. Mr. Charles E. Tripp left Boston with a party of Nason and Russell tourists last Friday, among whom was Mr. O. W. Stevens of this city, and perhaps others. They stop at Philadelphia, Washington visit Mt. Vernon, and other points of interest. It is an enjoyable winter trip.

— The concert to be given in the Methodist church at 7.45 Wednesday evening, March 4, by the Boston University Glee Club, will be of the highest grade of excellence. This Club have a reputation which ordinarily commands, and fills houses, at $1 a ticket, but by special arrangements the local managers of this concert were able to secure them on terms that justified a 25 cent one. The low price of the tickets, however, is no true index to the quality of entertainment, which is warranted to be firstclass in every particular. Remember time and place.

— We clip the following marked item from the San Francisco (Calf.) *Examiner* of Feb. 15, 1903:

W. H. Duren, the official disinfector af the Health Dept., died suddenly yesterday morning at his home, 504 Franklin St., death resulting from paralysis. At 10 o'clock Monday night he went to bed apparently well, his seizure attacking him about 11. He was 70 years of age, and had been eight years in the service of the Health Department. He was an early settler in the neighborhood of Chico, and once acted as Justice of the Peace there. He was also Pastmaster of the Chico Lodge of Masons.

— The L. C. S. Alliance Branch of the Unitarian Church will meet on Thursday, March 5. Business meeting at 4 30 P. M., to be followed by a paper by Mrs. Charles W. Wendte of Boston on "The Wise Use of a Woman's Time." Supper at 6 30 At 8 o'clock there will be a stage entertainment consisting of two plays "Stage-Struck," in which Mrs. Mabel T. Clewley, Miss Grace E. Bond and Mr. Fred E Leathe will appear, and "The Trouble at Satterlee's," the parts to be taken by Misses Katherine D. Barker, Anna W. Barker, Bessie Buel, May Buel, Ethel R. Dow, Helen M. Hertkorn and Marian Shaw. Supper and entertainment, twenty-five cents, evening alone, fifteen cents. The afternoon meeting is open to all.

You've Had The Grippe!!

Whitcher's Extract of Malt

will put you on your feet again.

15c. Bottle. 80c. half doz. $1.60 dozen.

Meyer Jonasson & Co

Direct Attention to Their

Spring Opening

—OF—

Coats, Gowns, Tailor Suits,
Walking Suits,
Separate Skirts, Waists,
Petticoats and Neckwear.

EVERYTHING ENTIRELY NEW

—not a single article of merchandise left from their previous stock.

Tremont and Boylston Sts.

BOSTON.

The Health of Woman Is It Degenerating?

Some statistics which show true condition—Average woman suffers more pain than average man. Opinion of eminent specialist on the ills and ailments of women—Discession of their peculiarities, causes and a simple method that will cure them.

The advent of woman into every field of business activity, the devolving on her of cares and burdens for which perhaps her physique is not fitted, have made for her as a class, a nervous martyr. It is a curious fact that out of one hundred deaths of woman more than 75 are directly traceable to disarrangement of the functions of sex. While the medical fraternity acknowledge that the burdens of sex fall more heavily on women than on men, yet they are not willing to admit that three quarters of the deaths among females is a normal proportion for her added responsibilities. Eminent specialists have given this point considerable study with a view to determining the actual conditions which do exist.

In its annual report covering the vital statistics for the year, one of the State Boards of Health has this to say: "It is a lamentable fact that so many deaths of women are due to affections of the organs of sex. Nor are the deaths from this cause confined to married women alone as might be supposed; a great many young women suffer from attacks of Bright's Disease superinduced without doubt, by irregularity or suppression of the monthly illness at the time of life when the great change from childhood into womanhood is taking place. Mothers are cautioned to watch their daughters carefully at this period; some line of medical treatment is indicated and careful selection should be made."

This advice from recognized high authority seould be seriously considered and adopted at once. An eminent New York specialist uses a presdription for female weaknesses which has proved in hundreds of cases capable of producing prompt and benefiting results. This specialist calls his prescription VITONE TONIC and women find that it gives them appetite, strengthens the organs of generation by making the blood carry health and vitality to the exhausted and weakened parts and gives to the nerves that tone and vigor which comes only from perfect health.

VITONE TONIC is an elegant and finished product, with an agreeable, pleasant, bitter taste—there's health in every dose. For sale at 75 cents for large bottles, and in Wobnrn by EDWARD H. CALLAHAN & CO., druggists.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL.

"The Road to Ruin," which comes to Boston Music Hall next Monday for a week's stay, will doubtless prove the biggest drawing card of its kind that has ever visited Boston. So much has already been said and written about this famous production that it is well known to every theatre goer in town. The piece was originally produced in New York City, where it met with the unanimous praise of both press and public. The plot deals with the adventures of a young Long Island farmer who, through evil influence, is brought in contact with a gang of New York criminals, principal among whom is a woman. She is mainly instrumental in causing the ruin of the young man and is about to succeed in her undertaking when the hero is rescued by a former friend of his, a young Hebrew by the name of Ike, and his sweetheart, Rebecca, who, throughout the performance keep the audience in convulsions of laughter. Taken altogether, "The Road to Ruin" should prove a record breaker during its stay here.

NEW MAJESTIC THEATRE.

Boston's latest and handsomest theatre the New Majestic, on Tremont street, directly opposite the Hotel Touraine, has started on a most promising career. Since the opening night the theatre, declared by critics to be the most beautiful in the country, if not in the world, has been crowded at every performance The attraction which opened the Majestic is "The Storks," a merry musical fantasy triumph of everything new, brighi and cheery, and appertaining to girls, music, fun and laughter. The cast is one of the strongest ever organized in the West, with an abundance of pretty girls, bright wit, fascinatingly popular music, and a scenic and costume display which is the result of master hands. There is such an abundance of good things in "The Storks" and they are presented in such rapid succession that it is safe to predict that all those who have seen it during the past week, will avail themselves of this pleasure many times and join the latest "Storks" fad of Chicago to see the piece as many times as possible and glory in the possession of a theatre coupon collection similar to the postage stamp collection of our boyhood daya. "The Storks" is one of the most fascinating novelties seen in Boston in many seasons. Richard Carle and Guy F. Steely have written a clever book with an average of one good rollicking laugh every minuite and judging from the continued merriment that reigns throughout the house from top to bottom, it is safe to predict another long and prosperous career for this Western fantasy. The company is exceptionally clever and comprises many Boston Favorites, and one of the most youthful chorus arrays that has ever graced a Boston stage. Performances are given each evening and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices range from 25 cents to $1.50 at the evening performances and from 25 cents to One Dollar at the matinees.

W. R. C. 161 Notes.

Mrs. L. R. Batchelder is visiting her sister at North Weymouth.

Mrs. Wright and Miss Susan Tebbetts, Salem street, are recovering from a severe attack of the grip.

Woburn W. R. C., 161 held its regular meeting Tuesday evening, with a full attendance of members. One of those pleasant socials, enjoyed by members and their families, with a fine spread, preceeded the meeting.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard, Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use. For sale by all druggists.

Woman's Club.

On February 20th, under the auspices of a special committee, Mrs. M. Adelia Wyer, chairman, the club enjoyed an hour of Scottish song and poetry.

After Miss Hosmer's report of the Federation meeting at Watertown, Miss Grace M. Bryant read "Some Glimpses from the Lives of Scottish Ballad-Writers. Her "glimpses" were a series of pictures artistically drawn and uniquely presented,—Scott, Burns, Lady Nairne, and Miss Blamire being the subjects of her sketches. Miss Florence L. Austin, a contralto singer of Cambridge, illustrated Miss Bryant's paper withh two groups of songs: "And ye shall walk in silk attire," "Bonnie Doon," and "Jack o' Hazeldreace" forming the first group: "I'm wearin' awa'," "Dearie," and "Lock Lomond" constituting the second group. Miss Austin's clear enunciation and easy manner, no less than the sympathetic quality of her voice, appealed to her hearers, while Mrs. Annie M. S. Lewis's artistic piano accompaniment gave them added pleasure.

"Honest Poverty" and "Credle Doon" were read impressively by Mrs. Frances W. Hill. Then followed Mrs. Carrie M. DeLoriea's excellent rendering of "Lord Ullia's Daughter" to the amusing accompaniment of a briskly acted pantomine—Mrs. Sibyl S. Trull, Miss Grace L. Norris, Miss Florence B. Deland and Mrs. Ada Kendall assuming the various characters of the poem, while Mrs. Wyer, Mrs. Mary S. Brooks, Mrs. Blanche M. Munroe, and Miss Barker were the water-nymphs that stired up a tempest with the aid of the green curtain (so peculiar to Music Hall frequenters)

After Miss Bryant,s story of "Tam o' Shanter," Mrs. Alice Cummings played expressively a piano solo called by the same name. The literary exercises closed with "A Field Mouse," read by Miss Grace T. Spear, and "John Barleycorn" recited by Mrs. Ada Kendall,—each with intelligent interpretation.

The chafing-dishes and coffee-urn with their hostesses, radiated good cheer during the social hour which closed the afternoon's program. Mrs. Nellie T. Gilbert, Mrs. A. L. R. Hammond, Mrs. Charlotte K. Parker, and Mrs. Elmira S. Ramsdell presided over the chafing-dishes, while Miss S. Nellie Ellis and Mrs. Sarah E Norris poured coffee. Members of the Hospitality committee, Mrs. Newcomb and Mrs. Gilbert, chairmen, appeared with plaid ribbon bows in hair and wore bouquets of heather. The tea-table was, also, appropriately decorated with a broad ribbon of Scotch plaid, a bouquet of heather occupying its centre.

The next meeting, March 6th, will be in charge of the Literature committee, Mrs. Caroline G. Johnson, chairman. E. S. E., Rec. Clerk pro tempore.

The next meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club, March 6, is to be of the nature of a dramatic. A Shakespearean Burlesque, entitled "Hamlet's Brides" is to be presented by members of the Club followed by a social tea. No gentlemen will be admitted.

The Club is preparing to send some books to the Kentucky mountaineers. An appeal has come for juvenile books, illustrated books, entertaining books of every description, historical and biographical. School books will be gladly received if not too advanced, especially dictionaries and reference books of all kinds. Any one, whether a Club member or not, will please leave any books they may care to donate, with Mrs. E. F. Hayward, 4 Fairmount St., as soon as possible.—G. L. N., Rec. Clerk.

Unitarian Church Notes.

On Sunday, March 1, services will be resumed in the church auditorium. Mrs. F. W. Cole of Winchester will sing solos; and the organ prelude will be Bach,s Toccata in F, which was the first number on the program of the opening concert and exhibition of the organ, Jan. 4, 1871.

Larsen's Peas!

This is the name of the best brand of Peas on the market.

Larsen's Marraowfats 13 cents per can.

Larsen's Extra Sifted 17 cents per can.

Try them once and you will always want Larsen's.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

THE Spy OF Gettysberg

Patriotic War Drama in four acts by Chas. Townsend, Presented by.

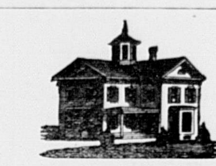
C. B. Winn Camp 66, S. of V. and S. of V. Club,

Lyceum Hall, Woburn,

MARCH 2, 1903.

Whole House Reserved, 35 & 50c.

Tickets for sale at Buckman's Shoe Store, 388 Main St., and of members.



C. E. SMITH,

Real Estate Broker and Auctioneer.

Property cared for and Rents collected.

Office: 439 Main Street, Woburn.

WOBURN Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank, will be held on

Thursday, March 12, 1903,

At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of making nominations for the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the Bank the ensuing fiscal year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

John C. BUCK, Secretary.

Furnished Room To Let

for single lady at 68 Eastern Ave., city. Board also, if desired.

LOST!

A Lady's Gold Watch and Neck Chain, Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same with L. D. McDERMOTT at the *News* office.

NOTICE

There will be an adjourned meeting of the Corporation of Home for Aged Women, in Room 2, Savings Bank Building, March 3d, 1903, at 2.30 P. M.

MARY E. CONN, Secretary.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Subject:—The Far-away Sources of Character.
Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11 45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st. Sunday in Lent.
Holy Communion at 10 30 a. m.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev Cephas B. Crane, D. D.
Subject. "How may we sing the Lord's song."
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Subject:—"A new Song."
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "What is Christianity?" Communion service.
Sunday School at 12 noon.
Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M.
At 7 P. M., evening service with sermon by Dr. March. Wednesday, at 4.30 P. M., Pastor's Class. Wednesday at 7.30, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Feb. 18, by Rev. Ebenezer Thompson Henry F. Webber of Boston and Marguerite E Hammond of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 20, Mabel Bustead, aged 18 years 5 months, 20 days.

In this city, Feb. 21, Ellen W. Madigan, aged 48 years, 2 months, 6 days.

In this city, Feb. 23, Helen T. Buckler, aged 53 years, 8 months, 29 days.

In this city, Feb. 23, Lettie Willey, aged 14 years 6 months, 10 days.

In this city, Feb. 22, Willard White, aged 1 year, 5 months, 24 days.

In this city, Feb. 19, Margaret (McEllary) Stearns aged 31 years.

In this city, Feb. 23, Mary McLaughlin, aged 79 years.

GET YOUR TICKETS FOR Towanda Minstrels MARCH 11 & 12

Closing-Out

— OF —

ODD LOTS!

A few sizes in Ladies' Waists, this season's styles, but they have been handled and are out of shape a little; these are offered at very low price.

Ladies' Flannelette Night Robes and Ladies' Flannelette Skirts are now being sold very cheap. We need the counter room for new goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

To Cure

The Grip Cough

Take "Wild Cherry and Tar Cough Breaker."

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
DRUGGIST,
361 Main St.
TELEPHONE: 151-2 Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles H Harrington, Ellen J. Harrington, his wife in her right, and Hannah A. P. Plympton to Ansel F. Gurney, dated December 15, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2871, Fol. 354, will be sold at public auction on the first parcel of land hereinafter described, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, on

Friday, the thirteenth day of March, nineteen hundred and three,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the westerly side of Winn Street, containing 5680 square feet more or less, and bounded on the south by the Unitarian Church premises about seventy (70) feet; on the west by land of John Cummings about seventy-six (76) feet; on the north by land of said Cummings about seventy (70) feet; and on the east by said Winn street about seventy-six (76) feet. Being a part of the premises conveyed to Augustua Plympton by James F. Baldwin by deed dated April 29, 1830, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 298, Fol. 15. This parcel is subject to a prior mortgage of twenty-five hundred ($2500.00) dollars.

Also a certain other parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the easterly side of Hillside Avenue (a private way leading southerly from Bedford Street) and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the north-westerly corner of the granted premises on said Hillside Avenue at a point distant southerly about 100 feet from the southerly side line of Bedford Street, and at land of one Johnson; thence southerly by said Avenue 191 feet to land of one Ellis; thence easterly by said Ellis land 85 feet; thence turning and running northerly, bounded easterly by other land of grantors about 191 feet to land of said Johnson; thence westerly by said Johnson land 85 feet to the point of beginning.

Also a certain other parcel of land situated on the southerly side of Bedford Street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the granted premises at said Bedford Street and at land of one Johnson; thence southerly by said Johnson land, and by other land of grantors about 291 feet to land of one Ellis; thence easterly by said Ellis land about 113 feet to land of owners unknown; thence northerly about 300 feet to said Bedford Street; thence westerly about 113 feet to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain other parcel of land situated on the westerly side of Hillside Avenue, in said Woburn, and containing two acres, more or less. Said parcel is also reached by an old road from the southerly side of Bedford street.

Also, a certain other parcel of land situated on the southerly side of Plympton street, in said Woburn, and bounded northerly by said Plympton street, there measuring 131.9 feet; easterly by land of one Nevins, there measuring 112.6 feet; southerly by land of one Jameson, there measuring 129.7 feet, and westerly by land of one Griffin, there measuring 120.7 feet, and containing 14,200 square feet, more or less.

Also, a certain other lot of land situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Plympton street and the easterly side of Scott street, containing 34,000 square feet, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwest corner of the granted premises at land of one Salmon and at Scott street; thence easterly by said Salmon's land about 182 feet to land of Eaton; thence southerly by said Eaton's land about 133 feet; thence easterly about 50 feet; thence southerly by land of Prior about 123 feet to Plympton street; thence westerly by said Plympton street about 140 feet to land of Weldon; thence northerly by Weldon's land 100 feet; thence westerly 50 feet to Scott street; thence northerly by Scott street about 145 feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments, and subject to said prior mortgage of twenty-five hundred ($2500.00) dollars on the first described parcel. Three hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

HANNAH E. GURNEY,
Guardian for said Ansel F. Gurney.
February 18, 1903.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
430 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

MODERN FLAT
To Let.

No. 9 Davis street, gas, porcelain bath, connected to sewer, next house to Main street, 6 rooms, rent low. Apply to
JOHN W. SHAW, 10 Green St.,
Brockton, Mass.

FOR RENT.
Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water; 3 set tubs in basement laundry; open fire-place in dining-room; cemented cellar; new "Boston Heater" furnace; stable with two stalls.
Location: No. 16 Plympton street.
Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND,
403 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

OSBORN GILLETTE.

CITY OF WOBURN.

SPECIAL ELECTION.

City Clerk's Office, Feb. 10, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter Eleven of the Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of the male citizens of Woburn, qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

Tuesday, the third day of March,
A. D., 1903,

in the following places, namely:—

Ward 1, Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.
Ward 2, Armory, entrance Prospect St.
Ward 3, Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward 4, Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward 5, Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The polls, at said meetings, will be opened at SIX o'clock in the morning, and closed at FOUR o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Representative in the General Court from the Twenty-eighth Middlesex District, to fill vacancy in said office, caused by the death of Edmund C. Cottle.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Houghton & Dutton
OPTICAL PARLORS.
(9th Floor.)

Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

Executors' Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license issued by the Middlesex County Probate Court and dated January 6, 1903, the undersigned, executors of the will of Levi W. Cooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

Saturday, February 28, 1903,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described parcel of real estate of said deceased, to wit:—Dwellinghouse and about four thousand square feet of land on the north side of Broad street, in said Woburn, bounded southerly by Broad street; easterly by land of heirs of John Reagan; northerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis; westerly by land of Jacob M. Ellis.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
GEORGE A. DAY.
Executors of the Will of Levi W. Cooper.
Woburn, February 13, 1903.

FOR
BATH-ROOMS
USE.

CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK.
LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Keeps closet and wash bowls, tub, drainage pipes, carpets, floor, woodwork, etc., in a perfectly clean, inodorous condition; drives away cockroaches and waterbugs, arrests and prevents the development of disease germs.

AT ALL DEALERS.

Don't take inferior imitations and substitutes, but get the genuine, which bears the above trade mark on all labels.

For Sale.

On Main street, Woburn, business and residence property for less than the tax appraisal.

Address 43 Boston Ave., West Medford, Mass.

Towanda Minstrels	Mar. 11 12

CITY OF WOBURN.

NOTICE TO Election Officers

All persons appointed Election Officers for State and Municipal Elections of 1902 are required to serve at the SPECIAL ELECTION to be held on

Tuesday, March 3, 1903,

for the election of a Representative to the 28th Middlesex District, as said officers were appointed for one year from Nov. 1, 1902.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.
Woburn, Feb. 24, 1903.

By C. E. SMITH. - - - Auctioneer,
439 Main St., Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Wood of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Andover Savings Bank, dated June fourth, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Libro 2971, Folio 51, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on

Wednesday, the 25th day of March, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the house on the premises hereinafter described, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Easterly on Warren street one hundred sixty-three and 64-100 (163.64) feet, more or less; southerly on Sturgis street nine hundred fifteen and 9-100 (915.9) feet, more or less; westerly on Arlington Road, formerly called Canal street, one hundred ninety-eight (198) feet more or less; and northerly on a private way called Thompson street, eight hundred twenty and 98-100 (820.98) feet, more or less. Being lots numbered ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12), thirteen (13), fourteen (14), fifteen (15), sixteen (16), seventeen (17), eighteen (18), nineteen (19), twenty (20), twenty-one (21), twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25), twenty-six (26) and twenty-seven (27) on a Plan of Lands on Academy Hill, Woburn, Cyrus Thompson, Engineer, dated May, 1845, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Plan No. 55. Being the same premises conveyed to said George H. Wood by William H. Tucker by deed duly recorded, and subject to the restrictions referred to in said deed.

Terms; $600 down; further conditions at sale.
ANDOVER SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
By John F. Kimball, Treasurer.
February 27, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by William H. Richardson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

FURNITURE
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Antique Furniture made over and polished.

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March 11, 12
Towanda
Minstrels

Literary Notices.

The March number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, ably edited by one of the most wideawake and accomplished magazinists in New England, Mr. Chappel, is one of the brightest and most entertsinihg yet published. Some of its leading features are:—"How I Ran for the Presidency", by Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the only woman who ever made that race; "The Great Republic of the Future", by Archbishop John Ireland; "Give the Boy a Fair Chance," by Secretary Leslie M. Shaw; "Personal Reccollections of Lincoln and Statesmen of His Time," by Col. James Matlock Scovel; and "The One Thousand Dozen," a great Klondike story by Jack London. There are scores of other fresh and readable articles, stories, poems and departments, including special illustrated articles on four of the best cities in America—Bangor in the East, Toledo and Milwaukee in the central West, and Los Angeles on the Pacific.

A Splendid Success.

The splendid success which Mr. Munsey is making with the Boston Journal is only the natural results of his infusion of life and spirit into its colums. Every department of the paper has been made more attaactive, and added to this is the establishment of features entirely new to Boston newspapers. The daily social column contains the news of society in the principal cities told in terse paragraphs, the financial pages, both morning and evening, are models of their kind, and the editorial pages, entirely different in the morning and evening editions, are bright and crisp, though at the same time dignified. The new Journal deserves the progress it is making in Boston and throughout New England.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—MRS. J. A. MOORE, North Star, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

Wilmington.

On Monday last, after a brief illness, Mrs. Belinda Clark, widow of the late Amasa F. Clark, died in Wilmington where she had resided for the last thirty years. She was a native of Danville, Vt., and a descendant of Thaddeus Ward, one of the pioneer settlers of thattown. Her eighty-eighth birthday was last Thursday. Mrs. Clark possessed great firmness and independence of character, unflinching principle, and marked individuality. She was endowed with exceptional intellectual, as well as physical, strength, and the brightness of her mind and keenness of her perception were undimmed by her great age. Her sympathies were always with the poor and unfortunate, who often received substantial proof of her kindness, while her eminently practical qualities and strong common sense rendered her peculiarly helpful and capable under all conditions of life. Her nature was one of perfect sincerity, and her acts always reflected the convictions of an earnest Christian, staunch and vigorous in adherence to what she believed to be right. She left two sons, Jefferson Clark of New York, and Chester W. Clark, of Wilmington, both of whom are lawyers.

Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of influenaz (grip), and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficulty in breathing and pains in the chest, then it is announced that the patient has pneumonia. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Are all hands ready for the Town Meeting? The caucus was a great success, and nearly everybody was well pleased with its work. Now go to the polls and elect the candidates.

William R. McIntosh was nominated for Constable without a struggle at the caucus. As there is no opposition to him, it is fair to presume that he will be elected. He has been Chief of Police many years, and a better, or more popular, one does not hold office in the State.

"H.F.J." got a tremendous scoring from a "Good Samaritan" in the *Star* last week. If he never knew it before, "H F.J." has now learned that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." He is a quarrelsome chap, at the best, and we are all glad to see him lashed once in a while. "Good Samaritan" did it in fine style.

Mr. George H. Gilbert, the genial presiding genius of Sunnyside, entertained, in his customary open handed manner, last week, his nephew, Mr. F. Gilbert Hinsdale of New York, and Mr. George F. Reed of Barton, Vt., one of the best known Morgan horse breeders in that State. He is one of the judges at the Boston dog show. Our esteemed townsman of Sunnyside has enjoyed the sleighing hugely this winter.

Sarah Chase Church, mother of Dr. B. T. Church and Charles F. Church, died Wednesday in Providence, R. I., at the age of 95 years. Till within two weeks the venerable lady had been in excellent health. Her husband was Benjamin T. Church, who died 29 years ago. Mrs. Church was a sister of Ferdinand Peck who built the first frame house in Chicago, Ill. Mr. Peck's son built the Auditorium, that city. Mrs. Church leaves five sons. It was only a few weeks ago that Dr. Church visited his mother at Providence and found her in excellent health. He hoped to see her round out a full century of years.

When you feel blue and that everything goes wrong, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse and invigorate your stomach, regulate your bowels, give you a relish for your food and make you feel that in this old world is a good place to live. For sale by all druggists.

Buy and Read It.

New York's candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, Judge Alton B. Parker, has had a remarkably successful political and professional career. The explanation of his being selected for the standard bearer by the leaders of Democracy in the Empire State will be given in an illustrated article in The Boston *Sunday Herald* of March 1, which will include his latest portrait and pictures of his home.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by all druggists.

Study the Right Side.

A photographer was asked the other day if there is any special reason why most photographs show the left side of the face and not the right.

"Yes, there is a reason," he answered. "In a majority of cases the left side is the good looking side, and photographers know this and take advantage of it. On the other hand, if you want to get at the real strength and character of a person's face, man or woman, study the right side of it—the ugly side, as some portrait painters call it. There you will find the lines bold and harsh, comparatively so at any rate, with every defect accentuated. On the left side, however, everything is softened down, and the face is at its best.

"Whenever you suspect a man of trickery or deceit, or a woman either, for that matter, stand on his right and closely watch his expression. There never was an actor skillful enough to cover up the marks of his real personality, as nature has stamped them on the right side of his face."

A Happy Hour.

He—Do you remember the night I proposed to you?

She—Yes, dear.

"We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth."

"Yes, I remember, dear."

"Believe me, that was the happiest hour of my life!"

"DOUBLE QUICK" LOANS.

Great Sums Often Hurriedly Raised by Wall Street Banks.

An interesting question often asked in Wall street concerns the amount of capital that a large bank could raise at an hour's notice. That is, how much accommodation could a bank extend a customer unexpectedly confronted with pressing need or for the purpose of financing a big deal. A banker of international experience is authority for the statement that Wall street's facilities in this regard are superior to London's in that a large undertaking could be financed here with much greater dispatch than on the other side.

Said an officer of one of Wall street's most important banks: "It is no trouble at all nowadays to raise $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 within an hour. I have seen it done too often to think for a moment that it would tax seriously a large bank's resources. Five times that sum, say $25,000,000, can be raised at twenty-four hours' notice. It has been done. Of course no one bank could do it, but the great Wall street institutions are linked together in such a way as to provide almost unlimited resources for the financing of any safe deal. The large banks think little of $1,000,000 or $2,000,000 loans these days, whereas in former years they attracted general attention, for such large amounts were released only after considerable negotiation. But that has all changed now."—New York Mail and Express.

Pictures and the Eye.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, an eminent English painter and president of the Royal academy, commended the pictures of a young artist and then said to him: "You have around your room two or three rough, clever, but coarse Flemish sketches. If I were you, I would not allow my eye to become familiarized with any but the highest forms of art. If you cannot afford to buy good oil paintings, buy good engravings of great pictures, or have nothing at all upon your walls.

"You allow, in intercourse with your fellows, that 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' So is it with pictures. If you allow your eye to become familiar with what is vulgar in conception, however free and dashing the handling and however excellent the feeling for color, your taste will insensibly become depraved. Whereas, if you habituate your eye to look only on what is pure and grand or refined and lovely, your taste will insensibly become elevated."

Ether Drinking In Russia.

The habit of ether drinking is known to be prevalent in some parts of Russia, also in east Prussia, and all the efforts of the authorities to combat the evil have hitherto been almost fruitless. An idea of the extent to which the habit prevails may be gathered from records given in the Russian newspapers of a recent accident which occurred at a place called Trossno. Ether is drunk by farmers on festive occasions, when it appears to be consumed in pailfuls. A farmer, celebrating his son's wedding, in the fullness of his hospitality got in two pailfuls of ether. During the process of decanting the ether into bottles a violent explosion took place, by which six children were killed and one adult dangerously and fourteen others more or less severely injured.—British Medical Journal.

Found Them Hard to Raise.

A great gormand who had a passion for shellfish inherited a fine estate and a large sum of money. He had been extravagant, and his friends were greatly rejoiced at his legacy. Mr. H. Barry in "Ivan at Home" tells to what use the money was devoted:

I went to town one day and soon learned that the prince was in his usual impecunious condition.

"Where has your legacy gone?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "you know that I am very fond of lobsters, and, having a river on my estate, I thought I would try to acclimatize them there, but unfortunately I have spent all the legacy in the attempt without succeeding. I quite forgot the water is not salt."

Short Great Men.

Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse and Mehemet Ali must be content to take it out in brains, for they all lacked inches. Two of these great names naturally suggest that of another famous soldier and usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte. Le petit corporal, as his men lovingly called him, stood about five feet (French) in his stockings, say 5 feet 1¾ in English. In stature the Iron Duke beat him by about six inches, while the 5 feet 4 of Nelson place him midway or thereabouts between the victor and the victim of Waterloo.

After It.

"Will your employer be in after dinner?" inquired the visitor of the office boy.

"Nope," was the laconic reply.

"What makes you think so?" was the next query.

"'Coz," replied the boy as he prepared to dodge, "that's what he went out after."—Judge.

An Obedient Boy.

Papa—Where is my new pipe?

Small Son—I—I broke it.

Papa—See here! I told you that if you took my pipe again to blow bubbles with I'd whip you.

Small Son—I wasn't blowin' bubbles with it. I was only smokin' it.

Cheap Life Saving.

Bill—The lifesaver has a thankless task.

Job—Why, I saw a man offer him a dollar yesterday for saving his life.

Bill—Perhaps that was all he thought it was worth.—Town and Country.

How He Declined.

Lady—Doctor, I wish you would call around to see my husband some evening when he is at home. Do not let him know that I asked you because he declares he is not sick, but I know he has consumption or something. He's going into a decline.

Doctor—I am astonished, but I will call. What are his symptoms?

Lady—He hasn't any except weakness. He used to hold me on his lap by the hour, and now even the baby tires him.—West Union Record.

Something He Couldn't Invent.

Harold—That is Bessler, the famous inventor of the triple expansion engine, the automatic, double, back action, reversible, rapid fire gun, the compound electro hydro heated dynamo, the—

Rupert—But he looks distracted.

Harold—Yes; he can't invent a plausible excuse to give his wife for being late, and he daren't go home.

Some people can study a subject all their lives and then know nothing about it.—Atchison Globe.

INACTIVE OLD AGE.

More Conducive to Dreariness Than to Shortening Life.

There is far more evidence for the belief in the dreariness of old age after active work has been laid aside than for the shortening of life which results from the enforced inactivity. Two notable instances and perhaps freer from doubt than most as to whether it is ennui alone that kills and not the disease of old age or a more specific malady are those of Napoleon the Great and Bismarck. The one lived six years in St. Helena, the other eight years at Friedrichsruh, each "eating out his heart." If ever there were men who ought on the supposition to have been killed by the total suspension of their activities, these two ought to have been, but it would be extremely difficult to show that they were. Though Napoleon was no more than fifty-three, yet it was the specific disease of cancer of the stomach of which he died, and the connection between his exiled loneliness and the direct cause of his death does not seem very apparent. On the other hand, Bismarck at the age of seventy-five, when he was dismissed from the chancellorship, could not have had a likelihood of more prolonged years than he actually achieved out of office even if he had continued in office until the end. A wise man if not too dyspeptic will never lose touch with actual life. There are old men with young hearts, and the elder when he has a young heart is perhaps the most delightful type humanity can show us.—Saturday Review.

Freak of a Thunderbolt.

The annals of a French academy of science tell of a tailor's adventure with a thunderbolt. He lived in a house provided with two chimneys—one for a fireplace and the other for a stove, the latter not in use. During a thunderstorm a tremendous report was heard, and everybody thought that the house had been struck by lightning. Instantly a blue flaming ball dropped into the fireplace and rolled out into the room, seemingly about six inches above the floor. The excited tailor ran around the room, the ball of fire playing about his feet. Suddenly it rose above his head and moved off toward the stovepipe hole in the ceiling, which had a piece of paper pasted over it. The ball moved straight through the paper and up the chimney. When near the top, it exploded and tore the chimney into thousands of fragments. The sight of the debris left by the explosion showed the family what would have been the consequences had it exploded while on its gyrating passage through the room.

Learn From the Animals.

Learn of the animals. The horse teaches us to be silent under punishment and patient in suffering. From the lion we learn bravado. From the cat we learn to prowl at night. From the dog we learn how to be faithful to a friend. The camel teaches us abstinence. The elephant teaches us how to be calm in adversity. The hippopotamus teaches us repose. The shy little rabbit teaches us how to die without a murmur. The antelope teaches us the foolishness of idle curiosity. The hoptoad teaches us the evils of gluttony. The ant teaches us industry and wisdom in council. The hen teaches us to go in out of the wet (yet I have seen fool hens which did not know the difference between sunshine and rain). Some men might learn of hogs how to be gentlemen.—New York Press.

Fully Qualified.

The story is told of a man who by some unaccountable blunder by the appointing authority was made judge of a minor court.

He could neither read nor write, but that did not give him any uneasiness, although it aroused some fears in the breast of his wife.

"What are you going to do when there's any reading or writing comes into cases?" she timidly inquired.

"The folks that bring the readin' will read it, and the folks that want the writin' will write it," calmly replied his honor, "or if they can't I shall commit 'em. All I've got to attend to, Hitty, is the judgin', and I can do that as quick as anybody."

The Worship of the Moon.

The Moslem still slaps his hands at the sight of the new moon and mutters a prayer, although the Koran appears to forbid the practice in the words, "Bend not in adoration of the sun or moon." Herodotus accuses the ancient Persians of being moon worshipers, and, though they denied the practice, the following passage from the Zend Avesta would seem to be conclusive: "We sacrifice to the new moon, the holy and master of holiness; we sacrifice to the full moon, the holy and master of holiness."

Punctuality a Thief of Time.

Mr. Max Hecht writes: "On Thursday of last week at 3:30, the hour fixed for the rehearsal of 'Trial by Jury,' I met Mr. Gilbert at the stage door of the Lyric and congratulated him on his punctuality. 'Don't,' he replied, 'I have lost more time through being punctual than through anything else.'"—London M. A. P.

Initials.

Enrolling Officer—What is your name?

Recruit—Owen Espy Casey.

Enrolling Officer (with evident irritation)—Shoot a few of those initials! O. N. S. P. K. C. what?—Chicago Tribune.

Sure Thing.

"Name the world's greatest composer," said the musical instructor.

"Chloroform," promptly replied the young man who had studied medicine.

If society took better care of its poor out of jail there would be less need of jails or jailers.—Boston Transcript.

After the Fact.

What a pity it is that our learned anthropologists never discover that a man has criminal eyes, mouth, ears and nose until after he has committed a murder! Oh, science, how many frauds are perpetrated in thy helpless name!—New York Press.

Painless Pulling.

Sufferer—Do you pull teeth without pain?

Dentist—Well, not always. I sprained my wrist last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet occasionally.

It makes some men prouder to be the friend of a rich man than it makes other men to be rich.

Desperately Ill.

Mrs. Parke—Your husband has been very ill, hasn't he?

Mrs. Lane—I never saw him so ill. Why, for two weeks he never spoke a cross word to me.

When a boy is lonesome, it helps a good deal if you feed him.—Atchison Globe.

Jewelry Selling

with us means giving dollar value for dollar purchase, and our entire line of jewelry, gold and silver ware, bears out the truth of the statement. Better proof is the continued trade of a large list of patrons.

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A Japanese Hygienic Bath.

In hygienic matters the Japanese have everywhere a habit which may have a lesson for us. In their nightly bath and morning wash the water is never cold, never warm, but always as hot as it can be borne. To foreigners this habit seems very surprising, but the most inveterate Englishman, if he stays in the country long enough, abandons his cold tub in its favor.

The cold taking which, it is suspected, must follow it is not found to occur if the water has been hot enough. This heat is maintained by a little furnace beneath the bath. In the bath the bather or bathers take a prolonged soaking, the washing proper being done on the bathroom floor; then follow a second and final soaking, drying with towel and a lounge in bathing wrapper.

This habit seems to promote softness and suppleness of the skin and by persons inclined to rheumatism is soon found to be altogether preferable to the cold bath in every particular. The poorest of the Japanese hear of a cold bath with amazement and would be sure the man who used it must be a barbarian.

In Luck's Way.

Custom house men have sometimes made other captures besides those of contraband goods. A man who had effected a heavy jewelry robbery in a seaport town was retreating with his plunder, and, having deposited it in a boat, he rowed himself across the harbor to a timber wharf, landed and, putting the sack across his shoulders, was making off, when a revenue officer, who had been dozing among the timber, roused by the noise, came out and stopped him and asked what he had got in the sack. He quickly replied: "You are welcome to look. I'll go on board and fetch the other." And off the went, and, as may be imagined, he did not turn up again, as no other sack existed. The officer on opening the bag was rather astonished to find it full of watches and spoons instead of a few hundred cigars, such as sailors sometimes try to land.

One of Mrs. Grant's Bright Sayings.

When Mrs. Julia Dent Grant was living in Philadelphia in the house at 2009 Chestnut street that her husband surrendered to his creditors at the time of the Grant & Ward failure, it is recorded of her that she was visited one afternoon by a rich but parsimonious old woman.

The old woman narrated to Mrs. Grant the misfortunes that had lately attended a ward of hers, a young woman who had married a drunkard and who had just been deserted, though she was penniless and had two little children.

"I couldn't help but feel for her this morning when she told me about her trouble," said the old woman.

"It was well that you felt for her," said Mrs. Grant. "But did you feel in the right place? Did you feel in your pocket?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Stopped Voting For Daniel.

A funny story is told about an old time doctor who, writing a letter, asked a judge, "Judge, isn't e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomical?"

"Yes, I think it is," said the judge, "but here's Webster's Dictionary. It can soon tell you."

He tried to find the word, but gave it up at length, and exclaimed, "Well, sir, I've always been a Daniel Webster man, but any man who will write as big a dictionary as this and not put in as common a word as equinomical can't get my vote for anything hereafter."

What Is In a Name?

Once upon a time there was a creditor to a large amount whose debtor constantly refused payment. The creditor became impatient and after investigation found that the debtor lived in a better house than he did, dressed better, clothed his wife in silks, satins and laces and spent dollars where he, the creditor, spent cents. Then he was wroth.

"I will sue the wealthy debtor," he said, "and collect what is owing me."

He brought suit and disclosed a large amount of valuable property; but, alas, it was all in the name of the debtor's wife, and he got not a single cent.

Moral.—There is often a great deal in a name.—New York Herald.

Finished the Text.

Apropos of mottoes on houses, a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette relates that a man in Scotland wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text, "My house shall be called a house of prayer." He left the workmen to carry out his wishes during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed, "But ye have made it a den of thieves." "We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just pit in the end o' the verse," was the explanation given by the Bible loving Scot.

He Was Lucky.

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life, I had to walk."

"You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life, I couldn't walk."—Chicago News.

The Real Thing.

Hewitt—I borrowed a policeman's uniform and put it on the other day.

Jewett—What did you do then?

"I don't know; I immediately fell asleep."—Smart Set.

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MALABAR

By Frank H. Sweet

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"Do you think Malabar will run?"

The girl did not reply, but her lips began to tremble. The face of the man bending toward her grew dark, but it was the darkness of despair, not of purpose.

"Perhaps if he knew what you have told me." He hesitated. "Malabar is brave and strong and noble. He would not stoop to a small deed."

"I promised him with the new year that he should run for me at the green corn dance. I—I did not know then," looking piteously into the gloomy, delicate face above her. "Malabar would not stoop to a small deed—no. But this is not small. He has let it be known that he will run for me. He would not turn from his purpose a hair's breadth—not if he saw something in front that would crush him. And—and it is right for a great warrior, Ankona, but it is hard."

"We will fly, White Egret, into the deepest fastnesses of the Everglades!" he cried hoarsely. "There are places where even Malabar's relentless arms would be powerless."

But White Egret only looked at him with sorrowful eyes.

"We are Seminoles, Ankona," she rebuked gently. "You know our laws. You would be the last one to break them."

His arm fell back impotent. Yes; he would be the last one to break them.

"Perhaps Malabar will not be proof against the black drink this time," he suggested. "He has killed, and it will be made strong. Others have died. But, no, no! Malabar is a great chief and a better man for the tribe than I. He has tasted the black drink before and will not die."

"You say well, Ankona," broke in a stern, powerful voice, and a figure, dark, towering and implacable, stepped from the gathering shadows. "I shall not fall before the black draft. It would not be a fit ending for a warrior."

White Egret threw back her head and regarded him steadily. Ankona bowed his head.

"You heard all?" he questioned in a strained voice.

"All," calmly. "It was childish prattle. I shall run for the White Egret, for have I not said it, and has she not made her promise? It is only when we forget our promises that we become weak and childish. Ankona is young yet and should be humored. I will let him run the race with me and will give him one-third the distance start as due to his weakness. Now go!"

They went, with a single despairing glance toward each other. Ankona's face was bloodless and set—bloodless with pride crushed, set with foreknowledge of utter inability to cope with this man of iron will and strength. Better be crushed than allowed to exist by sufferance.

Other forms were appearing from the forest—warriors in full headdress and leggings, carrying the guns they had purchased from white traders; squaws with camp equipage, medicine men stalking solemnly and mysteriously, with eyes bent upon the ground; children and dogs, some from the camp on White River bay, some from Okeechobee, some from the shifting camp among the keys—all coming for the great annual green corn dance, where tribal laws were to be made, marriages celebrated and criminals punished.

These criminals were now moving unwatched, unnoticed, in many cases unknown even among the others. Whatever crime they had committed during the year had gone unpunished at the time, but now tribal honor brought them here to expiate their misdeeds. On the morrow they would be placed in closely shut tents and almost suffocated with steam made by pouring water upon hot stones. After that they would drink of the black draft. If they died, they were guilty. On the other hand, if they were strong enough to survive, their innocence would be clearly established. Later the racing for wives would take place.

Malabar was known to every one—revered, feared, honored. All knew that he was to race for a wife and that before the race he was to drink the dreaded black draft. Ordinarily they would have scoffed at such absurdity. If a man drank and lived, it would be a notable proof of strength, but to drink and live and then race for a wife! As to his crime, it was only what any of them would have done if brave enough. He had killed a man! True, but he had been provoked. He must be punished, for that was the law, but they did not wish him harm.

And they all knew Ankona, the gentle one, the dreamer and story maker, and, though none of them revered or feared him, they all had a tender place for him in their hearts. If he could race with White Egret and win her, they would be glad. But Malabar came first, for White Egret herself had made it so.

Malabar was the first who presented himself for punishment. While he was in the closed tent the tribe stood about silent, with eyes furtively watching the point whence the condemned would walk forth innocent or be brought forth guilty.

At length the tent flap was raised, and he staggered out. For a moment he stood there in the sunlight, his hand to his head, swaying blindly. Then they saw him throw his shoulders back with a mighty effort, as one whose will was strong enough to cast off the weight of all things. Slowly he turned away from them and strode into the forest to be by himself. That, too, was Malabar's way.

Not until the maidens were brought forth did Malabar reappear.

"I will race for my squaw at once," he called in a voice that all could hear, "before the White Egret grows weak through waiting, and I shall give her one-half the distance start because she is a woman. Ankona will also enter the race with me, and I will give him one-third the distance because he is but half a man. Let them be placed."

The spectators stared and gasped. Ankona, his rival, to enter the race and to be given one-third the distance, and White Egret, the fleet footed, to be given one-half! No one could win a race thus handicapped. And yet was it not Malabar?

He swept them with his glance.

"I shall win," he said confidently, "because I will have it so."

Ankona had been watching him with baleful eyes. For an instant he drew back as though to spurn the concession. Then, as he saw White Egret being led forward to her place, he hurried to his own position.

And for a brief space after the signal was given and they were speeding on with straining muscles he had a wild, insane belief that he would win.

But only for a brief space. Then came that steady, accelerating, implacable rush behind, drawing nearer and nearer, then opposite, then passing. When three-fourths of the distance had been covered, Malabar was four march paces ahead. Suddenly he turned. White Egret was almost within his reach.

"Stop, Ankona!" Malabar called. "Have I not won?"

Ankona did not answer.

"Have I not won?" sternly.

"Yes, Malabar, you have won," Ankona answered, and his voice was full of a great despair.

"It is well. Now you may go on and catch the girl. Malabar will have no squaw who does not come to him willingly."

And he turned proudly from the race and strode back into the forest.

Some Remarkable Guns.

At the siege of Rhodes the Turks constructed mortars by hollowing out cavities in the solid rock at the proper angle, and in the arsenal at Malta is a trophy of the long and glorious defense of Valetta, in a Turkish gun, about a six pounder, composed of a copper tube coiled over with strong rope and "jacketed" with rawhide. In the same collection are some antique "quick firers," breechloaders, with small bores and immensely long barrels, like punt guns. The Malay pirates put great trust in the long brass swivel guns called "lela," and in Borneo these lelas were used as a kind of currency, large sums being estimated in guns.

The Chinese cast excellent bronze guns (there is a fine specimen of them in Devonport dockyard), but so little did they understand gunnery that in the so called "opium war" the forts of the Bocca Tigris, defending the Canton river, had the guns built immovably into the walls. The Sikh gunners opposed to us in the two Punjab wars, though they loaded with amazing recklessness, shoveling in the powder from open boxes, stuck to their guns to the last. The blood of the first man killed was smeared on the gun, and the whole detachment died beside it sooner than retreat.—Chambers' Journal.

His Pet Superstition.

"Superstition seems to be connected in the minds of most people with women, ladders, rabbits' feet and horseshoes," said the young girl at the piano. "As a matter of fact, however, I know that men are fully as superstitious as the women of my acquaintance, and sometimes more so. One young man of my acquaintance, for instance, who has literary yearnings and who feels sure he could astonish the public with his brilliant stories if he could only get some editor to accept them, spends his summers in the country gathering inspiration, local color and—four leaf clovers. When winter comes he returns to his hallroom in the city, writes stories by the wholesale and dispatches with each consignment to the editors a four leaf clover. Sometimes the articles are accepted, and then the writer ascribes his success to the talisman. More often, however, they are returned, with the mascot in a more or less crumpled condition, and he spends what leisure hours he has in trying to figure out why it is those clovers don't work every time. Never for a moment does he ascribe failure to any faults in his manuscripts. Isn't that the limit in the way of superstition?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Batch of Anecdotes.

Some interesting anecdotes and gossip, new and old, of the law courts are given in the English Illustrated Magazine. The writer of the article, Mr. A. J. Hughes, was once present in court when a juror who opened the ball by saying, "This case, my lord, really lies in a nutshell," received the reply, "You crack it then."

There have been times when clever witnesses have got the better of counsel in a skirmish of words. When the farrier was asked where he got his knowledge of the mare's age from, he said, "From the mare's own mouth, sir."

Irish lawyers are generally endowed by Dame Nature with quick wits. Among them all, perhaps, Curran held the palm for lightness and vivacity. When some one told him that no student should be called to the bar who did not possess a landed estate of his own, he retorted, "How many acres make a wiseacre?"

But it was a Scotsman, appropriately enough Lord Brougham, who, seeing his horses take fright, yelled to the coachman, "Drive into something cheap!"

The Cork Tree.

The cork tree is an evergreen oak and in southern Europe and northern Africa usually attains a height of thirty feet. In Spain and Portugal it is somewhat extensively cultivated and is peeled for the first time when from ten to twenty years old. The first stripping is not valuable and is used in the old world principally for tanning. The bark grows better after each successive peeling, which is done at intervals of from eight to twelve years. The season for stripping in Europe is during July and August.

Magnetizing a Witness.

Brougham, while practicing at the bar, once tried the experiment of magnetizing an adverse witness giving evidence and succeeded in a remarkable manner without speaking a word. Seating himself immediately before the witness, he fixed him with his eye till the poor man blushed, stammered and finally collapsed in nervous confusion, probably leaving his most important evidence unsaid.

A Better Trade.

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire?"

"Yes, so I am told."

"Will he give up the law business?"

"Yes. He will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."

It's Better to Give Than Receive.

Uncle Reuben says: "I kin sot down an' gib my fellar man advice by de hour an' feel as complacent as an old hen about it, but de minit my feller man begins to advise me I git all upsot ober it an' wonder what de idiot am talkin' 'bout."—Detroit Free Press.

His Tattered Thoughts.

"Sometimes," said the poet, "I have thoughts that struggle for expression."

"And some of those you have given to the world show evidence of the struggle," replied the critic.—Chicago Post.

No man is a failure because he says what he thinks. The failure comes when a man thinks of the wrong thing to say.—Boston Christian Register.

A STRANGE FUNERAL.

Burial of an Elephant by Elephants In a River Bed.

There is no doubt that the elephant is naturally cunning, and the following extraordinary incident related by a planter from Ceylon is only another proof: "I went after a herd of eight elephants," he says. "After stalking I got a chance at the biggest of the herd and dropped it at the first shot. About two hours afterward I had the tail and feet cut off and taken to the bungalow. Next morning I went to the spot to look at the elephant and to my surprise found no trace of the body. After looking round I saw that the herd had been back during the night, and I soon discovered a track where they seemed to have retired in a body. Following this up, I eventually came upon the dead elephant lying at the bottom of a rocky stream. From the tracks it was quite evident that the body had not been rolled but carried to the bank, and it was plain that it had been taken through the long grass which grew on the bank into the stream. My neighbors were incredulous until I showed them where the elephant's tail and feet had been cut off and where the body lay in the stream, which proved conclusively that by some means or other the body had been got over the intervening space in the night. It is difficult to understand how elephants with their trunks and feet could raise and support the dead body of a comrade. However, they seem to have managed to do it, and it is a pity no human eyes saw this strange funeral."

Women and Store Detectives.

"The very thing that newspapers want to know about the way detectives work in big department stores are the things we don't want to tell," said a superintendent when asked about a conspicuous shoplifting arrest. "We should be glad to dispense with them altogether, but we can't afford to. A clever woman will outwit the shrewdest store detective that ever walked. We have to work cautiously or we lose our trade. If the detective is a man and stares at a woman too hard, she makes a complaint at the desk and tells other women how she was insulted. If the store detective is a woman, she is likely to get 'fresh.' I think the best store detective in New York today is a man who used to be a minstrel performer. He took the job on trial till good times came again, but nothing good enough has come along to tempt him to give up a $5,000 job, and he is worth every penny of it."—New York Times.

The Ruling Passion.

A good woman was dying, a woman who had been a true wife and a loving mother, a woman with but one weakness—a love of gossip.

Although her time on earth was short, she was critically watching the attending physician and the nurse as they talked in subdued whispers of the result which their united skill had been powerless to avert.

In response to the summons of the dying woman her husband approached her and bent low to catch the words which he expected to be words of love. Again she turned her eyes, from which the light was fast fading, upon the doctor and the nurse as she said faintly, "Do you suppose they are engaged?"

These words were her last.

Benefits From Running.

Running is the great beautifier of figure and movement. It gives muscular development, strong heart action and free lung play. The muscle comes where it ought to be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold the trunk well balanced, and the feet take their correct positions. It was running which made the Greek figure. The more active tribes of American Indians have been runners from time immemorial, and from the chest to the heels they are much more beautifully built than the average of white men. Running people have usually the firm but elastic texture which is the beauty of flesh.

A Change of Front.

Wife—How do you like my new hat?

Husband—The idea of paying big prices for—

Wife—Big prices! Why, I made it myself.

Husband—Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came straight from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!—London Telegraph.

Dangerous Experiment.

A man in Rooks county was kicked by a mule and knocked unconscious while trying to feed his mules in a new way. He says that the first thing he heard when he regained his senses was his wife saying, "Well, I'll thank God when he can't find any new experiments to try on them mules."—Kansas City Journal.

Forever at Him.

Newitt—Funny! I always associate your wife with a certain episode in my own life. There's just one thing she always reminds me of—

Henpeck—I wish I could say that. There's lots of things she always reminds me of.—Philadelphia Press.

Still In the Family.

Jack—My grandfather had a fine collection of silver, which he bequeathed to my father on condition that it should always remain in the family.

Ethel—Then you have it still?

Jack—Well—er—my uncle has it.

On the Shore.

"How sweet it would be to live alone with you in yonder lighthouse!" he whispered, tenderly.

"Yes," she murmured abstractedly, "and do light housekeeping."—Smart Set.

Curiosities of Etymology.

It is extraordinary how words for the same thing differ in even so small a country as England. Take "left handed," for example. In Gloucestershire such a person is described as "scrammy," in Staffordshire he becomes "craggy," the phrase for a left handed Yorkshireman is "gawkrodger" or "callick handed," and in the next county, Durham, he is "cuddy paw."—London Telegraph.

Found a Difference.

The Irrepressible Child—Ma, is there any difference between level and flat?

His Mother—No, dear.

The I. C.—Then why did pa get angry when Mr. Jones said he was a flathead and then feel good when he heard that Mr. Smith said he was level headed?—Columbia Jester.

A Request.

Mistress—Didn't you hear me ring before?

Maid—I kind of thought I did ma'am, but I wasn't sure.

Mistress—Well, next time, please, give me the benefit of the doubt.—Puck.

Here's a Queer Fish.

Each one of us has at some time eaten too much, but we have surely not gone to such an excess as this fish has. It is called the "black swallower" and as a swallower takes first place, for its stomach is much larger than its body. It will seize by the tail a fish eight or ten times its own size and work its way over it by repeatedly sliding forward one jaw and then the other. Before taking a meal the swallower is a very respectable looking fish, except for a voracious cast of countenance, but afterward he certainly has the appearance of having eaten too much. Then the walls of his stomach are so stretched as to be transparent. Later digestion begins and the swallower is turned belly upward by the imprisoned gas and his stomach becomes a balloon, which lifts him from the depths of the ocean to the surface, and in this helpless condition he is thrown about by the waves, perhaps cast ashore and left high and dry by the receding tide, in which case he does not swallow any more, for the returning tide finds him a dead fish.

The Constitution In Practice.

The theory of the constitution is that the three departments of the government—the legislative, the executive and the judiciary—are independent of one another. In practice the government is not carried on in harmony with this theory. The system of checks and balances does not operate as its inventors intended. The president was to have had the power of selecting his subordinates; the senate, through the exercise of the power of confirmation, was to prevent the appointment of unworthy men, especially of men who might connive with the president to usurp power. In practice most of the president's subordinates are forced upon him. He usually selects after consultation with a senator, who stands for the whole senate, for he has its power behind him through a custom which has grown to be a rule of conduct, known as the "courtesy of the senate."—Century.

Fruit Seeds and Appendicitis.

"Many very intelligent people are deterred from swallowing the seeds of berries, grapes and other fruits lest the lodgment of these small bits of indigestibleness may induce that dreadful accident appendicitis," says the Dietetic Gazette.

"This fear is utterly baseless since the healthy appendix is protected by a valvular arrangement which prevents even the smallest seeds from entering it. It is only after inflammation has already destroyed its normal protection that any foreign substance can gain access to it.

"To feel compelled to eschew all seedy berries and fruits is to seriously curtail one's dietary, and it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, the free and constant use of ripe berries and fruits of all kinds is one of the best preventives of this dangerous disease."

Could Not Stand It.

A life of the poet James Gates Percival contains some personal incidents that show the character of the man. Among them is this:

When he was made state geologist of Wisconsin, a young man was appointed to assist him. One day the geologist entered the governor's office in a state of excitement. "I cannot stand it. Indeed I cannot! I cannot work with him any longer!" he declared with some agitation, referring to his assistant.

"What's the truoble?"

"He whistles and he throws stones at birds," was the indignant rejoinder. Thereafter he pursued his geological labors unassisted.

Had Good Reason to Worry.

They are telling this story of the pastor of a metropolitan church who has made a study of palmistry and kindred subjects:

A woman came to him and begged that he read her hand. She was a spinster, and an interesting network of lines had spread over her palm with the years. The minister decided to give her a bit of advice.

"You should never think of marriage," he said.

"I don't," replied the spinster promptly; "I worry about it."—New York Tribune.

Impertinence.

Mr. Todgers—Why have you sent Maria, the servant girl, away so suddenly? You told me yesterday that she was the best girl you ever had.

Mrs. Todgers—She's an impertinent hussy. I wanted to borrow her goloshes, and she said she was afraid I couldn't get them on!

Unselfish.

"Widowhood makes a woman unselfish."

"Why so?"

"Because she ceases to look out for No. 1 and begins to look out for No. 2."—Town and Country.

A Henpecked Husband.

Meekton—Do you know how to govern your wife?

Henpeck—Yes, but she won't let me.

Many a fool man casts a shadow on his life by standing in his own light.

The horse is man's best friend—except those at the race track.—Puck.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 1.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xviii, 24, to xix, 6—Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, Luke xi, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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24. And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures, came to Ephesus.

After Paul's eighteen months at Corinth he started for Syria, taking Priscilla and Aquila with him as far as Ephesus, where he left them and went on to Jerusalem via Cæsarea, and thence to Antioch. After some time he started on his third missionary tour, going through Galatia and Phrygia, strengthening the disciples, and in due time, as we shall see, came again to Ephesus. The one great thing said of Apollos, whose acquaintance we make in this verse, is that he was "mighty in the Scriptures," and if it could have been added "filled with the Spirit" there could be nothing greater said.

25. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord, and, being fervent in the Spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John.

He was filled with what he knew and did the best he could with what he had, urging people to repent and turn to God and bring forth fruits worthy of repentance (Luke iii, 3, 8). It was all good and real as far as it went, and such an earnest, faithful worker is sure of more light, for his heart was whole toward God, and on behalf of such God will surely show Himself strong (II Chron. xvi, 9).

26. Whom when Aquila and Priscilla had heard they took him unto them and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly.

They had doubtless been greatly helped by Paul at Corinth, and now they are able to help Apollos from Alexandria. So Alexandria in Egypt and Corinth, or, rather, Italy, come together at Ephesus on the Lord's business, and thus He works, sending His messengers hither and thither and causing lives to meet and touch for mutual benefit in His service. It is a great and comforting truth that His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself is ever being wrought out after the counsel of His own will (Eph. i, 9, 11), and there is perfect peace to all who abide in that will. May we be as ready to help others as were Priscilla and Aquila and as teachable as Apollos.

27, 28. Who, when he was come, helped them much which had believed through grace, for he mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly, shewing by the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ.

With letters from the brethren at Ephesus Apollos passed on to Corinth and was greatly used of God there. Being mighty in the Scriptures when he came to Ephesus, he was more mighty when he came to Corinth because of the increased light received through Priscilla and Aquila. He became a prominent teacher and afterward a great friend of Paul. See I Cor. i, 12; iii, 4, 5, 6, 22; iv, 6; xvi, 12; Tit. iii, 13. But both he and Paul would have us understand that whoever the teacher might be God alone could do the work to be done. "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase" (I Cor. iii, 6-9).

xix, 1, 2. Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

We do not read of any result from Paul's testimony at Ephesus or his way east except that they wished him to tarry longer (chapter xviii, 19, 20); but now through the preaching of Apollos and doubtless by the help of Priscilla and Aquila he finds on his return to Ephesus that some have believed, but they have not been taught about the Holy Spirit, and they would therefore be lacking power in their lives. There are many believers now who manifest the same great lack, for while every believer has become a temple of the Holy Ghost (I Cor. vi, 19, 20), it is a different thing to be filled with the Spirit, as the tree from root to topmost twig is filled with sap or as the whole body is filled with blood even to the tips of fingers and toes.

3, 4. And he said unto them, Unto what were ye then baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism.

The Holy Spirit testifies of Christ and glorifies Christ (John xv, 26; xvi, 14); but probably these disciples were like many church members in our own day with whom the Holy Spirit seems to accomplish little or nothing, because the word of God does not dwell in them richly (Col. iii, 16), and they seem never to have heard much, if anything, about the Holy Spirit. All will acknowledge that it is a sin to be drunken with wine, but not many count it a sin not to be filled with the Spirit, yet see Eph. v, 18.

5-7. When Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them, and they spake with tongues and prophesied.

Compare ii, 4; iv, 31; x, 44, 46, and note all through this book the Spirit's place in the church; how all is accomplished by Him in the name of the Lord Jesus and nothing without Him. There can be no hindrance on God's part to any believer being filled with the Spirit, for He is more willing to give the Spirit to those who ask Him than parents are to give good things to their children (Luke xi, 13). The hindrance must be in us, that we in some way ask amiss or do not ask in faith (Jas. iv, 3; i, 6) or do not seek with the whole heart (Jer. xxix, 13) or are not willing to be filled because not willing to have His will wrought in us. Let us pray honestly Ps. cxxxix, 23, 24, and He will not fail to show us the difficulty. He also will make us His willing people in the day of His power (Ps. cx, 3).

Queer About the Eyes.

Prince Troubetskoy, the artist, once painted in Paris the portrait of an American who was cross eyed. The painter thought a great deal about the matter and finally made his picture cross eyed, too, so that it should be a faithful likeness.

When it was done, the original looked at it and said:

"It seems to me—it seems—why, hang it, this picture is cross eyed, isn't it?"

"Why, no more than you are, sir," said Prince Troubetskoy.

"Well, perhaps you're right," murmured the American. "It seems to have a queer look about the eyes, though."

Mercenary.

Sue—So you are going to marry Cholly Sportboy. On what grounds do you base your belief that he really loves you?

Nan—On what grounds? On his real estate, of course.—Baltimore Herald.

Grief is the agony of an instant. The indulgence of grief is the blunder of a life.—Disraeli.

FAITHFUL DAD.

Here's to You; You've Got Your Faults, but You're All Right.

We happened in a home the other night and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, "What Is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief, "God Bless Our Home!"

Now, what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up.

If there is a noise during the night, dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after every one else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right, but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house, father is under a slab and the landlady is a widow. Dad, here's to you! You've got your faults—you may have lots of them—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone.—Stevens County Reveille.

The Beaver.

The beaver is really a sort of portable pulp mill, grinding up almost any kind of wood that comes his way, says a writer. I once measured a white birch tree twenty-two inches through cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair sized sapling—say three inches through—in about two minutes and a large tree in about an hour. The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is not really so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over, a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

Rattlesnakes Seldom Attack.

Of rattlesnakes there are at least a dozen, probably fifteen, different kinds, all inhabitants of America exclusively, where they range from the northern United States down to Patagonia. The common, or banded, rattlesnake extends from Maine to Texas. Once generally abundant, it is happily now a rare animal save in the more thinly inhabited districts of the southern and western states. It may attain a length of five feet, with a large triangular and flattened head. It feeds on rabbits, rats and squirrels and is for the most part a slow and sluggish animal, waiting quietly till some prey approaches it. This sluggishness makes it the more dangerous, as it may be stepped upon unawares, with a most fatal result. But it never either attacks spontaneously or pursues a retreating enemy.

An Irish Refrigerator.

An Irishwoman was looking at refrigerators in a house furnishing store some weeks ago. After examining into the merits and qualities of a number of them she purchased the one that the salesman assured her would keep food the best. Some days afterward the woman called and requested them to take that refrigerator back, as it would not keep anything better than the kitchen safe of the cellar. The salesman mildly suggested that possibly she had not put enough ice in it to keep the things cold. "Enough ice in it? Why, are you crazy, mon? I don't put any ice in it. Anything will keep cold if you put ice in it. I bought the refrigerator so that I wouldn't need the ice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wagner's Nerve.

Wagner, the eminent composer, had the nerves of an acrobat. Once he was climbing a precipitous mountain in company with a young friend. When some distance up and walking along a narrow ledge, the companion, who was following, called out that he was growing giddy.

Wagner turned around on the ledge of rock, caught his friend and passed him between the rock and himself to the front.

The Voice of Experience.

"I don't care to marry—at least not yet," said the flirt.

"Why not?" asked the matron.

"Because as matters are now I have the attentions of half a dozen men, while if I married I would have the attentions of only one."

"Huh!" exclaimed the matron. "You wouldn't have even that."—Chicago Post.

The Still Voice.

"Whose voice did he like best, yours or mine?" asked Miss Kreech.

"I'm not quite sure," replied Miss Bird. "His remarks were a bit ambiguous."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He said he liked my voice, but that yours was better still."—Philadelphia Press.

The Bank of England has a pair of scales so accurate that an ink spot on a piece of paper visibly affects the balance.

Giving Him a Chance.

Master Pickles—I think that if I went out of the room Mr. Spooner would kiss you, Ada.

Miss Pickles (sternly)—Leave the room this instant, you impertinent boy!

It is a lot of fun being in love if a man doesn't care if he saves any money or holds his job.—Atchison Globe.

Not Sure of Him.

"Why are you so sure that he loves you?"

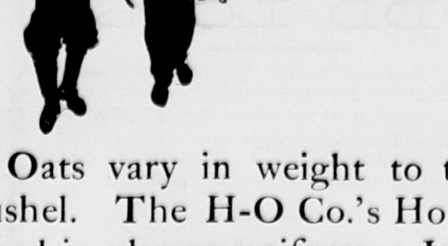
"Because he stays away from me in hopes he can overcome the fascination of my presence. And there is but one thing that bothers me—I fear he will succeed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Neat Bull.

An Irishman, prosecuting another man for assault, was asked to explain the accused's black eyes.

"Ah," he replied readily, "before he had time to hit me I hit him back."

It runs in the family—a woman's tongue.—Philadelphia Bulletin.



Oats vary in weight to the bushel. The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed is always uniform. It is both cheaper and better than oats.

It Puts Them in Condition.

I have been using the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed for about nine months and find it all right and that it saves me money. I have fed it all through the hot weather and expect to continue its use. It is the best thing to put horses in condition that I ever saw. A. YOUNG, 89 Wilsey St., Newark, N. J.

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Babylonian Creation Legends.

The story of the creation, as told on the clay tablets of ancient Babylon, is interesting. Several deities appear to have been regarded as in existence at the beginning of things. At least two, Apsu and Tiamat, represented chaos, and the former rebelled against the gods in consequence. The chief struggle was between him and Ea, whose son, Bel, created the world. Man was made by Marmuk, who in spite of the difference in name may have been identical with Bel. The creation of man was the culminating event of the history. Marmuk told Ea that he intended to perform his task and asked his father to behead him. Man was to be made out of Marmuk's blood and bone. Marmuk appears to have survived decapitation, as he subsequently took part in the councils of the gods.

Many parallels between these legends and the Hebrew story of the creation can be detected by scholars. The idea that seven days were devoted to the work may have long antedated Abraham's time. The oldest tablets yet discovered are not originals, but copies. These date back only 668-626 B. C.

Benton and His Wife.

Senator Benton of Missouri was a model of tenderness and devotion to his invalid wife. It seems that during her later years her mind became impaired by a paralytic stroke, but she never failed to recognize her husband and was fond of being near him. Once when her distinguished husband was entertaining a foreign prince in the drawing room Mrs. Benton came to the door in a state of undress and stood gazing at her husband. The attention of the company being attracted in her direction, Benton turned to see what the attraction was. On perceiving his poor wife he immediately rose, went to her, took her tenderly by the hand and, leading her into the room, said, "My dear, Prince So-and-so; prince, Mrs. Benton, sir." Then affectionately placing a hassock for her by the side of his chair he resumed his seat, and, leaving one of his hands in hers for her to toy with, he went on with the conversation. The prince was quick to take in the situation and adapted himself to the occasion with consummate tact, while all the Missourians were deeply affected.

The Silk Hats Worn In London.

There are always two kinds of silk hats, each of the best quality, on sale in London. One is the strictly fashionable model, "the latest," or whatever one may choose to call it, which is retailed in the west end at from a guinea to 25 shillings. The other is the style which immediately preceded it and has "gone out," although the quality is unchanged. This is usually called the "city" hat and costs 16 shillings. The distinction is a very peculiar one. Employees of large London commercial houses are not expected to be up to the hilt in fashion, and if they are it is sure to be resented by their employers. A London city magnate would not be seen wearing the same shape hat as one of his bookkeepers, and so the great army of salary drawers keep just a shape behind the bondholding community.

A Caution to Sweethearts.

In 1834 the Primitive Methodists of Burnley issued an edict against Sunday courting. They regarded it as so serious an offense against the dignity of the Sabbath that they actually passed in solemn and sober earnest the following stern and autocratic minute: "That we do not allow young men and young women of our society to court with each other on Sunday; neither do we allow our single men and women to walk in the street together, arm in arm, at any time; neither do we allow them to stand at street corners chatting together."

Grant's Baggage.

General Grant always yielded in a sort of whimsical way to his wife's domination of himself and his affairs. The "family" ran the household as it pleased, without much reference to General Grant's predilections. Once at the railway station in Galena he called the attention of a friend to a truckload of trunks ready for shipment east. "Do you see that pile?" he asked. "That is the Grant baggage. Do you see that little black valise away up on top? That's mine."

Had It.

"Yes, it's a fine house, Mandy," admitted the prim and angular Aunt Rachel, to whom all its magnificence seemed a sinful waste of money, "and I suppose there's really no room for improvement."

"Oh, yes, auntie; I have that, too," said her city niece, showing her into the elegant little apartment where she usually dressed for dinner.—Chicago Tribune.

Wrote a "Bad Hand."

During the war a paper from General Meigs passed through the hands of General Sherman and is today preserved with this indorsement upon it in General Sherman's well known hand:

"I heartily concur in the recommendation of the quartermaster general, but I don't know what he says."

Generous.

Father (visiting son at college)—Pretty good cigars you smoke, my boy. I can't afford cigars like these.

Son—Fill your case, dad; fill your case!—Harvard Lampoon.

Knife, Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute Remember 1847

The Bible and Its Contents.

There are no less than 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, 773,697 words, 31,198 verses and 1,189 chapters.

The number of verses in the Bible commencing with A are 12,638; B, 2,207; C, 183; D, 17; E, 207; F, 1,797; G, 209; H, 1,164; I, 1,449; J, 158; K, 65; L, 411; M, 437; N, 961; O, 592; P, 149; Q, 4; R, 127; S, 1,088; T, 5,286; U, 83; V, 37; W, 1,396; X, none; Y, 356; Z, 17.

To read the Bible through in a year means reading three chapters every weekday and five chapters each Sunday.

All the letters of the alphabet are contained in the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra.

The Bible was not divided into chapters, as it is now, until the thirteenth century. Early Hebrew Bibles were marked into sections and verses by means of accents, which served as marks to be observed in the eastern manner of reading. The work of dividing the Bible into chapters has been attributed by some to Stephen Langton. The division into verses was made by a printer of the name of Robert Stephens in 1548 and was adopted throughout all editions.

The American Language.

"It used to be considered a witticism to ask a man whether he spoke United States," said an English university man at the Lawyers' club the other day, "but there is in fact an American language, distinctive from the king's English not only in idioms and in the use of particular words, but in the clipping of words to save time and breath. On this side of the Atlantic one scarcely ever hears 'I have' and 'you are.' You hurrying Americans say 'I've' and 'you're.' You shorten up 'cannot' into 'can't,' and your purest speakers use 'don't' and 'won't,' and it is almost a universal habit among Americans to clip the 'g' off words ending in 'ing.' Even your professors of English fail to sound the 'e' in 'righteous' and 'courteous' and shorten 'knowledge' into 'knoledge.' I might recite scores of words that are practically shortened by a syllable in usage, and as usage makes language you Americans are gradually constructing a speech that is quite distinct from that form of English which Oxford and Cambridge are preserving with such care."—New York Times.

Falcon Lore.

No one can pretend to any acquaintance with English literature or even with the English language without being aware how deep an impress has been left upon them by the art and practice of falconry. Such words as "haggard," "eyrie," "mews," "cadger," to "lure," to "stoop," to "reclaim," all belonged originally to the falconer's jargon and were thence adopted into common parlance.

A whole host of well worn quotations, including the long misunderstood passage in Hamlet about the "hand saw" (heron shaw), can only be properly explained by reference to the falconer's craft, and several of the most picturesque metaphors used by our best poets derive their virtue from the hawking field.—London Saturday Review.

Had His Money's Worth.

On one occasion when a boarder had devoured almost everything eatable on the table within his reach and when the landlady had supplied him until her strength and patience were well nigh exhausted she suddenly broke out with:

"I shall certainly have to raise the price of your board!"

"Don't think of doing such a thing," he replied. "It is nearly killing me now to eat all I pay for, and should you raise my board and compel me to eat more it will be the death of me."

Sarcastic.

Barber (testing razor)—Do I hurt you, sir?

Baird—No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair.

Barber (highly gratified)—Who was that?

Baird—The dentist.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 6. 1903. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 14.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.41, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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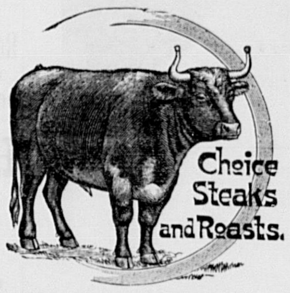

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Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4.25, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10.00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12.15 P. M., then half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5.50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8.00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M.. half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8.25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—15 cents.

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.

Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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Telephone 39-2.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

LOT'S STRATEGY

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS

Copyright, 1903, by the S. S. McClure Company

"I don't know what it is," said Lot despairingly.

"Imagination," returned his sister shortly.

Lot turned on her. "Look here, Maria Bemis," he said almost fiercely. "You pride yourself on your faculty for seeing things. You've been here three days, and haven't you seen that there was something come between us since you were here before and that she has stopped caring anything about me?" His voice broke at the last words, and he turned away from her.

Maria looked at his back, and there was an expression on her face of mingled pity, contempt and amusement.

"I've been here three days, Lot," she said quietly, "and I've seen that you are a pair of foolish children. But before I go on I want to ask you if you have got over caring for her."

Lot looked at her with indignation too strong for words.

"I didn't think you had," said his sister in a tone of relief. "If you had, it would be a serious state of affairs; but, as you haven't, I don't see any difficulties."

"You must admit that she isn't happy," he said at length.

"Yes."

"But, don't you see, it must be me, because she doesn't see anybody else, hardly."

She settled herself more comfortably on the grain chest and began to speak deliberately. "Don't you know that when two people, I don't care who they are, live on a lonely farm and don't see anybody but each other for weeks at a time—don't you know that they are bound to get morbid and imagine all sorts of things about themselves and each other? That is why so many farmers' wives go insane."

"But what can I do?" Lot asked, a look of terror in his face. "I've tried to get her to go to places with me, but I can't."

"I'll tell you," said Maria decisively. "The first nice day take her out over the farm and spend the day. I'll see to things while you are gone, and I'll put up a lunch for you. Show her all you are doing and plan to do. Take her to the pretty places and, most of all, make love to her as though your life depended on it."

"I don't believe she'd go. I couldn't persuade her. You've no idea how set she is."

Maria looked at her brother scornfully. "Perhaps you never heard of such a thing as strategy."

She turned away and walked out of the barn.

For a long time he stood looking at his Grandfather Stetson's old covered wagon. It had been considered an elegant affair in its day, but now it was seldom taken out except when some of the children came home at Thanksgiving or for short visits.

He took out his jackknife and opened it, felt of the edge, then got into the wagon and knelt down on the seat. Very carefully, and following the thread in the cloth, he cut a slit two inches long in the back of the seat. He picked at the cotton batting stuffing with the point of his knife. Then he let the flap go back in place, the cotton batting showing a little all along the cut. "That looks very natural," he muttered.

The next morning Lot spoke to his sister when Eunice was in another room. "Just as soon as the dew gets off some," he said, and she nodded with a look of comprehension. Soon after breakfast she carried to the barn a large covered basket, a demijohn of cold tea, a shawl and her sister-in-law's sunbonnet. These Lot helped her stow away under the back seat.

At 9 o'clock Lot came into the house. "I'm going to start off with the old covered wagon in a little while," he said, "and I find there's a tear or a cut in the back of the seat. Do you suppose you could mend it?"

Eunice went to get her workbasket. She found a piece of green cloth and pulled some ravelings from it; then she went out and got into the covered wagon and set quietly and patiently to work.

Lot watched her furtively from the barn. When he thought she was nearly half through he began harnessing with feverish haste. What if she should get through too soon? She looked around as he backed the horse into the shafts.

"I'm not quite through yet, Lot," she said mildly.

"Don't hurry," he answered. He waited with the reins in his hand until she had taken the last stitch; then he jumped in, sat down beside her and spoke to the horse. Eunice half started to her feet, but he laid his hand gently on her arm, and she sank back again.

"We are going to ride over the farm," he said quietly.

He drove on, talking rapidly about his plans, recalling incidents of the haymaking and speaking of the getting in of the ensilage.

Eunice was silent, and in spite of his lively chatter Lot was anxious.

In the middle of the pasture Lot stopped the horse and glanced about. Some of the cows were feeding near, and they lifted their heads to look with big, inquiring eyes.

"Pretty good looking cattle, I call them," he said proudly. He paused. His face was quiet, white and agitated, and he did not dare look at his wife.

"I always thought an awful lot of Buttercup," said Eunice in her sweet, gentle voice. "I liked her looks so well that I learned her to drink and took all the care of her myself."

"Yes," he said, "I remember, and it was a good thing that you did take charge of her. She's made a fine cow." His voice grew curiously husky, and he spoke almost sharply to the horse, "Get up, Nell."

As they went slowly through the pasture the cows one by one dropped their noses to their feeding again. Eunice gazed about her eagerly, a new light in her face. "Oh," she sighed contentedly, "it is a lovely day."

The cart path was very rough, and the wagon bounced and pitched along, the overhanging bushes and young trees brushing against its top and sides. Eunice laughed like a child and now and then gave an involuntary little scream.

Lot laughed too. "I guess I'll have to put my arm around you," he said. And he drew her close, driving with his free hand.

"Isn't this fun?" she laughed. "And it won't hurt the wagon, either. How did you happen to think of such a nice idea?"

"Why didn't I think of it years ago?" he returned evasively. "I ought to have, with the poor little wife kept at home with a weak ankle."

"I have wanted to see the farm awfully," she said, nestling up to him as his arm went around her again, "but I didn't see how I could, and I never expected to."

Suddenly she impulsively threw her arms about his neck and buried her face on his shoulder with a little sob.

"It's awful silly," she murmured, "for folks as old as we are to act so spoony, but I—thought—I'd got a notion that you'd got all over caring anything about me, and I'm so glad to find it isn't so."

As for Lot, he held his wife close, and in his heart was a great joy.

Obstinacy.

"One of the most remarkable cases in my experience," said a country doctor, "was an old woman in a fisherman's hut on the Carolina shore. It was a long, dreary drive of ten miles, and when I reached the place I found that the only occupant besides the sick woman was a skit of a girl, who was utterly worn out by weeks of care and nursing. I examined the patient and found every sign of early dissolution. Her pulse was growing feebler, and it was only a question of a few hours, in my mind, before the end would come. The idea of the girl being left alone in that hut touched me, and I decided to remain with her, even though the unexpected happened and the old lady lived through the night. The men of the hut were fishermen, and they would probably be back the next day. So I sat with the girl in the corner of the room and told her what I intended to do.

"'Won't she get well?' asked the girl after I had explained as mercifully as I could.

"'No,' I replied, 'she will not get well. She will die tonight.'

"Just then there was a feeble movement on the bed, and a thin, angry voice drawled out: 'It ain't so. I won't die. I expect to eat the goose that eats the grass off of your grave.'

"Oh, yes. She's quite well now, and she does not hesitate to tell me how much she likes goose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dickens and His Work.

Light is thrown upon the unfinished condition of Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood" by the following story, told by a surviving friend:

"I ventured to ask him what method he pursued in the composition of works and if they were all completed before going to press. 'By no means,' he replied. 'They are not written beyond the part that is to be published at a given time. But the plot, the motive of the book, is always perfected in my brain for a long time before I take up my pen. I add a great deal to the original idea as I work on, but as I always know the end of the beginning I can safely commit my work in parts to the press.'"

"'But suppose,' I stammered, with just a little awe and wonderment in my voice (only the temerity of youth could have induced me to say such a thing), 'suppose you died before all your work was written?'"

"'A-h!' he said, and paused, then added. 'That has occurred to me at times,' and again the long, future piercing look seemed to be penetrating the golden haze. Then he turned his kindly glance on me and said cheerfully, 'One can only work on, you know—work while it is day.'"

They Agreed.

To his valet no man is a hero. Even his caddie is apt to hold the highest in very low estimation. The latter discovery was made the other day by a certain legal luminary who already had quite a modest opinion of his own abilities, though he has been for many years an ornament of the bench and is himself the son of a judge. During his off days he usually divides his energies between golf and dairy farming. On the occasion in question it happened to be golf, and not being in his usual form he made a very bad foozle.

He gazed incredulously at the ground, looked inquiringly at his club and having apparently solved the difficult problem faced his caddie and exclaimed with emphasis, "Well, I am an ass!" The caddie, startled out of a dream of bliss, was too well trained to contradict his employer, so he solemnly replied, "Yes, sir!" The man of law had overlooked the other's existence, but this candid opinion recalled him to earth. He looked at the caddie and the caddie looked at him for a brief second. Then both burst into a shout of laughter. The humor of the situation had struck them simultaneously.—London Tatler.

The Charge at Marengo.

As an instance of magnificent blundering, sung by poets and treasured in story, no record is ever likely to come up to that of the Light brigade in the Crimean war. But, perhaps, most remarkable was Kellerman's charge at Marengo. From daybreak till late afternoon the Austrians had the best of it. Desaix said to Napoleon, "The battle is completely lost," adding, "but it is only 4 o'clock. There is time to gain another one." A little later Kellerman with 400 mounted sabers—carefully hidden by a vineyard till the fateful moment arrived—dashed out upon the flank of the Hungarian infantry. The onset was irresistible. Two thousand imperial soldiers surrendered with their general, and the French, inspired to a final effort, wrested a brilliant victory—unique, even in Napoleon's career—from their opponents.

A STRANGE LEGEND.

Origin of a Curious Custom Observed by Bulgarian Masons.

Nine master masons who were engaged in building a citadel in the time of the Voivoid Neagoe found on returning to their work each morning that the portion of the wall which they had completed the day before had fallen to pieces during the night and was lying in a heap of ruins in the ditch. Manol of Curtea, the head mason, informed his comrades one morning that a voice from heaven had warned him in his sleep the night before that their labors would continue to come to naught unless they all swore on that very morning to immure in the structure the first woman, be it wife, mother, daughter or sister, who should arrive with the morning meal of one or either of them. They all took the oath, and the last man had hardly been sworn when Manol's own wife appeared, carrying her husband's breakfast. The oath was kept, and the woman, known in the legend as "Flora of the Fields," was murdered and her blood and flesh incorporated with the wall of masonry.

A curious practice of the Bulgarian masons (the above scene is laid in Bulgaria), which survives to this day, testifies to the vitality of the legend. To insure the solidity of the houses they build they measure with a reed the shadow of the first person who passes after the digging of the foundation has been completed. When the foundation is commenced, this reed is buried under the first rock, usually the cornerstone.

Old Maids and Climate.

The unenlightened frequently make the mistake of thinking that lack of opportunity is responsible for the existence of single women, but I lay most of it to climate. The New England climate is not conducive to matrimony or even lovemaking. And even after the crucial moment has passed and the single woman has drifted from girlhood to spinsterhood, a cold climate, raw winds, chill rains and snow tend to increase the loneliness of it. There may be old maids in the south, but I never heard of them being called by that name. I have known some single women, schoolteachers, anywhere from seventeen to fifty, and some of their grown boy pupils were eternally and perennially in love with them. A single woman who has made up her mind not to marry has a hard time to keep her resolution in the south, for she is always assailed to break it. The very climate breathes love. Ah, there it is! As I said, old maids are surely a matter of climate.—Harper's Bazar.

The Polar Bear.

The animal par excellence which the hunter, the amateur arctic traveler and the young explorer hopes and dreams of killing is the polar bear. The reason for this is the magnificent trophy which the great white skin makes. This feeling was no less strong centuries ago than it is now, for we read that one of the early Icelandic sea rovers to Greenland quarreled with and killed his bosom companion because he had slain a large bear instead of leaving that honor to his chief. With the modern repeating rifle the bear stands no chance against the hunter, no matter under what conditions they may meet, and if he is hunted in the native way, with the assistance of dogs, there is hardly more excitement than in killing musk oxen, except for the wild, helter skelter dash over the ice to overtake the animal after the dogs strike the hot scent.—Leslie's Monthly.

London's Highest Level.

The highest part of the city of London is the middle of Pannier alley, running between Newgate street and Paternoster row. Ben Jonson tells us that in his day this was a stand for tripe sellers and earlier still for bakers. The exact spot is indicated on the east wall by a stone monument consisting of a boy sitting upon a pannier, or baker's basket, holding in his hand a bunch of grapes. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

When ye have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.
Aug. 27, 1688.

Were we to include Greater London then Hempstead heath would be the spot, for it is 424 feet above sea level, or 84 feet above the cross of St. Paul.—London Standard.

Taking Care of the Heart.

A physician writes: "Life would be prolonged by a little more attention to the heart, by paying a little respect to the most faithful servant we ever have. Much good might be done also if parents would teach their children the danger of overtaxing the heart. They should teach them to stop and rest a few moments during their play when they begin to feel the violent throbbing of their hearts against the chest wall."

The Whichness of the Throb.

Susie Jackson (ecstatically)—Oh, mudder, I'ze shuah Absalom lubs me, 'cause when he presses me toe his bosom I kin feel his heart t'robbin' violently!

Mrs. Jackson—Humph! Am yo' shuah it ain't his dollar watch yo' feel t'robbin'? I got fooled dat way mahsaif on youah fadder.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Reluctant Request.

Edgar—Ethel, I've left my umbrella downtown.

Ethel—Well?

Edgar—I'm afraid you'll have to lend me the gold handled umbrella you gave me on my birthday.—Detroit Free Press.

A Notable Occasion.

"Quite a stormy time at the theater this week," said the jocose manager.

"What happened?"

"The lightning calculator performed to thunders of applause."—Washington Star.

Troubles of a Manager.

Assistant (in menagerie)—Sir, it rains.

Keeper—Good heavens! Don't waste a minute, but take in that zebra. His color runs.—London Standard.

Forbearance on Both Sides.

Harry—You and Tom appear to be the best of friends.

Dick—Why shouldn't we be? We never say what we think of each other.—Boston Transcript.

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Heading Off A Country Girl

[Original.]

Matilda Thorne, a country girl, received an invitation for a visit to her fashionable aunt, Mrs. Treaddle, who lived on Central Park East, New York. The reason for the invitation was that Matilda was down on a list of legatees for small amounts in the will of Schermerhorn Wrinkle, Mrs. Treaddle's brother, a bachelor, aged forty, and he insisted on seeing each and every beneficiary. When Matilda arrived, Mrs. Treaddle, struck with her beauty and freshness, was at once terrified lest her brother might fall in love with and marry her. Since the bulk of his fortune was to descend to Mrs. Treaddle that lady determined to head off any such possible result.

"Matilda," said the lady, "it is my duty to warn you against the men of New York. Now, there's my own brother, Schem. He has no conscience whatever in the matter of a conquest. He has broken many a girl's heart and would not scruple to send you back to your home jilted and disgraced."

"Oh, aunty, how awful!"

"Shun him as you would an adder."

"But he is my uncle."

"Only by marriage. Even if he were I don't think that would protect you."

This was not the only safeguard Mrs. Treaddle threw out against a possible loss of her brother's fortune. She gave Reginald Knickerbocker, a young profligate with whom she had been carrying on an intimacy, instructions to win Matilda, thus preventing Schermerhorn from doing so. Having thus put up the bars, Mrs. Treaddle felt that she had her brother corralled.

"Oh, aunty," said Matilda a few days later, "what do you think? Mr. Knickerbocker— But I suppose I shouldn't tell."

"Tell me everything, my dear."

"Last night when we were alone he put his arm around me."

"Indeed? What else did he do?"

"Oh, I don't like to tell!"

"You'd better, my dear."

"He kissed me."

"Well, my child, I congratulate you. Mr. Knickerbocker is one of the few fine young men in New York fashionable society."

"Isn't it nice that he's not like Uncle Schem?"

"Very nice. I trust it will all come out right and you will be very happy."

A few evenings later Matilda entered the drawing room in her accustomed timid and noiseless way and saw Mrs. Treaddle and Reginald Knickerbocker sitting on a tete-a-tete hand in hand. The young man dropped the hand and the lady looked annoyed, but she was equal to the emergency.

"Come here, Matilda. I want to congratulate you. Reggy has been giving me his confidence just as if he were my own son. He has told me of your engagement to him."

"Oh, Aunty, how you surprise me! Mr. Knickerbocker hasn't proposed to me." She turned away with her eyes bent on the floor.

"That is only because I was waiting," said Knickerbocker, rising and advancing toward her, "for your aunt's permission."

"Why for that?" asked Matilda, turning a pair of wondering eyes on him.

"You dear, unsophisticated child," said her aunt. "In our set it is not considered honorable for a man to win a girl without permission."

"Oh, dear!" said Matilda, a mild disappointment in her voice and eyes. "I'm so sorry! You can't be honorable. You didn't have permission when you kissed me."

Mrs. Treaddle put a lace bordered handkerchief to her lips to hide a smile. "Mr. Knickerbocker had my permission to win you from the first," she said.

Matilda looked as if she were going to cry.

"What's the matter, child?" asked her aunt.

"Oh, nothing! Mr. Knickerbocker asked permission to love me, then loved me afterward. Suppose he hadn't got permission. I should have been so disappointed." And, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, she glided out of the room.

A month passed, during which Reginald Knickerbocker spared no pains to make himself agreeable and restore confidence. One day Schermerhorn Wrinkle asked his sister if she were not going to give Matilda an entertainment.

"An entertainment! Why, Schem, are you crazy? Give that country chit an entertainment? It would cost me my position in society."

But Schem insisted on it in a quiet way as the proper thing, and Mrs. Treaddle did not dare disobey. On the evening of the entertainment Matilda appeared in a simple white dress, with a rose in her hair, looking for all the world like a Greek statue. Mrs. Treaddle was astonished to find that the introduction instead of injuring her reputation in society had made a hit.

"Mrs. Treaddle," said a guest, "what a pity to introduce such a charming girl and announce her engagement at the same time!"

"Her engagement!" stammered the hostess. "Ah, yes—to Mr. Knickerbocker. But I did not know it was to be given out tonight."

"Mr. Knickerbocker! Why, your brother announced to me himself that he was engaged to Miss Thorne." Mr. Wrinkle at the moment was passing with Matilda on his arm and heard the remark.

"Martha," he said to his sister, "this little chit has consented to be my wife."

"Little chit! Little cat! She has been stealing around like a snake and deceived us all."

"Not at all," said Matilda, with dignity. "You deceived yourselves."

ELIZA B. ARTHUR.

Good Breeding.

The most potent factor of good breeding, the prime element, the first principle, is nothing more or less than a condensation of the Golden Rule—unselfishness, kindness of heart. Nothing else can ever gain superiority over this great and noble trait of character, and without this no person can possess real refinement, perfect dignity and truly good breeding. Nothing can supply its loss, and nothing can buy its possession. Unselfishness is inherent, innate and inborn. It is a mysterious something that cannot well be defined and yet may be found in the poorest and humblest as well as in the loftiest and noblest of all God's creatures.

Good breeding is plainly a matter of instinct, an inborn possession that is one of the greatest of treasures. Many possess it, but a great many more fail to attain it through lack of the necessary qualities essential to its acquisition.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A Foible of the Great Rachel.

"Look at the presents Rachel, the great actress, made to every one," say the panegyrists. They forget to mention that an hour afterward she regretted her generosity, and from that moment she never left off scheming how to get the thing back. Every one knew this. Beauvallet, to whom she gave a magnificent sword one day, instead of thanking her said: "I'll have a chain put to it, mademoiselle, so as to fasten it to the wall of my dressing room. In that way I shall be sure that it will not disappear during my absence."

Alexandre Dumas the younger, to whom she made a present of a ring, bowed low and placed it back on her finger at once. "Allow me to present it to you in my turn, mademoiselle, so as to prevent you asking for it." She did not say nay, but carried the matter with one of her fascinating smiles.—"An Englishman In Paris."

Sacred Teeth.

Teeth of all kinds have been worshiped and are, in fact, venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian temple, the Cingalese worship the tooth of a monkey, while the elephant's and shark's teeth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar and Tonga islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued very highly, but in a war with the Portuguese they lost the holy grinder and had to pay $3,500,000 to get it back again. It is now kept in a small gold box, inclosed in six other boxes, in one of the many temples of the Siamese capital.

What the Editor Advised.

An authoress of some note in her day once asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish. In her letter she said:

"If the work is not up to the mark, I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire, and should you think this not likely to succeed I can bring out something else."

Having read over several pages of the manuscript, the editor returned it with the following brief remark:

"Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."

A Poor Lot.

The Modern Enoch Arden—Well, it is a little more than twenty years since I went away, and now I find that you have married and buried two husbands during my absence from home.

Mrs. Arden—Three, not two, Enoch.

Enoch Arden—Ah, well! They must have been a pretty poor lot. I notice that none of 'em mended the garden gate that was broken when I left.

Flattened Out.

Heviwayte—I thought of a very funny joke in my sleep last night, but when I woke up somehow it was as flat as a pancake.

Litewayte—No wonder. I suppose you slept on it.

It Was On.

Mistress—I told you half an hour ago to turn on the gas in the parlor, Bridget.

Bridget—Sure, an' I did, mum. Don't yez shmell it?—London Fun.

Dangerous.

The Maid—Shall I dust the bric-a-brac, mum?

The Mistress—Not today, Nora. I don't think we can afford it.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1903

☞ It begins to look now as if Woburn would succeed in getting its boulevard to connect with Mystic Valley Parkway in Winchester. While our town would be benefitted by the boulevard, as it would pass through the west part of the town, yet Winchester has taken no hand in promoting the success of the scheme. As Woburn is paying between $4000 and $5000 annually for park assessments, and receives no benefit whatever she is entitled to recognition.—*Winchester Star*.

It does begin to look as though Woburn would get a boulevard one of these days. She needs it bad enough, mercy knows, and we do hope her fond anticipations will soon be realized.

☞ Before and at the Representative convention the friends of Mr. E Q Brackett insisted, strenuously, that he was the only Republican that could be elected, and claimed his nomination on that ground. The absurdity of their position was made clearly apparent by the election.

☞ Reading Republicans can no longer complain of indifference on the part of Woburn Republicans toward Reading Representative candidates. The latter point with pride to the handsome support they gave Mr. Nowell last Tuesday.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. Blume—Mort. Sale.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—For Sale.
J. E. Boutwell—Clipping.
A. F. Converse—Citation.

— Dr. H. C. Hartwell of Greenville, N. H., visited friends here last week.

— Please bear in mind the date of the Towanda Minstrel Show—March 11, 12.

— There was a fine supper and play in the Unitarian church vestry last evening.

— Innitou canoe club are to give a dramatic entertainment on March 27 in Music Hall.

— On April 15, Clan Mackinnon, O. S. C, are to give a grand concert in Music Hall.

— The City Council meet in adjourned session this evening. Ald. Brady will be on hand.

— The Soloist at the Unitarian Church, Sunday, March 8, will be Mrs. A. C. Barrell of Boston.

— The long warm rain last week robbed the earth of its mantle of snow and put an end to sleighing.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys rubbers 50c.

— First Congregational Parish Fair will be held April 16th and 17th. Supper both evenings. The usual attractions.

— There was no trouble with the weather election day. It could not possibly have had an adverse effect on the vote.

— Considering that it was a special election the Republicans of Woburn did the handsome thing by Mr. Nowell last Tuesday.

—Dr. March had a fine audience last Sunday evening, and his sermon was a benediction. Those who failed to hear him missed a treat.

— On March 12 the Social Benevolent Society of the Orthodox church will provide one of their famoue suppers for the delectation of the public.

— The Robbins Drug Co. make an offer in their advertisment of this week which ought to be read by everybody. It is made in plain terms, and is good thing.

— Captain William C. Parker and lady are entertaining Capt. Parker's sister, Mrs. J. Herbert Richardson of Erie, Pa., at their home, 46 Arlington Road.

— Levi Odiorne of Malden, was rescued from drowning in Dell Pond, Winchester, last Saturday. The doctors think it was a case of attempted suicide.

— Mrs. Charles A. Bonelli of Westland Avenue, Boston, spent last Wednesday with friends in this city. The family were former residents of Woburn.

— Capt. J. Henry Symonds, a former resident of Woburn, highly respected by everybody, has changed his address from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Oradell, N. J.

— Under the personal management of William E. McLaughlin the Robbins Drug Company, successors to J. W. Huntley Co, are forging right ahead in a business way.

— "The Spinster's Return" is to be given by the W. R. C, 84, at Post 33 Hall this evening, March 6. It is a fine play, and will be well acted. Help the Women's Relief Corps.

— The King's Daughters are to have a sale of aprons, fancy goods, and candy in the vestry of the First Congregational church on Thursday afternoon and evening, March 12.

— O My! Have you seen the Crombie Boys' new double runner? It is the best one ever seen in Woburn, and was a present from their grandfather who lives in Waltham.—X.

—The Johnson estate at Cummingsville has been sold to Mr. F. E. Gustin who will carry it on as an adjunct to his present farm, and later will transfer his greenhouses there from Winchester.

— Capt. C. P. Jayne, Superintendent of the Sailors' Snug Harber at Quincy, came over from there last Tuesday to vote for Mr. Nowell for Representative.

— The Woburn Association of Congegational Ministers are to have a luncheon today at the Hotel Bellevue, when covers will be laid for some twenty-five guests.—*Boston Journal, March 3.*

— The Socialist Labor party are getting to cut quite a figure in the politics of this city. The fuel situation for the last four or five months has had a strong tendency to increase their number.

— Mr. George Buchanan, Chairman of the Board of Health, is housed with the grip.

— Mrs. Dr. S. W. Kelley arrived home yesterday restored to her normal conditions of health.

— The city has obtained an injunction against the sale of the real estate of the late Robert J. W. Phinney which was auctioned off last month.

— It is stated on what seems good authority that the heirs of the late Dr. Georpe S. Dodge have sold their business block on Main street for a good sum.

— Mr. J. E. Boutwell is a scientific horse clipper and is patronized accordingly. He does the work to the entire satisfaction of customers, and charges just a fair price for it.

— John W. Johnson Esq., Trustee, advertises for sale the Robert B. Eaton homestead on Main street and Eaton avenue. It is a desireble piece of residence property, and will doubtless meet with a ready sale.

— The Towanda Minstrel Show is to be given next Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 11 and 12. The managers promise a great entertainment, and will, no doubt, make good their promise.

— It is a wonder that there are not more errors like the one of the Democratic City Committee in the Jones affair. A man ought to be a Lawyer, or Civil Engineer to guide a Committee these times.—X.

— Winchester and Arlington, two of the best towns in the State, went strong for "No License" at their town meeting last Monday. Why not, with two such stalwart champions as the *Star* and *Advocate* to boom it ?

— Helen Sylvester, a young girl of this city of remarkable histrionic gifts and accomplishments, appeared last evening with 11 other misses in a vaudeville at the Children's Theatre in Boston, of which she is a member.

— Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., are to pay a visit to Centralville Lodge of Lowell on Wednesday evening, March 11. A special electric car will be provided for the members, to leave the Lodge here at 7 o'clock p. m. Fare for round trip, 40 cents.

— The annual First Parish Fair will throw open its doors to the public about the middle of April. It is proposed by the managers to beat all former efforts to raise funds for church and parish needs, by means of fairs. Fairs mean hard work.

— J. T. Freeman & Co. have been enjoying a good trade in leather machines with leather manufacturers in California, of late. They have built quite a number and shipped them, with men to set them up, to the Pacific coast in the last few months.

— The Trustees of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund will provide for a closing lecture in the present Course which was to have been given by Frank Chapman Just when it is to be has not yet been decided on but the public will be satisfied, and no fault will be found.

— It is reported that the Woman's Club are contemplating the establishment of the District Nurse system here, which is working so well in many Massachusetts towns and cities. Community at large hope they will prosecute the scheme to a successful issue.

— When the temperature fell to below zero right after Candlemas skepticism respecting groundhog weather predictions reigned triumphant. But that did not faze the animal any; he soon got a purchase on the weather, and has been doing good work ever since.

— "March came in like a lamb" and now it behooves people to make special note of its exit and see if it "goes out like a lion." We confess to a weak faith in the old rule, and yet a feeling, akin to superstition, compels us to watch the outcome of many of these ancient sayings.

— The concert given by the Tufts College Glee Club and Mandolin Club in Lyceum Hall last Friday evening was well attended and gave good satisfaction. They proved themselves to be excellent instrumental and vocal performers and sustained in good shape the popular estimate of their ability. X.

— Ald. Brady must derive a heap of satisfaction in hammering away in opposition to the new schoolhouse that a majority of the Council and about everybody in the city are in favor of building. We read in the 10th chapter and 5th verse of the "Acts of the Apostles" that "it is hard to kick against the pricks."

— The Concert given by the Tufts College Mandolin and Glee Club last Friday evening was a musical treat and highly enjoyed by those present. At the conclusion of the concert the seats were removed and dancing was indulged in until 12 o'clock by a large number of the young peole. The verdict of all was a fine concert.

— Mr. George E. Fowle has been awarded the contract for building the city pesthouse, which is a guarantee that the work will be well done. It is to be located on the city farm and cost about $2600. A house for the detention of victims of contagious diseases is needed, and Mr. Fowle will give the city a good one.

— The idea prevails quite generally that the presentation of "The Spinster's Return" by the W. R. C. 84, at Burbank G. A. R. Hall this, Friday evening, will be an entertainment well worth patronizing. Excellent talent has the play in hand, and rehearsals have demonstrated that it is a good one and will be handsomely performed.

— Mr. James E. Boutwell of this city is naturally proud of the three prizes which his pair of pointers won, in competition with the best dogs the world could produce, at the Kennel Club show in Boston last week. All, except a few fireside sportsmen interested in cheap dogs, are congratulating Mr. Boutwell on his success.

— A meeting of the City Council held last Monday evening, the appointments by Mayor Feeney of Hon. Edward F. Johnson and Mr. Frank B. Richardson Library Trustees were confirmed. The Finance Committee were requested to report an order of $3,500 to pay for the roadroller. An adjourned meeting will be held this evening.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard, **50c and $1.00**

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hither-to unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Clearance Sale

Before Stock Taking. Big Bargains.

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Sanford's Ginger, 50c size, 28c. Cuticura Ointment, 50c. size, 40c. Father John's Medicine 42c and 80c. Maltine Preparations, 79c. Malted Milk, 38c., 75c., $3 00. Flax Seed Meal, 1 lb. 10c. Castor Oil 2 oz. 5c., pint 27c.; and all other Drugstore Goods at correspondingly low prices.

Robbins Drug Company.

(SUCCESSOR TO HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ **With every purchase of 25c. or more, upon the presentation of this Adv. we will give you FREE, a 10c. package of our Headache Powders. They will cure when everything else fails. Warranted free from Opium, Morphine, Antipyrine and all other injurious drugs.**

GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— Rev. Fr. James J. Gilday, formerly of St. Charles Church of this city, has resigned as pastor of St. Michael's Church of North Andover, on account of ill health.

—The Boston University Glee Club, assisted by Mr. W. L. Lawton, reader, gave a concert in the Methodist church last Wednesday evening. A varied program was given and well received, the boys having to respond to many encores.

— The Woburn High School Girls' Basket Ball Team defeated the girls' team of the Melrose High School at the Melrose Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium last Tuesday night by a score of 10 to 1. The game was hotly contested until the last five minutes of the second half, when the visiting team made a spurt and scored four baskets in rapid succession.

— We would not for all the world accuse Mrs. Arthur Fowle of neglect of duty to the JOURNAL, but it is true, nevertheless, that she has failed utterly to report the arrival of the first bluebird of the season, as has been her wont, and we are at a loss to account for her tardiness. However, there is time enough yet for her to perform this important duty.

— The Woburn Woman's Club have been doing splendid work this season and is just now in midwinter success. The various lectures, under strong committees, have been presented by men and women of National reputation. The Club are now preparing to give a Military Whist on the evening of March 19th for the purpose of raising money for the Georgia Model School to be supported by the Mass. Clubs. It is planned to make the affair quite a social event.—G. L. N

— Ellis & Buswell, the well known contractors of this city and Boston, have contracted to do a large amount of stone and concrete work for Mr. Whipple, landlord of Young's Hotel, the Parker House and the palatial Hotel Touraine, of Boston, on his large and elegant estate at Lexington, this spring. Mr. Whipple has planned to expend several thousand dollars in substantial improvements and beautifying his landed properiy in that old historic town, and Ellis & Buswell have been engaged to do the work.

— Mr. Joseph W. Huntley, until recently a member of the firm of J. W. Huntley & Co., druggists, of this city, died at the home of his sister in Lowell at 1 30 p. m., Wednesday, March 4, 1903, of consumption. Until taken ill about a year ago he was an unusually smart and active young business man and prominent in social circles. He was a leading member and officer in the Towanda Club. Pleasant, social and kind, he had many friends here who sincerely regret his death in the prime of life, and by whom he will be greatly missed.

— We were mightily cheered up last Friday afternooon by a friendly and social visit from our old and esteemed friend, and one of Winchester's leading citizens, Col. Nat. A. Richardson, who reported himself to the JOURNAL as in sound physical, mental and spiritual condition, which was fully corroborated by his hale and hearty looks. Years ago Col. Richardson was a valued writer of local historical sketches for the JOURNAL, which, he promised us, he would soon take up again and give the people some more early Woburn history. His storehouse of knowledge is filled to the rafters with it.

Mr. James T. Freeman is bedfast with the grip.

— The St. Charles minstrel show has been postponed to Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 22, 23.

— Major Henry C. Hall is now basking in the balmy breezes of the Sunny South. He has joined his friend, Capt. John P. Crane, the golf expert, at Pinehurst, N. C., and it is fair to presume that both of these estimable gentlemen are well and happy.

— The Woburn vote by Wards last Tuesday was as follows:

	Jones	McKeen	Nowell	O'Brien
Ward 1	124	7	97	37
Ward 2	123	3	132	42
Ward 3	170	5	119	44
Ward 4	125	1	130	40
Ward 5	60	3	73	2
Ward 6	31	8	105	12
Ward 7	31	0	60	11
Total	664	27	718	188
Reading	12	67	634	17
Total	676	94	1352	205

— About 12 o'clock last Thursday night week, Mr. David Gifford, recently of this city, a member of the firm of Brown & Gifford, ice dealers, had his farm buildings at Dunstable in this county, on the New Hampshire line, totally destroyed by fire. He had but lately bought the farm of 150 acres, with fine brick house, barns, and other buildings, for which he paid $10,000, intending to carry it on as a stock and milk farm. His family had not got fairly settled in their new home when the fire came and destroyed it. There was only small insurance on the property, so the loss falls heavily on Mr. Gifford. It is suspected that the fire was of incendeary origin.

— "The Spy of Gettysburg" was given in excellent shape under the auspices of Charles B. Winn Camp of S. of V. at Lyceum Hall last Monday evening. A large audience were present and highly enjoyed one of the best dramatic entertainments that the people of this city have had the privilege of attending for a long while. In the audience was a large sprinkling of G. A. R. men and members of the Phalanx, whose presence was appreciated by the Sons. The music furnished by the Highland Orchestra was, as usual, the best and added not a little to the enjoyment of the play. The parts were assigned with good judgment and acted in a manner equal to the best efforts of veteran playactors. The entertainment was a complete success from every point of view, as it well deserved to be. The Sons of V. did finely and were worthy of the cordial greeting they received from the public.

— Judge Johnson has filed in the Supreme Court his report on the inquest held concerning the death of John L. Loftus, of Arlington, who was found dead on Salem Street in Woburn, last fall. The report concludes as follows: "I find that the indirect, if not the direct, cause of his death, was the excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquor which was furnished him and his companion on that Sunday; and, so far as any unlawful act contributed to the death of the deceased, it was the unlawful act of those who furnished liquor to him and his companion, when, on the testimony of the latter, they were in a condition of intoxication, and unable to take care of themselves"

— Jubilee services were held at St Charles church last Tuesday evening in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo XIII They were conducted by Reverends James J. Keegan, Henry A. Walsh and James J. Doherty. Fine music was furnished by the church choir, with several solos. Rev. Fr. Walsh gave an interesting address on Pope Leo's life. A large congregation were in attendance.

— No public enterprise has been inaugurated by the present City Council that commends itself so strongly, or appeals with such force to the hearts of the taxpayers, as the measures looking to the ultimate extinction of the Brown Tail Moth in this city. Failing to check the progress of the Gypsy variety of the alleged pest, and finding it much less harmful, except to the public treasury, than was supposed, the Legislature wisely abolished the Commission, and thus threw a small army of good and worthy citizens out of fat jobs. Just then the Brown Tail put in an appearance and bid fair to relieve the situation. Men who were willing to make sacrifices at $3 50 a day and perquisites took courage. But the moth still menaces the peace and property of this community, and jobs at killing them loom up splendidly in the near future. Always an active leader in every good word and deed, Woburn has taken hold of the important task of wiping them out of existence and will soon be in at the death of every mother's son of a moth, or perish in the attempt. It is a cause worth undertaking, and will doubtless make votes for somebody next fall.

READ IT THROUGH.

'Twould Spoil this Story to Tell It in The Headlines.

To use an eighteen century phrase, this is an "o'er true tale." Having happened in a small Virginia town in the winter of 1902, it is a story very much of the present. Up to a short time ago Mrs. John E. Harmon, of Melfa Station, Va., had no personal knowledge of the rare curative properties on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. "Last January," she says, "my baby took a dreadful cold and at one time I feared she would have pneumonia, but one of my neighbors told me how this remedy had cured her little boy and I began giving it to my baby at once and it soon cured it I heartily thank the manufactures of Chamlain's Cough Remedy for placing so great a cure within my reach. I cannot recommend it too highly or say too much in its favor. I hope all who read this will try it and be convinced as I was." For sale by all druggists.

The Elections.

At a tpecial election held by Woburn and Reading last Tuesday to choose a Representative to the General Court, Dr. Daniel S. Jones of Woburn, the Democratic candidate, got just one half as many votes as Mr. Charles H. Nowell of Reading, the successful Republican candidate. See figures below.

It was a quiet election and yet from the respectable size of the poll, it seems that considerable work was put into it by both sides. The Republicans did remarkable well, their vote, especially in Woburn, exceeding all expectations. The following is a summary of the vote:

R. Kelsie McKeen, S	27	67	94
Charles H. Nowell, R	718	634	1352
William H. O'Brien, S. L.	188	17	205
Daniel S. Jones, D.	664	12	676

The choice of Mr. Nowell to represent the 28th District in the present General Court was one of the very best that could have been made. Grimes, Roberts, Twombly and other leading Reading Republicans said he was the right man for the place, and the Party took their word for it, and elected him high and dry.

Mr. Nowell was born in Lowell about 60 years ago, but has lived in Reading for more than half that time, during which period he has held his present position as Paymaster of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

He served in the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment during the Civil War and is a member of Post 194, Reading. Reading has several times elected him Selectman and he is a Trustee of the Congregational Church,, President of the Y. M. C. A. of Reading and a member of the Cogruregational and Middlesex Clubs.

From The Sunny South.

Pell City, Ala., Feb. 27, 1903.

EDITOR HOBBS:—I have been down here in Alabama since Nov. 1902, and as things are beginning to turn my way after a long delay, I thought perhaps a few lines from the old tanner might be interesting to you.

On the 17th of November last, 2 1 2 tons of dynamite, together with 12 kegs of giant powder, exploded at the depot here, killing two and injuring eighteen persons, besides wrecking every building in town. My brick block (the best in town) suffered to the extent of about $1200 and has taken up all my time, and now have got it completed to my satisfaction, with the whole building let and occupied, rent to be paid in advance at a very liberal rental, $1200 a year.

The great Southern Railroad has a fine new depot about completed and on the other side of the tracks the Sea Board Air Line will build another fine depot.

The cotton mill will soon be in operation. It will be one of the most modern in the South and will be fitted with all the latest improvements. They will bleach their own goods as they have plenty of the purest water adapted for that purpose. It is their intention to start building another large mill, and also another large cotton seed mill. The mill that is about completed will cost about $750,000. The Drapers, Riellys, and others of Boston have a million behind this great enterprise, "and it must go."

Here is the county seat, the new court house, with a fine new bank building, brick and stone, and in operation. We have also the grand railroad centre of five trunk lines, the Coosa River and the Coosa Valley, cotton product 20,000 bales of long staple, the best that grows, except the Sea Island of South Carolina.

Pell City, 35 miles from Burmingham, the Pittsburgh of the South. Very good for Pell City. But again Fort Payne unexpected comes to the front and will start up her dormant industries again very soon and the beautiful little city, after a long sleep, will bloom once more. They have already started the ball in motion and the clay plant that cost $80,000 in 1890 will start up immediately. It was in operation for a short time in 1890 and made some fine samples of terracotta, drain pipe, fire brick, and sent some of their fine clay to Philadelphia and had returned a remarkable sample of a very fine china-ware, all finished and ready for the table.

Expect to be home in ten days and will be pleased to see you in person,

Hoping this will find you well and happy, from your friend, the Old Tanner.

JOHM MAXWELL.

You've Had The Grippe!!

Whitcher's Extract of Malt

will put you on your feet again.

15c. Bottle. 80c. half doz. $1.60 dozen.

A GATEWAY OF MYSTERY IS THRESHOLD OF WOMANHOOD

Perfect Development of Women Only Possible by Assisting Changes—Each a Momentous Occasion.

Assistance Necessary to Insure a Complete and Robust Womanhood—The Blood Should Carry Strength and Vitality to Nourish New and Strange Functions.

How many young girls there are who arrive at womanhood totally unprepared to withstand its peculiar drain on the vitality and utterly lacking in proper knowledge to make new conditions conform to rules of hygiene and health. On how understandingly this period of a young girl's life is met depends not only her future health, but her helpfulness as a robust woman.

Mothers with a thousand other cares and duties can hardly be blamed, yet there the blame belongs. This period of growth is usually rapid and is fraught with grave consequences. How many happy, buoyant and robust girls merge into a listless, ill and embittered womanhood ?

A new York specialist of considerable renown has been visited by thousands of mothers who sought advice to guide their daughters through this dangerous period. His experience cannot help but be of value and assistance to similarly interested mothers everywhere.

This eminent specialist invariably put his young patients on a tonic with wonderful blood-making nerve-strengthening and tissne-building properties. This prescription gave to the blood an impetus which sent it coursing through the veins, seething and bubbling with life and vitality and health; it gave to the nerves that strength and assistance which comes from perfect digestion and assimilation of the food; it gave to the muscle and tissues weight and flesh and fiber. The effect of the whole was a complete regeneration of the system and a perfect fortification against disease and weakness.

This prescription is now offered for sale by one reliable and reputable druggist in each community; it can be purchased under the name of VITONE TONIC. This prescription contains as ingredients the active principles of a number of positive-acting herbs; it contains no opium or narcotics in any form; it is non-alcoholic Yet its action is powerful and prompt; its effect is never failing; it revitalizes the nerves and blood with the fire of new life and renewed activity. VITONE TONIC is a great appetizer, creating a desire for food and preparing the stomach to take care of it properly.

Vitone Tonic is an elegant and finished product with an agreeably pleasant bitter and appetizing taste—there's health in every dose. For sale at 75 cents for large bottle by E. H. CALLAHAN, Druggist, Woburn, Mass.

Tremont Theatre, Boston, March 9, 1903.
Return of JAMES K. HACKETT with Winston Churchill's Great Play, THE CRISIS.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL

The line of high class attractions which Manager Stair and Wilbur are presenting at their Boston Music Hall continue to draw large audiences to that attractive theatre and at both the daily matinees and the evening performances the theatre is usually crowded, while at the Sunday evening concerts it is almost impossible to find available standing room. For the week commencing next Monday afternoon Messrs. Stair and Wilbur have booked Spencer and Aborn's big revival of "M'liss," a dramatization of Bret Harte's celebrated story of the same name made famous some years ago by the lamented Annie Pixley. The managers of "M'Liss," have made their production a handsome and effective one in every detail. The scenes are said to be very beautiful, as the scenic artists had something more than the ordinary to work from, the beautiful mountain section of California.

NEW MAJESTIC THEATRE.

"The Storks," that merry, lilting musical fantasy, which entered upon the third week of its run at the New Majestic Theatre, Boston, on Monday, and which is drawing immense audiences at every performance, is unquestionably one of the most fascinating novelties of the season. Richard Carle and Guy S. Steely have written a decidedly clever book and the music, which was composed by Frederic Chapin, is of that bright, refreshing and popular kind that invites encore after encore. Good voices, good acting, gorgeous scenic effects, a large and youthful pretty chorus galaxy and a lavish display of combine to provide an entertainment of the most diverting kind. While the matter of costumes and stage effects have been made a prominent part in the creation of "The Storks," the number of good voices and genuinely talented people in the production is exceptional. Richard Carle, the leading figure and co-author of the piece, has delightful gifts as a commedian, and, although he made his reputation as an actor years ago, nevertheless, nothing that he has ever done equals his work as the Bungloo of Bakteria, and quoting the catch phase of the piece, he is "all right."

THE COLONIAL.

The enormous receipts to which the Drury Lane spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," is now playing at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, bid fair to eclipse those realized in New York. Ever since the first performance at the Colonial, standing room has been at a premium, and it will be well for local theatregoers who intend journeying to the Hub to witness this attraction to write ahead so that satisfactory seat locations may be reserved for them. Owing to the tremendous number of requests daily received from out-of-town theatregoers, Klaw & Erlanger, in conjunction with Rich, Harris & Charles Frohman, have established a special mailing department at the theatre, which insures prompt attention to all mail orders. Added to this is the fact that seats may be secured three weeks in advance.

There is enough entertainment of every character in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" to satisfy the most extravagant desires. Comedy, romantic drama and spectacle are artistically blended in the wonderful conglomeration displayed in this novel entertainment. From the rise to the fall of the curtain something new is shown every moment, and laughter and exclamations of wonder follow in rapid succession.

The prices have been a strong magnet in attracting people to this spectacle. To think that a production of this sort, costing $150,000 to originally stage and employing five hundred persons in its interpretation, is shown at prices ranging from fifty cents to one dollar and a half, certainly makes the public feel that it is being favored.

"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," will run for many weeks yet to come. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees are given each week. The spectacle is a great one for the little folks, and thousands of the youngsters are each week in evidence at the theatre.

THE TREMONT.

Next Monday evening James K. Hackett will begin a return engagement at the Tremont Theatre, in Winston Churchill's play, "The Crisis." The first visit of the popular actor to the Tremont Theatre some two months ago, was notable for breaking the record of the Theatre for receipts at regular prices, for at each performance every seat and every inch of standing room was occupied, and hundreds of would-be auditors were turned away. While part of this really phenomenal success was due to the high esteem in which Mr. Hackett is held by Boston play-goers, and to the favor which the famous novel has gained throughout a wide circle of eager readers, a great deal of credit must be given to the admirable manner in which Mr. Hackett has presented the play, and the interesting material Mr. Churchill has supplied for him to handle. For while curiosity and friendly feeling may call forth a certain consideration, only highly satisfactory performance can continue to crowd the theatre. Mr. Hackett has gone further than might be expected of an actor manager, and has given a play in which other characters than his own are predominant in important scenes, and has looked only to the general effect with an evenly-balanced cast throughout in a play filled with striking scenes and character touches, letting the story run where it would be most effective and truest to what many of his auditors know were facts in those days. And this has its great weight with the audience, who, composed of what was formerly two great factions, found in the play, as they did in the book, that the opinions of both sides are fairly presented, and there is nothing either can be displeased with. There is more atmosphere of locale and of the opinions of the times in this play than any which has been recently produced here, and therein it truly reflects the novel.

Foul Air in Houses.

During the winter months all houses are more or less filled with foul air, or air from which the "Life" has been taken by heating. This should be remedied by cleaning throughout the house with Cabot's Sulpho-Napthol in the water instead of soap. When cleaning is not in progress a solution of Sulpho-Napthol left to stand in a cup, saucer or other vessel, a cloth rung out in a solution and suspended, or spraying a solution of Sulpho-Napthol about the room with an atomizer, will give splendid results. Sulpho-Napthol is a powerful destroyer of germ life, yet pleasant and safe to use for all such purposes.

Colds Are Dangerous.

How often have you heard it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is of such common occurrence that a cold, however slight, should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Sold by all druggists.

Larsen's Peas!

This is the name of the best brand of Peas on the market.

Larsen's Marraowfats 13 cents per can.

Larsen's Extra Sifted 17 cents per can.

Try them once and you will always want Larsen's.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

Towanda Minstrels

Lyceum Hall, Woburn.

Wed. & Thurs. Mar. 11 & 12

Curtain at 7.50 P. M.

Tickets now on sale at Whitcher's
Plenty of good seats left.

C. E. SMITH,
Real Estate Broker and Auctioneer.
Property cared for and Rents collected.
Office: 439 Main Street, Woburn.

Horse Clipping!

9 Clinton St, Woburn.

J. E. BOUTWELL & SON.

Drop a postal, we do the rest.

WOBURN Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank, will be held on

Thursday, March 12, 1903,

At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of making nominations for the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the Bank the ensuing fiscal year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

John C. BUCK, Secretary.

Furnished Room To Let

for single lady at 68 Eastern Ave., city. Board also, if desired.

For Sale.

The Homestead estate of the late Robert B. Eaton in Woburn, on Main street and on Eaton Avenue, comprising dwelling and about eight acres of land.

J. W. JOHNSON, Trustee.

Woman's Club.

Mr. J. L. Harbour will lecture before the Woman's Club, March 20, subject, "Blessed Be Humor."

This makes about the 70th time this lecture has been given before clubs and societies, and in subscription courses from Maine to Omaha.

Mr. Harbour finds the lecture field quite as congenial as his former metier, authorship and pecuniarly much more successful.

G. L. N. Rec. Sec.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Subject:—Links of Chance.
Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2nd. Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30 a. m.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Week-day service during Lent—Wednesday 7 30 p. m.; Friday 4.30 p. m.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
5.45 p. m., Communion service.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Preacher of Power."
Sunday School at 12 noon.
Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M.
At 7 P. M., evening service. Subject, "The Message to the Troubled."
Wednesday, at 4.30 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday at 7.30, Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 26, Thomas C. Kenney, aged 2 years, 4 months, 15 days.

Closing-Out
— OF —
ODD LOTS!

A few sizes in Ladies' Waists, this season's styles, but they have been handled and are out of shape a little; these are offered at very low price.

Ladies' Flannelette Night Robes and Ladies' Flannelette Skirts are now being sold very cheap. We need the counter room for new goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

To Cure

The Grip Cough

Take "Wild Cherry and Tar Cough Breaker."

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., DRUGGIST,

361 Main St.

TELEPHONE: 151-2 Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles H Harrington, Ellen J. Harrington, his wife in her right, and Hannah A. P. Plympton to Ansel F. Gurney, dated December 15, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2871, Fol. 354, will be sold at public auction on the first parcel of land hereinafter described, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, on

Friday, the thirteenth day of March, nineteen hundred and three,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the westerly side of Winn Street, containing 5680 square feet more or less, and bounded on the south by the Unitarian Church premises about seventy (70) feet; on the west by land of John Cummings about seventy-six (76) feet; on the north by land of said Cummings about seventy (70) feet; and on the east by said Winn street about seventy-six (76) feet. Being a part of the premises conveyed to Augustus Plympton by James F. Baldwin by deed dated April 29, 1830, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 298, Fol. 15. This parcel is subject to a prior mortgage of twenty-five hundred ($2500.00) dollars.

Also a certain other parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the easterly side of Hillside Avenue (a private way leading southerly from Bedford Street) and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the north-westerly corner of the granted premises on said Hillside Avenue at a point distant southerly about 100 feet from the southerly side line of Bedford Street, and at land of one Johnson; thence southerly by said Avenue 191 feet to land of one Ellis; thence easterly by said Ellis land 85 feet; thence turning and running northerly, bounded easterly by other land of grantors about 191 feet to land of said Johnson; thence westerly by said Johnson land 85 feet to the point of beginning.

Also a certain other parcel of land situated on the southerly side of Bedford Street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the north-westerly corner of the granted premises at said Bedford Street and at land of one Johnson; thence southerly by said Johnson land, and by other land of grantors about 291 feet to land of one Ellis; thence easterly by said Ellis land about 113 feet to land of owners unknown; thence northerly about 300 feet to said Bedford Street; thence westerly about 113 feet to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain other parcel of land situated on the westerly side of Hillside Avenue, in said Woburn, and containing two acres, more or less. Said parcel is also reached by an old road from the southerly side of Bedford street.

Also, a certain other parcel of land situated on the southerly side of Plympton street, in said Woburn, and bounded northerly by said Plympton street, there measuring 131.9 feet; easterly by land of one Nevins, there measuring 112.6 feet; southerly by land of one Jameson, there measuring 129.7 feet, and westerly by land of one Griffin, there measuring 120.7 feet, and containing 14,200 square feet, more or less.

Also, a certain other lot of land situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Plympton street and the easterly side of Scott street, containing 34,000 square feet, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwest corner of the granted premises at land of one Salmon and at Scott street; thence easterly by said Salmon's land about 182 feet to land of Eaton; thence southerly by said Eaton's land about 133 feet; thence easterly [illegible] of Prior [illegible] westerly [illegible] land of [illegible] land 100 [illegible]; thence [illegible] the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments, and subject to said prior mortgage of twenty-five hundred ($2500.00) dollars. Three hundred dollars to be paid in cash by the purchaser at time of sale.

HANNAH E. GURNEY,
Guardian for said Ansel F. Gurney.

February 18, 1903.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

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LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

For Sale.

On Main street, Woburn, business and residence property for less than the tax appraisal. Address 43 Boston Ave., West Medford, Mass.

FOR RENT.
Possession at Once.

Modern house of 9 rooms and bath; hot and cold water in laundry; [illegible] open fire-place; [illegible] stalls. Location: No. 16 Plympton street.

Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND, 408 Main street, Woburn

Business Cards.

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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
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C. E. COOPER & CO.,
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Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
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C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

OSBORN — GILLETTE.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer and James D. Tyler, trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644. Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, March 30th., 1903.

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Figg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Att'y-at-Law, 27 School St., Boston Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, Trustee,
under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagee.

Boston, March 3, 1903.

By C. E. SMITH. - - Auctioneer,
439 Main St., Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Wood of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Andover Savings Bank, dated June fourth, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Libro 2971, Folio 51, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on

Wednesday, the 25th day of March, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the house on the premises hereinafter described, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Easterly on Warren street one hundred sixty-three and 64-100 (163.64) feet, more or less; southerly on Sturgis street nine hundred fifteen and 9-100 (915.9) feet, more or less; westerly on Arlington Road, formerly called Canal street, one hundred ninety-eight (198) feet more or less; and northerly on a private way called Thompson street, eight hundred twenty and 98-100 (820.98) feet, more or less. Being lots numbered ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12), thirteen (13), fourteen (14), fifteen (15), sixteen (16), seventeen (17), eighteen (18), nineteen (19), twenty (20), twenty-one (21), twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25), twenty-six (26) and twenty-seven (27) on a Plan of Lands on Academy Hill, Woburn, Cyrus Thompson, Engineer, dated May, 1845, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Plan No. 55. Being the same premises conveyed to said George H. Wood by William H. Tucker by deed duly recorded, and subject to the restrictions referred to in said deed.

Terms: $600 down; further conditions at sale.

ANDOVER SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
By John F. Kimball, Treasurer.

February 27, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by William H. Richardson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of George H. Bancroft, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring sureties on his bond, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of March, A.D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Houghton & Dutton
OPTICAL PARLORS.
(9th Floor.)

Consult Our Optician.

When you unintentionally frown or squint in reading or looking at any object. When your eyes tire, ache, itch, burn, water, etc. When you are unable to tolerate a strong light. When print becomes blurred.

A most thorough, painstaking examination of your eyes, such as is practiced by the leading oculists and opticians is here made absolutely free.

If glasses are found necessary, we will furnish the same at the lowest prices in and around Boston. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

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TRADE MARK.

DOES NOT DESTROY LUSTRE

of varnished, polished or oiled floors, woodwork, furniture, etc., as soaps and powers do. It is also a better, more economical and practical cleaner. Kills all disease germs and insect life. Purifies the air. You can disinfect closets &c., with the dirty water.

Beware of all fraudulent imitations. Take only goods bearing above trade-mark.

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REPAIRING!

Antique Furniture made over and polished.

Special attention given to Repairing Antique Clocks.

J. F. LESLIE,
110 Montvale Ave., WOBURN, MASS.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah E. Fisher, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased.

WHEREAS, Frank L. Perry, executor of the will of said Sarah E. Fisher, and a creditor of said estate, has presented to said Court, his petition praying that the Court will examine and allow said claim as creditor of said estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering or mailing, postpaid copy thereof to each of you, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Gripp is still with us though showing signs of weakening.

Every week The *Star* demonstrates the value of newspaper portraits as a drawing card.

The annual town meeting was held last Monday. It was a quiet, harmonious affair—for Winchester.

A few days ago, Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside was spilled out of his sleigh, but escaped injury, and the sleigh ditto.

A special town meeting will afford our orators an opportunity to express their opinions on new schoolhouses, vetoes, school boards and other things of a vernal and interesting character.

The District Nurse system, one of the best institutions in this town, having the strongest claims on the pockets of the people, is overworked these days. It is found difficult to respond to some of the many calls made for nurses.

Our town has received a great setback on building the new schoolhouse from Governor Bates. Last week he vetoed, for several reasons, the bill that passed the Legislature enabling the town to borrow $110,000 with which to erect the building, and just what we are to do about it nobody knows. There will be a special town meeting to face the emergency, but how to do it is the purplexing question. The foundations of the house are nearly completed, no one seeming to have the least doubt but that authority would be given to borrow the money, and now we are in a peck of trouble. The Governor gives sound reasons for his veto, and our authorities should have taken them into account before beginning the work. Winchester has about reached the limit of her legal borrowing power. She owes nearly, or quite, $500,000 a sum altogether too large for a town of her size. Then, again the schoolhouse was not needed. The order to build it was rushed through by polltax payers and men who seldom pay their private bills, and was approved by the substantial men and largest property taxpayers of the place. The Governor don't believe in the present generation heaping up debts for future generations to pay; he believes in paying as you go; and there he is right. But the town has made a mess of it, and what is to be done about it?

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two-year-old child of Mr. P. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by all druggists.

If it's a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick recovery is certain. For sale by all druggists.

Burlington.

The annual Town Meeting will be held on Monday, March 16. Not much excitement has yet developed, although there is a chance for some. The Townhouse question is likely to create some feeling and increase the vote at the meeting.

Not many of the farmers in this fine old town will be obliged to take summer boarders this season to get money to keep the pot boiling. Fortunes cleared in selling wood this fall and winter have obviated the necessity for that, and enabled them to carry their heads as high as the next man. Some landscapes here may not be quite so attractive as formerly, but the possession of gold, and the music of its ring in their pockets, goes a long way towards making up for the loss of shady groves, and things. Our honest agricultural toilers have enjoyed a rich harvest from their woodlots this season, and I know of no one here who begrudges them their good fortune. Woburn folks are the only ones who grumble.

Literary Notices.

"It is idle to deny that there is a strong religious sentiment in the atmosphere of the Irish situation," writes Mr. John J. O'Shea in the March number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. In order to get a clear view of the whole question at issue Mr. O'Shea surveys it in its historical light, "as it was by religious persecution that the land of Ireland passed into the hands of alien lords." Going back to the time of the so-called "Reformation," he briefly but clearly traces the various events leading up to the present crisis, "when the great question at issue, after all subsidiary matters are disposed of, is the retention of the Irish people in their natural homes. If they cannot find any adequate means of living there, there is no proposition more certain than that the island must be speedily depopulated. This what makes the Ulster Orangeman so determined an opponent of men like Mr. T. W. Russell who desire a pacific settlement of the Irish land question. Mr. O'Shea's paper is thougtfully and wisely considered, and so comprehensive in its review of conditions past and present that it forms valuable source of information. There are several other papers on Irish topics among them "Irish Firesides," by Rev. William Dollard; "The hat of the Kinsales," by Major Dudley Costello, and "Pagan Ireland" by Rev. Reuben Parsons D. D

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX. A Tale of the Indian Frontier. By General Charles King. New York: The Hobart Company. $1 50.

General King is a famous writer of books on American life, and other subjects, but in the list of his intensely interesting literary achievements no one can be selected that excels in intricacy of plot and felicity of description of scenes and characters The Daughter of the Sioux; indeed, judging from advanced sheets, it is quite safe to predict a more cordial popular reception for this latest production of the General's pen than has been accorded to any of his former universally admired works, even. The story, which will be issued in the best style of bookmaking about March 15 by the well known New York publishing house of The Hobart Company, is toldin 25c chapters, all neatly dovetailed together, the interest of the reader increasing with each succeeding instalment. The scene of its principal action is laid at Fort Frayne on the upper Platte river, Big Horn Mountain, and the Powder, and the leading characters in the exciting drama are Esther Dode, the heroine, Army officers, Post Traders, Indians, etc. The book is to be handsomely illustrated by two of the best artists in the country, Frederic Remington and Edwin Willard Deming, and will be issued in an attractive style. Its popularity is as good as assured.

THE HOUSEHOLD for March is preeminently a Springtime number, in that phase of Springtime which first presents itself to the masculine imagination; in a word, it is a house-cleaning number. It begins with the housekeeping idea in Fairyland. Even the small elves find it necessary to touch up the flowers for the Springtime season; to gild the daffodils, to free the moths from their silken maze, and to attend to other small duties of elfin housekeeping. The leading feature of the number is the two-page article, with illustrations of rare beauty, on the Wild Garden of Hardy Plants. Both article and illustrations are by J. Horace McFarland, one of the leading authorities on floriculture in this country. Adeline Chapp has a story, entitled, The Elixir of Perfect Happiness, which embodies a curious conceit and surprise while it convinces. The Daughters of Sam-u-el is a rollicking house-cleaning story; and Lucia Chamberlain has a skesch, entitled, The Man From Brady's. How to Know Great Pictures is the third paper in the series by which THE HOUSEHOLD is endeavoring to further a knowledge of good art. Miss Libby in London is continued. The household articles proper are timely and full of practical interest. There is plenty of reading for the boys and girls, and Rosalind Richards continues her Half Hours with Nature. In his department called Camera Comment, Frank E. Heustis takes up the manufacture of lantern-slides, and treats it in a way which the amateur photographer will find practical. The departments of the magazine are up to their usual high standard. THE HOUSEHOLD has come under new management, with a new editorial staff, and is in the front rank among the magazines of its class.

Well Again.

The many friends of John Blount will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his attack of rheumatism. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him after the best doctors in the town (Monon, Ind.) had failed to give relief. The prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by all druggists.

Poetry.

Poetry is not made out of the understanding. The question of common sense is always, "What is it good for?" It is a question which would abolish the rose and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage.—Lowell.

The hardest known wood is said to be cocus wood. It turns the edge of any ax, however well tempered, so it is claimed.

A MARINE AUTOCRAT.

The Captain of the Battleship and His Absolute Authority.

Over the vast establishment rules the captain in supreme and isolated authority. All his accomplishments must be those of the seaman, for he directs the movements of the ship in all evolutions, and his decision upon all professional points is final. His responsibility at all times is grave and exacting. In time of war it will strain the stoutest nerves. In the hour of battle it is nothing short of appalling when he stands alone in his conning tower, having control of all the tremendous forces lying latent in his ship only to be released at the proper moment by a touch of his hand. He is the guiding spirit of an enormous projectile of 15,000 tons that rushes through the water at a speed, it may be, of fifteen knots, and he knows that the slightest mistake of his head or heart may mean a national disaster.

But besides being the naval and military chief of the establishment he is a lawyer—a kind of justice of the peace, as it were, who holds court every morning, investigates reports of misdemeanors and assigns punishment to the guilty. The delinquents are brought to the "mast"—the quarter deck—with their accusers. Both sides are heard, and swift judgment usually follows. In this capacity it will be noted that the captain is court, judge and jury. Not infrequently he acts as clergyman and as such is the bishop of his diocese, acknowledging no ecclesiastical superior, reading the service on Sundays, officiating at the burial of his dead and in the old days occasionally marrying lovers.—Lieutenant Commander Gleaves in World's Work.

A Case of Interpretation.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" demanded the spokesman of the mob. "Do thou, O royal chamberlain, haste to the presence of his majesty and learn his wish."

The royal chamberlain hurried to the presence and bowed himself thrice to the floor; then he asked the monarch's pleasure regarding the desperate outlaw.

"Away with him!" said the king in a loud, harsh voice.

But the chamberlain was something of a humorist, and when he returned to the mob he laughingly announced that in regard to the misdoings with the prisoner the king had said only that it was "a way with him."

Whereupon the mob reluctantly released their quarry.

But in trying to explain the joke to the obtuse king the royal chamberlain became confused and completely lost his head.—Baltimore American.

Color of Judas' Hair.

In very early times all pictures of Judas were shown with great shocks of red hair falling down well on the shoulders. This and the fact that the Judas in the "Miracle Plays" was provided with a red hirsute worked the superstitious people of the middle ages up to such a degree that it was actually unsafe for a red haired person to appear in company. Seeing that things were coming to a serious pass, writers of all classes began to rebuke and denounce "the senseless prejudice against those of lively colored hair." Cyrano de Bergerac in his "States and Empires of the Sun" boldly praised and glorified the despised color in the following words: "A brave head covered with red hair is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rays, yet many speak ill of it because few have the honor to be so."

Some Examples of "Nerve."

In a recent big libel case the foreman of the jury received a letter from a publican, apparently otherwise sane, asking him to insure that the jury should find for the defendant because he had a heavy bet on the result, and this astonishing epistle was read in court. It is interesting to note that the writer lost his bet anyhow. Equally bland was the request once made to Mr. Balfour during his premiership to have dismissed from the commission of the peace a justice who had very properly sentenced the author of the request, a notorious ruffian, to a stiff term of imprisonment for sending begging letters.—London Answers.

Cautions.

A lawyer happened to be acquainted with a juror in a petty civil case, and he met him during a recess of the court. The lawyer was just "lighting up," and under ordinary circumstances he would have offered the other a cigar unhesitatingly, but it occurred to him that it might not look right.

"I suppose," he said guardedly, "that a cigar would not influence your verdict?"

The juror was equally cautious.

"A good one wouldn't," he replied, "but a poor one might prejudice me."

He got a good cigar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Poor Mamma.

The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back?

Mrs. Bloom—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so?

The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at loggerheads with your husband for over a week.

Absolutely Past Hope.

"She is the most inconsistent woman I ever knew."

"Never does what she ought to or what you expect, eh?"

"That is just it. Sometimes she does. She is inconsistently inconsistent."

Beware of the man who offers you advice at the expense of a mutual friend.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.—Suard.

Coal Bin Measurements.

A solid cubic foot of anthracite coal weighs ninety-three pounds. When broken for use, it weighs about fifty-four pounds. Bituminous coal, when broken up for use, weighs about fifty pounds. The consequent rule for the approximate measurement of coal in a bin or box is to multiply the length in feet by the height in feet and again by the breadth in feet and this result by fifty-four for anthracite coal or by fifty for bituminous coal. The result will equal the number of pounds, and to find the number of tons divide by 2,000.—Popular Mechanics.

First American Peerage.

It is recorded in a history of the United States that an Indian chief named Mante, after baptism, was made a peer, receiving the rank of baron and assuming the title of Lord of Roanoke, so far back as the year 1587. Somewhat later, in 1609, the title of Lord Delaware was granted by James I. to the new governor of Virginia. Later still, in 1633, Charles I., among his coronation honors, conferred the title of Viscount Canada upon Sir William Alexander.

MOIRA HOUSE.

The Elegance of Which Wesley Wrote Has Long Departed.

John Wesley was the guest of Lady Moira at Moira House, Usher's island, Dublin, in 1775. Writing of the house, the great Methodist said: "I was surprised to observe, though not a more grand, yet a far more elegant room than any I have ever seen in England. It was an octagon about 20 feet square and 15 or 16 feet high, having one window—the sides of it inlaid throughout with mother of pearl—reaching from the top of the room. The ceiling, sides, furniture of the room were equally elegant. And must this, too, pass away like a dream?"

Half a century ago the elegance of which Wesley wrote departed from Moira House. The Mendicity institution dismantled it, took down the interior decorations and covered the gardens with offices. It is today as dismal looking a place as is to be seen in or around the Irish capital, which has many reminders that it was once a capital in deed as well as in name. Among other notable visitors to Moira House in the days of its glories was Charles James Fox, who there met Henry Grattan. It was in Moira House, too, that Pamela found a refuge while her husband, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was dying in Dublin Newgate not far away across the river Liffey.

The Welsh Language.

The quite erroneous idea that Welsh is a language of consonants probably arises from the number of w's it contains, according to a Welshman in the London News. "W" in Welsh is generally—and always between two consonants—a pure vowel, sounded like "oo" in English. Thus "cwm" is pronounced "koom," rhyming with "boom." What is really one of the most remarkable features about the Welsh language is the number of vowels which can come together. In English three vowels in succession are not often met with. In Welsh it is not uncommon to find four or five—e. g., in "llywiawdwr" (governor). Here each of the five vowels "ywiaw" is pronounced separately in rapid succession. Here are four lines, consisting entirely of vowels, made by Goronwy Owen in the eighteenth century:

O'i wiw wy a weuae,
Ieuau o ia, ai e ly?
Ai o au weuau a we
A'i au i wau ei we wyw?

Laugh and Be Glad.

"If we cannot all have a piazza, every one may feel the sun," says an Italian proverb which is characteristic of that patient, cheerful race.

But, after all, it is the exceptional life which has not in it much of the sunshine. There is always gloom for those who wish to dwell in shadow, but an effort of the will often carries one out of that morbid desire into the clearer, sunnier mood.

Difficulties and troubles, if bravely met, make strong men and women, but endless worry and anticipation of evil cannot fail to weaken the will and the character.

Laugh and be glad now, today. If you wait till you conquer your little world, you will never laugh and be glad. It is better to live in a castle in the air than in the dungeons we allow our low spirits and forebodings to build for us.

The Trajectory of a Thing.

The trajectory of a thing is the path of a bullet or anything else passing through the air from the gun to the place where it strikes. Generally the word is applied only to bullets and cannon balls. In shooting at an object near at hand you aim point blank, because the bullet practically reaches the target before it falls at all, but when you fire at a distant object you must aim above it, so that the bullet may have room to fall and yet hit the object. The desire of every marksman is to get a trajectory as flat as possible, so that the bullet shall have no need of falling very far. A flat trajectory is obtained by increasing the speed of the bullets, by diminishing their size and increasing the powder charge.

The Monkey's Reasoning Powers.

The monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables that animal to achieve the untying of a knot. You may tie a monkey with a cord fastened with the simplest form of common knot, and unless the beast can break the string or gnaw it in two he will never get loose. To untie the knot requires observation and reasoning power, and, though a monkey may possess both, he has neither in a sufficient degree to enable him to overcome the difficulty.

King Solomon and His Lady Friends.

A little girl tells what she knows about King Solomon in the following essay: "King Solomon was a man who lived ever so many years ago, and in the country in which he governed he was the whole push. King Solomon built Solomon's temple and was the father of all the Masons. He had 700 wives and 200 lady friends, and that is why there are so many Masons in the world."—Saxby's Magazine.

Craft Wins.

"How did you ever manage to get on the good side of that crusty old uncle of yours?" asked Fan.

"Fed him the things he liked when he came to visit us," replied Nan. "The good side of any man is his inside."—Chicago Tribune.

One of the First.

"This is a petrified man," said Mrs. Fosdick, who was showing her husband the treasures of the museum.

"His is the original marble heart, I suppose," was Fosdick's comment.

Senseless.

Bragg—I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball two years ago.

The Boy In the Corner—When does yer expeck ter get over it?—Glasgow Times.

When death consents to let us live a long time, it takes successively as hostages all those we have loved.—Mme. Necker.

Still Undone.

Wife—A woman's work is never done.

Husband—You have anticipated me, dear. That shirt of mine still lacks its needed buttons.—Richmond Dispatch.

No man is a failure because he says what he thinks. The failure comes when a man thinks of the wrong thing to say.—Boston Christian Register.

Take Your Choice.

Student—What is pessimism?

Philosopher—The faith of cowards.

"Then what is optimism?"

"The faith of fools."—New York Weekly.

A man who dresses younger than his years courts suspicion—or a maid.—Smart Set.

Jewelry Selling

with us means giving dollar value for dollar purchase, and our entire line of jewelry, gold and silver ware, bears out the truth of the statement. Better proof is the continued trade of a large list of patrons.

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The Banks of Newfoundland.

The finest codfish in the world are caught on the banks of Newfoundland. These banks have no connection with the shores of the islands, from which indeed the nearest is almost 100 miles distant. They are really great rocky heights rising from the bottom of the sea. The great bank measures 540 miles from north to south, and from east to west it measures in places 300 miles. On this bank the depth of water varies from 50 to 360 feet, but the depth around it is from 10,000 to 150,000 feet.

The fishing grounds—or "cod meadows," as they are called—do not cover the whole bank, but are about 200 miles long by 67 broad. Though these have been fished for 400 years the cod are as plentiful as ever. To the east of the great bank lies the outer or false bank, where the sea is from 300 to 600 feet deep. The cod caught on the banks are finer and larger than the fish taken off the Labrador coast. This is supposed to be due to the fact that they have reached the age of four years and upward, at which age their habits lead them to feed on the banks in preference to the shore, where the younger fish remain all the year.

Curry.

Curry is native to India. It is a concourse of atoms, not fortuitous, but as a marvelous result of the Hindoo subtlety, judgment and taste, as Nirvana and the transmigration of souls are of the subtlety, philosophy and attractiveness of the Buddhistic belief. Curry is a vegetable; rather curry is vegetables. It is anise, coriander, cumin, mustard, poppy seeds, allspice, almonds, asafetida, ghee, cardamom seeds, chili berries, cinnamon, cloves, cocoanut, cocoanut milk, oil, curds, fenugreek seeds, an Indian nut I can't spell, garlic, onion, ginger, lime juice, vinegar, mace, mangoes, nutmeg, pepper, saffron, salt, tamarinds and turmeric.

These are all pounded together, dried in an oven or in the sun. When bottled, it is the powder which comes to us as Indian curry. Now, is it not worth admiring the wit and skill that have brought together such a number of ingredients and out of them have evolved an article so entirely different from each and in which there is not one elementary trace?—Harper's.

Uninsured Treasures.

It is startling to think that while almost any tradesman's shop that might be burned down is covered by insurance the British museum, if it were burned down tomorrow, would not cost the insurance companies one halfpenny. Neither would the houses of parliament. They stand for £3,000,000, but not one single sovereign of this vast sum is covered by insurance. Three thousand pounds a year is spent on a force of police and firemen to protect the houses of parliament by day and night, and the British museum pays the rent of a fireman's house in Coram street, but that is the full cost of the precautions against fire in these places. The British museum, believing that prevention is better than cure, has no artificial light on its innermost recesses.—St. James Gazette.

Chemistry of a Tear.

A tear from the eye of a representative of the Caucasian races is found to be composed of water, salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus. From the eye of an African the elements composing the tear are found to be the same as the above, with the single exception of the phosphate of soda and with the addition of a slight trace of ammonia. The Eskimos and the fishing Finns seldom shed tears, but when they do chemists say they are exceedingly salty.

The chemical elements in the Caucasian tear arrange themselves into particles that look like fish bones, those from a negro's tear form a rude cross, while the same process of evaporation leaves the chemicals in an Eskimo's tear in the shape of a bow.

The Time to Do the Counting.

In the old days of impetuous warfare caution was not regarded as so much a virtue on the part of a military commander as at present. In a battle between French and Austrians, in which Marshal Bugeaud commanded the French forces, an officer of the staff said to the marshal: "The enemy are advancing. Shall I send a party to reconnoiter and see how numerous they are?" "No," said Bugeaud; "we'll count 'em after we've beaten 'em."

A Natural Ambition.

Clergyman (patronizingly)—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?

Johnny—A clergyman, sir.

Clergyman—Now tell me why you would like to be a clergyman, my boy.

Johnny (unabashed)—Because, sir, all the ladies would make a fuss over me and get out all the best things to eat when I came to see them.

The Obliging Friend.

"You know that Griggs and I both love you. Can't you make a choice today?"

"A choice, indeed! When I do make a choice, you can rest assured that it will not interest you!"

"Thanks! I'll tell Griggs."—Exchange.

His Strong Point.

"Some people say, you know," remarked the spaniel, "that when human beings die they take the form of animals."

"Well, if I was ever a human being," replied the cat, "I must have been a bird fancier."—Philadelphia Press.

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THE TRUE VERSION OF A NEWSPAPER ITEM

[Original.]

The clipper Osceola was within a few days' sail of New York when a head wind struck her. There was nothing for it but to "lay to" under a flying jib. With the wind came rain, which froze as it struck the vessel.

The first mate, John Hutchins, was on the bridge, holding on for his life, for to walk on the slippery floor was impossible and with the lurching of the vessel he was liable to be slid overboard. The main jib had become loosened and a corner of it was flapping in the wind. It was doing no harm. It was simply unsailorlike. To fix it a man must go out on the bowsprit, and, considering the ice and the lurching, this was equivalent to going overboard.

"Connor," sang the mate to a watch holding on to the port ratlines, "go out and clew up the jib."

The man addressed looked up with an ashen face. There had been bad blood between him and the first mate during the voyage and he knew that Hutchins intended to put him overboard, or, rather, he knew that Hutchins expected him to refuse to obey the order, which would be mutiny, possibly punishable with death.

"No one can go out there and live," said Connor. "I can't even let go to get across the deck without being shot against the bulwarks and mashed to a jelly."

"Oh, yes, you can. Work your way along the gunwale."

There was an ominous silence, at the end of which Connor said: "Mr. Hutchins, I'm going to obey the order, and it's probably the last order I'll ever obey from any one. If I succeed, when we get to New York and I out of the merchant service—for I'm expecting to be married and settle on shore—you'll have just one more chance to kill me, but you'll have to take the chance of being killed at the same time. If I lose my life and there's any chance for the dead to torture the living, I'll make it hot for you."

"Is this mutiny?" said the mate, glaring at his victim.

There was no reply. Connor began to work his way along the bulwarks, watching the seas and taking advantage of any lull. He succeeded in reaching the bowsprit and began to crawl out on it. There were no men forward except Hutchins and Connor, but those farther aft, seeing the latter's attempt, were frozen with horror. Connor had not covered half the distance to the sail when a great wave struck the vessel's bow and sent him into the brine. Hutchins from the bridge saw him swept by and the look that was on his face. Nevertheless he was relieved that the man had gone. There was the usual shout of "Man overboard!" and a few life buoys were thrown over, but nothing of moment could be done to save Connor, who soon drifted out of sight.

A week later the Osceola approached New York bay. The cold had continued, and her icy coat was even thicker than it had been. The vessel anchored off Sandy Hook, waiting orders from owners. All on board were worn out, so the captain and most of the crew went ashore for rest and recreation, leaving the vessel in charge of the first mate and a single watch.

At two bells in the evening Hutchins, after seeing that the signal lights were in position, went down into the cabin to look over a bundle of newspapers that had been brought aboard. Sandy Hook is exposed to the waves of the ocean, and the ship was rolling heavily.

Presently the mate heard a step on the companionway. Looking up, there on the stairs stood—the ghost of Connor! He was pale as a corpse, and his eyes were flaring.

"Get up!" commanded a voice.

Hutchins, who did not doubt that he was facing the avenging spirit of the man he had murdered, obeyed, trembling. Connor or his ghost had meanwhile come down into the cabin and passed beyond Hutchins.

"Go on deck!"

Hutchins backed out of the cabin on to the deck, fascinated by the glittering eye of the man or ghost—he did not know which.

"The main jib needs clewing. Go out and clew it."

Whether the prospect of certain death—for the conditions differed only in degree from what they were when Connor was ordered to make this attempt—or something human there was about Connor affected him, by this time Hutchins was ready for defense. Even a ghost can't corner a man without being turned on, and the mate, seeing that Connor was unarmed, suddenly thrust his hand to his hip, drew a revolver and fired. His hand was unsteady. Besides, at the moment a wave rolled under the ship. His shot went wild. The ghost drew a revolver from under his shirt and before Hutchins could fire again shot him dead.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed from the time the two reached the deck before Hutchins' body was rolling in the lee scuppers. Two of the crew saw the fight and, coming up, drew back at sight of the man they believed to be dead.

"Boys," said Connor, "don't be afraid of me. I'm no ghost. A life buoy floated by me, and I clung to it. A steamer making a few knots only against the storm passed so close to me that I was taken on board and after much effort revived. I got in yesterday, have been watching for your coming and came out in a boat. I've punished in a fair fight the coward who tried to kill me. I'm to be married next week, and I want you to come to the wedding."

"First we'll get rid of this carcass and say he slipped overboard."

And that was the version of Hutchins' death given in a four line newspaper item. PERCIVAL SCOTT DREW.

"Lunnon" Likes It "'Ot."

It may be that the quality of imagination was lacking in the Boston and Salem merchants who attempted in 1842 to introduce American ice into London. One of them tried to attain this end by demonstrating the merits of American iced drinks. He hired a hall, as the story goes, and trained a number of men to mix the cool beverages of his native land. The members of the Fishmongers' association, presumably as fond of turtle as aldermen themselves, were the guests. The waiters made an imposing entry, but, alas, the first sound that met the ear of the American "promoter," expecting a chorus of approval, was that of an English voice calling for hot water and saying, "I prefer it, all in all." The American completes the story, "I made a dead rush for the door, next day settled my bills in London, took train for Liverpool and the steamer for Boston and counted up a clear loss of $1,200."—M. A. De Wolfe Howe in Atlantic.

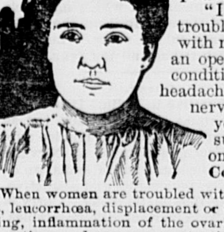
If you would abolish avarice, you must abolish the parent of it, luxury.—Cicero.

Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—MRS. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass, as thousands do.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

AS IT IS WRITTEN.

A List of the Greatest Ten Men the World Has Known.

Who are the ten greatest men the world has known? Dr. J. McKeen Cattell gives Napoleon, Shakespeare, Mohammed, Voltaire, Bacon, Aristotle, Gœthe, Julius Cæsar, Luther and Plato. "The method I followed," says the author, "to discover the 1,000 men who are pre-eminent was this: I took six biographical dictionaries or encyclopedias—two English, two French, one German and one American—and found the 2,000 men in each who were allowed the longest articles. In this way some 6,000 men were found. I then selected the men who appeared in the lists of at least three of the dictionaries and from these selected the thousand who were allowed the greatest average space. Thus was obtained not only the thousand men esteemed the most eminent, but also the order in which they stand. According to this list, the ten most eminent are given above. It is curious that these ten pre-eminent men are so widely separate in race and age—two Greeks, two Frenchmen, two Germans, two Englishmen, one Roman and one Arab and two in the fifth century and one in the first century before Christ, one in the sixth, one in the fifteenth, two in the sixteenth and three in the eighteenth century. The ten names last on the list are Otho, Sertorius, Macpherson, Claudian, Domitian, Bugeaud, Charles I. of Naples, Fauriel, Enjantin and Barbery, names hardly ever heard."—Philadelphia Record.

Shaving Among the Hindoos.

The Hindoo is a contemner of beards, and one-half of his head is devoid of hair, he only leaving a long lock which grows from the back of the head. This is a relic of the belief that has taught Hindoos the angel of death used this cue to drag them to heaven.

Women are great patrons of the barber, for the Brahmanical law is very explicit on this score and provides that widows must keep their heads shaved. This rule is most rigidly enforced, and the unfortunate widow has to make herself as ugly as possible, and gracefully submits to an operation which deprives her of her greatest ornament, for Brahman women have splendid heads of hair and their coiffure sets it off to exceptional advantage. It is put up in a coil. The rich partially cover this huge knot with a thin platter of beaten gold, while the poor intwine in it the gorgeous flowers of the marigold.

Frogs That Sing.

In some cases the glottis of the frog presents a considerable analogy to the upper larynx of birds. Cuvier compares their mechanism to a kettledrum, Dr. Abbott to a steam whistle. Various species of the hylodes, or tree frog, found most abundantly in South America, make the best approach to song. Some of their sounds are flutelike, others metallic, others again a clear, loud trilled rattle, sometimes piercingly shrill.

That under certain circumstances the effects are pleasing we can gather from such a keen observer as Darwin. He says, "Near Rio Janeiro I used often to sit in an evening listening to a number of little hylæ which, perched on blades of grass close to the water, sent forth sweet chirping notes in harmony."—London Answers.

Embarrassing.

A newly married couple sauntered leisurely around statuary hall in the capitol at Washington trying hard to appear unconscious. Stopping on one of the echo stones to gaze at a new statue they were spied by two youthful pages looking for a joke. One of the pages hurried to another echo stone and in a whisper asked, "When did you get married?" The couple looked at each other and then all around the hall, but could discern no one. The bride blushed and the young man looked miserable. Presently again came the mysterious question, "When did you get married?" Awe stricken and looking extremely foolish, they fled from the hall, to the intense amusement of the mischievous pages.—Argonaut.

Roman Sausages.

The Romans were very much addicted to sausages made at Lucania. The meat used was pork and a good quantity of bacon, pounded in a mortar, with pepper, cumin, winter savory and moistened with garum, to which were added a few pine nuts. It has been pointed out that the Romans when they used breadcrumbs took care that the bread should be of the very finest kind and that before it was mingled with the sausage meat it should be soaked in wine. This was a most sensible precaution against the contingency of the bread passing through a sour stage of fermentation, in which case it would be undeniably unwholesome.

Flaw In the Reasoning.

Mr. and Mrs. Chuckster were engaged in one of their frequent arguments.

"Now, Amanda, see here"—

"Get that right, Oliver," she interrupted. "The proper form, as you will see if you think a moment, is 'look here.'"

"What's the difference?" he demanded. "You can't look without seeing, can you?"

"Oh, yes, you can. Everybody says you and I look alike, but it's a notorious fact that we don't see alike."—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Dagger.

Some strolling Thespians were once playing "Macbeth" in a country town. Their properties were not kept in very systematic order, for when the hero of Shakespeare's drama exclaimed, "Is that a dagger that I see before me?" a shrill voice responded from the "flies," "No, sir. It's the putty knife. The dagger's lost."

The Plea That Failed.

"Well," said one undergraduate to another, "did your father send you that extra remittance that you asked for?"

"Not any. He gave me the marble heart."

"So you asked for rocks and got a stone, eh?"

The Dear Children.

"Nobody ought ever to undertake to be a schoolteacher who doesn't love children."

"Oh, but I did love children until after I became a teacher of them."

His Engaging Remark.

Mr. Dumhead—Nelson was coming to call, but I told him you would be engaged this evening—

Miss Olemade (rapturously)—Oh, William!—Princeton Tiger.

INGENIOUS TORTURES.

Cruelties of Punishment Inflicted on Offenders In Morocco.

In Morocco the torture of offenders, real and suspected, has been and is still much practiced. Much ingenuity is shown in the infliction of pain—such devices as the rubbing of red pepper into the eyeballs, tying up the wrists at a height from the ground, etc.

At the death of the late sultan a pretender proclaimed himself the rightful heir to the throne and had a certain success. When presently overcome by the legitimate authorities, he was seized, thrown down, when chillies were applied to the inside of his mouth till it swelled with pain, and he was desired to shout out his titles and qualities as much as he pleased, being of course unable to utter a word. After that he was thrown into jail to rot there till he died.

A refinement of cruelty is the torture of the "iron glove," as it is called. A lump of quicklime is placed in a man's hand, which is closed up into a fist. Then the fist is tightly bound with leather thongs and plunged into a tub of cold water.

The agony soon becomes extreme. The torture is continued for eight or ten days until in the end mortification ensues and probably death. Again, a form of "lying up" is to chain or fasten a man to a wall, with his arms extended so that he can only escape strangulation by standing on tiptoe.—Kansas City Independent.

A Rat's Teeth.

The rat is remarkably well equipped for the peculiar life he is ordained to lead. He has strong weapons in the shape of four long and very sharp teeth—two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. These teeth are wedge shaped and by a wonderful provision of nature have always a fine, sharp cutting edge. On examining them carefully the inner part is found to be of a soft, ivorylike composition, which can easily be worn away, and the outside is composed of a glasslike enamel which is exceedingly hard.

The upper teeth work into the under so that the centers of the opposed teeth meet perfectly in the act of gnawing; hence the soft part is being continually worn away, while the hard part keeps a hard, chisel-like edge all the time, and at the same time the teeth are constantly growing up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. Should one of these teeth be removed by accident or otherwise, the opposing tooth will continue to grow, and there being nothing to wear it away it will project from the mouth and be turned upon itself, and if it be an under tooth it will often grow so long as to penetrate the skull.

Undertakers.

In England in 1614 undertakers were men of influence who undertook for a consideration to get such persons returned to parliament as would prove submissive to the royal will of King James I. The three chief undertakers of 1614 were Lords Bacon, Somerset and Neville. They undertook to bribe the chief speakers and men of influence in parliament that year over to the side of the king, with but partial success. Then there were undertakers in Ireland in 1608. They were English and Scotch colonists sent to north Ireland and were each allotted 2,000 acres of land. They were men of capital and undertook to pay a mark a year for every six acres and to admit no recusant for tenants. Hence the name was applied to them. But neither the histories nor the dictionaries give any reason for calling the men who bury our dead undertakers.

Almost Lived There.

During a burglary epidemic in the country an inspector of the police force one night made a tour through the burglarized district. Considerably after midnight he saw a young man emerge noiselessly from a substantial homestead and made after him.

"Did you just come out of that corner house?" the inspector asked, overhauling him.

The young man, while of respectable appearance, was plainly ill at ease and confused.

"I did," he said.

"Do you live there?" demanded the inspector.

"Well, almost," was the embarrassed answer. "But I can't see that it's any of your business as long as her father doesn't object."—London Tit-Bits.

Where Gannets Swarm.

One of the most remarkable sights in the world is Bird island, in South Africa, for the reason that during some months of the year it is literally covered with gannets. Not a foot of ground is to be seen anywhere. Day after day thousands of gannets strut around, and they are so close to each other that the whole island seems actually alive. Those who have seen this sight say that it is one which can never be forgotten.

An Engaging Young Person.

Father—So Filmy Luhring is engaged to young Rattles? Let me see; wasn't she engaged to somebody else a little while ago?

Daughter—Somebody else, father? Why, in our set no engagement is considered complete without her.—Brooklyn Life.

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FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME

[Copyright, 1902, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate.]

When Deacon Abner Perkins of the village of Grafton had been a widower for two years, he married Sarah Ann Bridges, a spinster of thirty-six. Sarah Ann had been a friend of the deceased wife for several years, and when Mrs. Perkins was told that her days were numbered she called the deacon to her bedside and said:

"Abner, you will mourn for me, but you will get married again in a couple of years. You'll need somebody to wash and mend and bake and keep things going. Sarah Ann Bridges is good tempered, a good housekeeper and a hard worker, and I'd rather you would marry her than any one I know."

The deacon jotted down the initials of Miss Bridges' name on his memory, and in due time called upon her and made her his wife. He was glad, Sarah was glad, and no one had any criticisms to make. A hundred different people said they knew Sarah like a book, and that the deacon couldn't have done better. He thought so, too, for three or four weeks, and then he began to doubt. One morning the new wife suggested new window curtains for the parlor, but the deacon turned to his store book and proved to her that the old curtains hadn't been up but seven years, and that they ought to do for seven years more. It was the first time he had crossed her, and Sarah flushed up, rolled her eyes and then fell down in a fit. A doctor and three or four women worked over her for two hours and finally brought her back from the grave, and the parlor windows had new curtains the next day. That was where Deacon Perkins made his mistake, but he did not realize it until later on. Sarah's sudden illness was supposed to be due to a weak heart, but it is no great trick to fool a doctor once or twice.

Ten days had passed, and the new wife was cleaning house, when a sewing machine man came along. He hadn't told half his story when Sarah decided that she must have a machine. The deacon's first wife always had done her sewing by hand, and the husband himself had regarded a sewing machine as an invention of Satan. He promptly put his foot down on the contemplated purchase, and Sarah as promptly fell in a heap again. It was a long three hours before she was about the house again, and upon the advice of the doctor the deacon bought the sewing machine.

A month later, when Sarah wanted new shoes and was put off, she fell over for the third time. On this occasion, however, the doctor's suspicions were aroused, and so were those of some of the women who had helped to draw her back from the grave. It was decided to be a case of sulks and nothing more dangerous. The doctor stated his belief to the deacon, and the deacon agreed with him, but that didn't mean that Sarah Ann would go out of business.

The next fit she had lasted twenty-four hours before the doctor was called and the next thirty-six, and then Deacon Perkins realized that he had a problem to deal with. It was evident that Sarah would lie right where she fell for a week unless something was done. He went to the minister. Ministers are not supposed to be posted on stocks and bonds and brickyards, but most of them have had experience with wives. He made a suggestion.

Two weeks later that suggestion was put into practice. Sarah Ann wanted a bell on the front door, but the deacon promptly replied that all callers could make themselves heard by pounding on the door with a club. Sarah fell down in one of her usual fits, and the deacon cried out that she was dead at last and rushed for certain neighbors. They came, together with the doctor. The latter pronounced the woman dead, and the women began preparing the body for its last resting place.

There were three of them, and they had a good deal to say. They congratulated the deacon with all their hearts on regaining his freedom, and they married him again to the Widow Lee. The doctor advised that the cheapest kind of a coffin should be purchased. As the deacon bent over her he said he shouldn't have much of a funeral procession and wouldn't shed any more tears than he could possibly help.

Sarah Ann slipped off the bed and made for the broom sitting on end in a corner of the room. The deacon jumped for the door, but received a couple of whacks before he could get out. In the yard he was run twice around the henhouse and into the kitchen before being brought to bay.

"Sarah Ann, you are a dead woman!" he exclaimed as he grabbed for the broomstick.

"No; I ain't either!" she replied as she fought him off.

"Go back and behave yourself and don't disappoint me again. There hasn't been a funeral in town for over a year, and if you come to life this way no woman will lend you a cup of sugar or a flatiron."

But Sarah insisted that she was alive.

"But I want you to understand," said the deacon, anxious to test the remedy, "that I shan't git no new cane seat chairs for the parlor, as you wanted me to."

For half a minute Sarah seemed on the point of returning to her fits, but then she braced up against the feeling, and, seizing the rolling pin, she dashed it through the nearest window and exclaimed:

"No; I won't die any more! I'll keep right on living and smash out a winder every time I git mad!"

"Lord, Lord!" whispered the deacon to himself. "And I thought I had a good thing of it!"

CYRUS DERICKSON.

The Peacock on a Rainy Day.

The peacock, glittering with jewel like eyes, has a voice by no means suited to its beauty. Its cry is harsh and disagreeable. When the rain falls, it sits on some high perch uttering its doleful sounds, with its beautiful tail feathers drawn into the smallest possible space. Like a vain creature as it is, it never spreads its fan unless the sun shines.

About Nothing.

Mamma—What in the world are you two quarreling about?

Little Dick—Nothing.

"Nothing, eh?"

"Yes'm. Dot left her box of candy here, an' when she came back there was nothing in it."

He Would Not.

"Would you die for me?" she asked sentimentally.

"Now, look here!" he returned, in his matter of fact way. "Are we supposed to be planning a cheap novel or a wedding?"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 8.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xix, 13-20. Memory Verses, 18-20—Golden Text, Acts xix, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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13, 14. We adjure you by Jesus, whom Paul preacheth.

Thus the unbelievers, though professedly priests of God, used that beautiful name as if it was a charm or carried with it some magic spell that any one could use, like people who now say concerning Jesus, I'll try Him and see if He will do anything for me. He is to be known and trusted, whole heartedly received and relied upon, for He is worthy and true and faithful, the living God. He is not to be treated as people treat a patent medicine—try it and see if it will do you good; but because He is indeed the only Saviour of sinners and the Judge of all mankind He is to be honestly received as such.

15, 16. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?

These Jews had called the name of the Lord Jesus over a man possessed with an evil spirit, resisting and opposing Paul somewhat as the magicians in Egypt withstood Moses, but God permitted the evil spirit to rebuke them and by the man possessed by the spirit to overcome them and cause them to flee from the house naked and wounded. It could hardly be possible that they would ever again attempt to play tricks with that holy name. What shall be said of those who now use that sacred name in every thoughtless and evil way? And because no judgment falls upon them they wax worse and worse (Eccl. viii, 11).

17. And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus, and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.

In verses 8 to 10 we read that Paul continued at Ephesus over two years, not without much opposition, but also with marked results to the glory of God. In verses 11 and 12 we read of special miracles to confirm and emphasize the gospel message, and now through the devil's own children the name of Jesus is magnified. In his letter to the Philippians Paul said: "Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife and some also of good will. The one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds, but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defense of the gospel." Yet Paul said that as long as Christ was preached, whether in pretense or in truth, he would rejoice (Phil. i, 15-18). The "all things" of Rom. viii, 28, must include the opposition of the devil as well as the manifest blessing of God, and whatever He permits the adversary to do must in some way be overruled for His glory, the highest good of His people and the hastening of His kingdom.

18. And many that believed came and confessed and shewed their deeds.

While salvation is wholly of grace through faith, where faith is real there will be good works manifest as an evidence before men of the faith that is really in the heart before God (Eph. ii, 8-10; Tit. iii, 5, 8). The faith that is not manifest in works cannot be a living faith. Not any amount of works on our part, however good or great, can save us, but being saved by His work alone (Rom. iv, 5), He having been received by us, having come to live in us, must work out the salvation which He has wrought in us (Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 20, 21). Hearers who are not doers are only self deceivers (Matt. vii, 26, 27; Jas. i, 22).

19. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men, and they counted the price of them and found it 50,000 pieces of silver.

What an illustration of "unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious!" (I Pet. ii, 7.) So precious had the Lord Jesus become to them that things which were before of much value now seemed worthless and were at once committed to the flames lest they might ensnare and injure others. Their affections were now on things above, not on things on the earth (Col. iii, 2). Like Paul, they could testify "what things were gain to us those we counted loss for Christ" (Phil. iii, 7). This bonfire cost perhaps $10,000 and was a glorious triumph for Christ over the adversary. It was like the victory on Mount Carmel over the priests of Baal. The day will come when all that is against Christ shall perish and the people who resist Him and their leaders shall be given to the lake of fire (Rev. xix, 20; xx, 15).

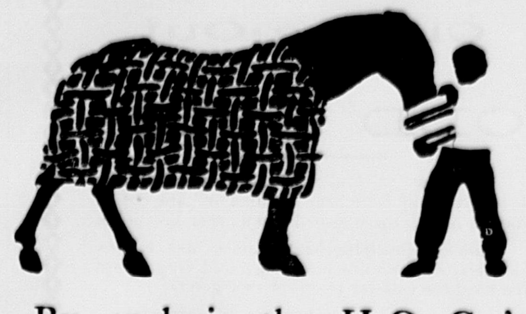
20. So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.

In chapter xii, 24, it is written "the word of God grew and multiplied." The work of God is done by the Spirit of God using the word of God. As we have seen in former studies, the preachers used the Scriptures, and all the Scriptures, and preached from them the things concerning the Lord Jesus and the kingdom of God. They did not in the least discount any portion of the word of God; but, like the Lord Jesus in all His teaching, they honored it all. It is safe to say that those who in our day make light of any portion of the word of God are not causing it to grow or multiply or prevail, and they are certainly not for the time being following the Lord Jesus. When I hear the word of God dishonored or any portion of it made light of, I cannot help thinking of the devil, for the first recorded utterance of that old serpent is, "Yea, hath God said?" (Gen. iii, 1.) He began his evil work on earth by questioning the word of God and the love of God and by making God appear to be a liar (Gen. ii, 17; iii, 4). Let us in the name of our Lord and by the Spirit of God resist him.

Birds That Make Queer Noises.

The bellbird, or campanere, which is found in South America and also in Africa, can be heard at a distance of three miles. Its note is like the tolling of a distant church bell and is uttered during the heat of the day, when every other bird has ceased to sing and nature is hushed and silent. How the bellbird utters this deep, loud note is not known, though it is supposed that a fleshy protuberance on its head, which when inflated with air stands up like a horn, is in some way the cause of it.

The hornbill, a bird which is widely distributed in India, the Malay archipelago and Africa, has also a very loud note. Its call has been described as between the shriek of a locomotive and the bray of a donkey and can be heard a distance of about a couple of miles. The barking bird also utters a very loud note; indeed, it is impossible to distinguish it from the bark of a dog. Its English name, says Darwin, is well given, for I defy any one at first to feel certain that a small dog is not yelping somewhere in the forest. The toucan has also the same peculiarity.



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JAQUITH & CO.

Your Chest Should Be Breezy.

The doctor hears some curious noises when he places his stethoscope against your chest. When the lungs are in a healthy condition, the medical gentleman hears a pleasant, breezy sound, soft in tone, as you draw in the breath and expel it. Should the instrument convey to his ear a gurgling or bubbling sound he makes a mental note of the fact that you are in what is known as the moist stage of bronchitis. In the dry stage of the same complaint the sound is a whistling, wheezy one.

One of the signs of pneumonia is the crackling note that comes through the stethoscope. It is not unlike the sound that can be heard when your fingers and thumb have touched a sticky substance and you first place them together and then part them, holding them close to your ear.

Doctors occasionally hear a dripping sound, and that indicates that air and water have got into some part of the chest where they have no right to be. Blow across a bottle and you will produce a sound which is actually to be heard in your chest. It is caused in the same way—that is, by air passing over a cavity.

The Growth of the Acorn.

The acorn is the fruit of the oak. The seed germ is a very small object at the pointed end of the acorn, with the future root uppermost. The acorn drops, and its contents doubtless undergo important molecular and chemical changes while it lies under winter covering of leaves or snow. In the mild warmth of spring the acorn swells, the little root elongates, emerges from the end of the shell and, no matter what the position of the acorn, turns downward. The root penetrates the soil two or three inches before the stalk begins to show itself and grow upward. The "meat" of the acorn nourishes both root and stalk, and two years may pass before its store of food is entirely exhausted.

At the end of a year the young oak has a root twelve to eighteen inches long, with numerous shorter rootlets, the stalk being from six to eight inches high. In this stage it differs from the tree. To watch these transformations under the lens is a fascinating occupation.

Some of Jerrold's Wit.

Douglas Jerrold, the playwright, once complained of the inferior company that was performing one of his plays at the Haymarket theater, in London. "Why, there's V.," said the manager, protesting. "He was bred on these boards." "He looks as if he had been cut out of them," growled Jerrold.

The playwright was always very nervous on a "first night." Another dramatist, popularly supposed to "lift" his plots and situations from the French, assured him that he did not know the meaning of nervousness on such an occasion. "I can quite understand that," the wit said pleasantly; "your pieces have always been tried before."

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance who was abroad—"a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Certainly," said Jerrold; "unremitting kindness!"

Where Ruth Got Her Information.

"How did Columbus get the money to equip his ships and pay other expenses of his expedition?" asked the teacher.

A little girl raised her hand, and the teacher, noting the eager, animated face, said, "Tell us, Ruth." And Ruth arose and answered in loud, clear tones:

"Queen Isabella of Spain hocked her jewels, and her husband, King Ferdinand, stopped smoking for a week!"

With twitching lips and a twinkle in her eye the teacher said:

"Where did you get your information, Ruth?" And the small maiden replied:

"From Bill Nye's 'History of the United States.'"—New York Tribune.

Ant Strength.

An English scientist recently weighed a small ant and a dead grasshopper which it was dragging to its nest. The weight of the grasshopper was found to be sixty times greater than that of the ant. The force exerted by the ant in dragging the grasshopper along the road was therefore proportionately equal to that of a man weighing 150 pounds pulling a load of four and one-half tons or a horse of 1,200 pounds a load of thirty-six tons.

Caste In England.

The millstone hanging to the neck of English industry is labeled "Caste." Caste frowns upon work as a vulgar necessity; caste bars trade from the occupations a gentleman may follow; caste places birth above ability; caste holds the world's prizes out of reach of the lowly born.—London Magazine of Commerce.

The Real Need.

"I'd like to have some good old fashioned home cooking," said the man with a permanent sour expression.

"What you mean," said the physician, "is that you would like to have the digestion that you had when you were a boy."—Washington Star.

Didn't Need It.

"Have you given Mr. Staleight any encouragement?" asked the impatient mother.

"No, mamma," replied the confident daughter. "So far I haven't found it necessary."

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Berkshire Pattern.

When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

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A Feat of Memory.

Some light is thrown on the possibilities of memory culture by an interesting recital contained in the autobiography of Robert Houdin, the famous conjurer. He taught his son to glance at, say, a shop window and to memorize accurately, as in a brain picture, the window's contents. Then he would ask him to describe the contents, checking and correcting him as he went on. On one occasion Houdin was commanded to the Tuileries to give a performance before the French court. As he passed through an anteroom to the saloon he bade his son note the arrangement of the rooms and the contents of the bookcases. Then at the close of the entertainment Houdin astonished his audience by giving what he called a "second sight" test. Declaring his unfamiliarity with the Tuileries, Houdin, blindfolding his son, asked him to send his gaze through the wall of the room to the chamber beyond, to describe the arrangement of the chamber and to read the titles of the volumes on the shelves of the bookcases. This feat the young lad accomplished, to the astonishment of the court.

Where Barley Is Cultivated.

Barley extends over a wider climatic range than any of the other grains and is successfully cultivated over a greater breadth of the globe than any other cereal. It flourishes under the heat and drought of the borders of the torrid zone and grows sturdily and maturely on the northern verge of the temperate zone, ripening and thriving under various adverse circumstances which wheat is wholly unable to resist. Barley is found in the Faroe islands, near Cape North, the extreme point of Norway; near Archangel, on the White sea, and in central Siberia between 58 and 59 degrees north latitude. In genial climates, such as those of Egypt, Barbary and the south of Spain, two crops of barley may be reaped in the same year, one in spring from seed sowed the previous autumn and one in autumn from a spring sowing.

A Lost Combination.

The Chinese had all the grand secrets of electrical discoveries more than 3,000 years ago, and they made use of the magnet as loadstone long before that. Historical records show where their armies were led across the vast plains of the interior of the nation by a combination of electricity as a combined power of loadstones and some other substances unknown to the Celestials of the present day.

This form of electricity is among the lost arts and must come to the front with other grand discoveries within the next few years. But not the great and learned shall have the benefit of this forthcoming discovery in electricity. The one who shall have this golden key to a grand electric mystery shall have the fruits of his labors.

Contagious Diseases Among Plants.

All the fungous diseases of plants, such as mildew, scab, blight, rust, rot, etc., are contagious. The contagion is carried from year to year in the diseased part, be it leaf, fruit or branch. The presence of any of this diseased material in the orchard or vineyard increases the chance of the appearance and spread of the disease another year. Nothing is so destructive to the fungus spores as fire, and all affected plants or parts of plants should be cut out and burned.

An Unfortunate Sequence.

"Rev. Mr. Stern's remarks over poor John were so sympathetic, I thought," said the widow's friend.

"Sympathetic?" replied the widow. "He said John 'had gone to join the great majority.'"

"Well?"

"Well, in his sermon several Sundays ago he declared that the great majority of people go below."

Almost a Century Plant.

Minister (to one of his members, a venerable old gardener)—You have reached a great age, John.

John—'Deed ha'e I, sir, for gin I leeve till the 11th of next month I'll be an octageranium.—Glasgow Times.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 13. 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 15.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.41, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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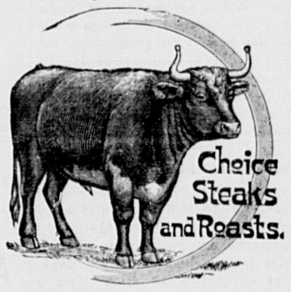
George Durward



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Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.

Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10.00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12.15 P. M., then half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5.50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M., 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.

Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.

Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8.00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.

Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M.. half hourly till 9.15 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8.25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.

FARE—Woburn to Lowell—**15 cents.**

Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.

Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.

Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.

Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

HIT of THE EVENING

By Richard Barker Shelton

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Despite the fact that he stood 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet and that the great muscles of his arms and chest were the envy of every man in the shop, Tommy Sanders had a heart as tender as any woman's. Even the dogs knew this, and many a homeless cur sidled, whining, up to him as he strode homeward at nightfall.

Tommy's back yard was generally the temporary quarters of a half dozen or more homeless mongrels. If the neighbors complained of the unearthly howlings, he would smile patiently and say: "Well, what's to be done? Would not have me turn 'em out to starve, now, would you?" And something in the round, frank face and the deep, cheery voice always made the neighbors say, "No; oh, no!" most apologetically.

Tommy was a draftsman in the big molding mills on the outskirts of the town. The little home provided by his wages was presided over by his mother, a frail little woman, to whom Tommy was at once an idol to be worshiped.

"That soft heart of his will be his death," she often remarked. "Why, only last month he gave his coat to a dirty beggar and caught a fearful cold coming home without it."

The family physician, to whom she confided this bit of news, smiled immoderately.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Sanders, I'd be willing to have a good many colds if I had a heart like Tommy's."

"And that last stray pup he brought home the other night got up from the cellar and chewed up Tommy's speech," she went on.

"The office at the mill has a dinner next week, you know, and Tommy is to be one of the speakers. And it was a real good speech he wrote too. He had all but the last of it by heart, and of course that was the very part the pup chewed up. Land! I've been all day trying to copy it over."

The doctor grinned. "What did he do to the pup?" he asked.

"He?" said Mrs. Sanders. "Oh, just 'Poor old doggie, trying to steal my thunder, weren't you?'"

Tommy laughed heartily that night at his mother's account of her attempt to copy the damaged speech. The part which was chewed into illegibility he set about to rewrite with the meddlesome pup wriggling about in his lap, and when he had finished his writing and committed the whole to memory he and the pup had a frolic which left the manuscript of the speech in sad tatters.

No one but Tommy knew just how much he counted on sitting at the long table with the officials of the mill and the invited guests. On his part he was determined to do his best. To this end he went over the lines again and again until he felt sure he could start in the middle and go either way. And on the evening of the eventful day, arrayed in his dress clothes, he placed the pup on a chair and, standing before him, exhibited the heavy dignity of the oration.

Tommy left the house with a light heart and his mother's injunction to "button his overcoat way up" ringing in his ears. His mind refused to stray from his speech. As he turned the corner he was mumbling to himself, "It is with some hesitation I rise to respond," when he was suddenly aware of a little group on the sidewalk gazing upward. Something on the spire of the old Wesley church attracted their attention.

"What is it?" he inquired of one of the men.

"Kitten," was the response.

Tommy strained his eyes, and in the fast dying light he could make out a tiny speck well up on the spire. In a moment speech and dinner were forgotten.

"Where's the sexton?" he asked, with sudden energy.

"In the house there next the church," some one answered him. A moment later Tommy was tugging at the doorbell.

"You the sexton?" he asked, and, as the man nodded, "Kitten on the spire there."

The sexton made some profane observations concerning trespassing felines.

"Get a lantern and come on," said Tommy. The sexton looked his disgust and then emphatically expressed it.

Tommy fumbled in his pocket and thrust a bill into the sexton's hand. That changed the complexion of things. The sexton got a lantern, and together they climbed the rickety stairs of the tower. At last they reached the top. Above them was a small trapdoor.

"Roof of the bell deck, eh?" said Tommy.

"Yep," said the sexton, raising the lantern. Tommy had shed his coat and overcoat and was fumbling with the hasp.

"Ain't going out there?" the sexton questioned incredulously.

"Sure," said Tommy. He flung the door open and crawled out. The keen air made him shiver. He grasped the lightning rod and stood up. Below him—far below him—were twinkling street lamps, and momentarily he was dizzy. He looked up. The lightning rod ran straight up the spire, and beside it, clinging tight and mewing faintly, was the kitten. That decided him. From the group below came a faint cheer. Grasping the lightning rod, he began to climb steadily upward.

It seemed an interminable climb. His breath came hard, his temples seemed bursting, but always he worked slowly upward until he was abreast of the kitten. "Kitty, kitty!" he called softly, and, cautiously reaching out one hand, he drew in the trembling little wretch and thrust it in his trousers pocket. Then he let himself slowly downward until he reached the trapdoor, crawled through and sat down on the rickety steps to regain his breath.

Presently he donned his coats, and, with the kitten in his big pocket, he made his way to the street. Arrived once more on the ground, Tommy remembered the dinner, and even as the onlookers pressed forward to congratulate him he broke away and sped down the street to the hall.

When he reached the hall, the dinner was well under way. A glance at his dirty hands and the iron rust on his clothes made his heart sink within him, but with the help of some of the waiters he made himself fairly presentable. Still carrying the kitten beneath his coat, he made his way to his seat just as the toastmaster arose for the first toast, the one to which Tommy was to respond.

When the toastmaster had finished speaking, Tommy sat like a graven image until the man in the next seat gave him a rather pronounced kick under the table. Then he got unsteadily to his feet.

"It is with some hesitation I rise to respond," he began, "because—er—because—er"—he gulped and glanced wildly about him—"because—er—hang it!" he went on. "I've forgotten every word of my speech. I—you see—I—er—had occasion on the way down here—to—er—go up the lightning rod on the spire of old Wesley, and—er—that knocked it clean out of me, you know, and so—er"— He paused and abstractedly fished the kitten from beneath his coat. It solemnly surveyed the assemblage and then gave vent to a long drawn "Me-ow!" as it settled comfortably in Tommy's big hands. A roar of laughter came from the tables, and, confused and blushing, Tommy sat down.

Soap In Shaving.

In spite of the fact that those who use the razor frequently cut themselves, yet it is rarely that anything more serious than a cut follows, the slight wound generally healing quickly, and the risk of septicaemia arising in this way would seem to be almost nil. In the majority of cases, therefore, it is clear that the razor blade must be bacteriologically clean—i. e., free from the septic matter—which may be attributed to the fact that probably it is dipped into hot sterilized water before use or else that the soap lather is antiseptic. The latter explanation seems the more probable of the two. The amount of soap rubbed on the skin is considerable if the shaving is to be in any degree comfortable, and soap has considerable antiseptic power, a 6 per cent solution being sufficient to destroy the typhoid bacillus. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the skin is rendered sterile by the liberal application of soap, and this fact is in favor of any cut that may be made remaining healthy and without any serious consequence.

In a word, soap in the operation of shaving not only facilitates the process, but plays the same valuable role when the shaver is unlucky enough to cut himself as does the antiseptic in surgery.—Lancet.

Lost Arts of Childhood.

"We hear a good deal these days about the lost arts. I wonder if the world realizes that some of the most precious arts of childhood are in danger of becoming extinct. How many boys today can make a kite properly hung and with a tail sufficient to balance it? How many boys can make a bow with the ends nicely bent and worked down with a bit of broken glass?

"I interviewed my young nephew the other day and was thunderstruck to discover that he knew nothing about it. Could he make a water wheel, a windmill, an elder popgun, a jack o' lantern, a buzz wheel, an air gun from a goose quill with a sliced potato for ammunition, a willow whistle, a squirt gun? No; he knew nothing about them.

"'But surely,' I said, almost pathetically, 'you can make a cornstalk fiddle.'

"'Do you mean a violin, uncle?'

"Then I gave it up. I don't believe the youth of today know enough to stick feathers in a corncob and throw it into the air. I am going to write a book some day upon the arts of childhood to save them from utter annihilation."—Detroit Free Press.

Wasted All Three Wishes.

An Irish legend has it that a good fairy once visited an old couple and promised them that any three wishes they would make would be granted. After racking their brains for some time in an endeavor to discover what they desired most the couple decided to visit the county fair to see if something there would suggest what they wanted. They did so, and after rambling around all day and not seeing anything that exactly suited them toward evening they found themselves before a display of kitchen utensils. Among them was a soup ladle, cheap, but likely to appeal to a woman, so the old woman in an absent moment said, "Oh, I wish I had one of those," and immediately she had it. The old man was so enraged because his wife had thoughtlessly thrown away one valuable wish that he retorted, "I wish that was stuck down your throat," and immediately this was done. Thereupon he was at once sorry at what he wished, and the only thing left to do was to wish the ladle out again. So all three wishes went for naught.

The Thirsty Elm.

It has been computed that if the leaves of an elm tree sixty feet high were spread out on the ground edge to edge they would cover five acres of land. These leaves, averaging 7,000,000 to a full grown tree, will absorb water to the amount of seven tons during the normal summer day. Were it not for the ingathering by the stomata during the night a few elms would soon draw off all the water from a district.

The Modest Actor.

"Shakespeare took some great risks in his dramatic effects," said the literary analyst.

"He did, indeed," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, with the innocent egotism of genius. "For instance, when he wrote his plays he had no idea that I would be born to see that they were properly produced."

A MYSTERY OF FORT FISHER

[Original.]

One of the unsolved problems of the storming of Fort Fisher related to Commander Hervey. It will be remembered that there was a naval attack by bluejackets which was repulsed with considerable loss. Hervey's body was found in a depression in the sand in the extreme advanced position reached by his men of the Juniata. A handkerchief (not Hervey's) had been used for a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood from the commander's left ankle, which had been shattered and the artery cut by a rifle ball. The wounded man must have been killed subsequently by a fragment of a shell which had struck him in the head. Who had saved the captain in the first instance? It must have been some one who had been killed in the action, for no one claimed the credit.

Some time before the Juniata, which Hervey commanded, joined the fleet she was refitted at the Portsmouth navy yard. Commander Hervey's family were there in one of the officers' residences, including his daughter, Irene, a girl of seventeen. There was a petty officer—not commissioned, but an enlisted man—named Edgar Foristall, who was cockswain of the captain's dingey. He used to carry Irene in the dingey to and from the Juniata. On such occasions she sat in the stern of the boat beside the cockswain. Though very young, she knew well the difference in station between enlisted men and officers and that it was not becoming to have anything to say to the cockswain. When any of her family, associates or officers were in the dingey, she never made a remark to young Foristall, but when none of these was present she waxed quite friendly. Later Foristall was in the action at Fort Fisher, was severely wounded and was promoted for bravery.

Ten years passed. One day Irene Hervey was present at the launching of a United States cruiser. A superintendent of one of the departments of the works that had built the vessel stepped up to her and asked her if she remembered him. She did not, and he informed her that he was the cockswain who used to carry her in her father's dingey to and from the Juniata. Irene's face lighted up at once. She was especially pleased at meeting Foristall as a citizen and not as an enlisted sailor.

"I have never seen you," she said, "since the Juniata left us for the attack on Fort Fisher. I saw the notice of your promotion for bravery, however."

"Oh, everybody was brave on that occasion," said the young shipbuilder.

"But it is pleasant to be singled out from the throng."

At that moment the ship was launched and the remarks were interrupted. Nevertheless they were the beginning of a renewed acquaintance on a different basis from that of bluejacket and captain's daughter. Irene had treasured a remembrance of the black eyed boy who used to sing out the orders to his oarsmen so lustily, though he had changed so much in appearance that she had not recognized him. The new man proved so attractive to her that her heart slipped into his possession. Then she was pleased that he offered her his own in exchange. But what was her delight when he opened the case of his watch and showed her a little lock of her hair that he had surreptitiously cut from her "pigtail" one morning when she was on his dingey.

They were engaged, and in time the day was set for the wedding, but, unfortunately, one evening when Irene was in a bad humor she let fall a remark indicating that she still had some of the feeling that a captain's daughter might have for a bluejacket. Foristall at once broke the engagement. Irene when she had cooled longed to recall him, but it is not an easy thing for a woman thus to humble herself. So she pined and moped till her mother found something for her to do in getting up material for a biography of her father to be published with those of other naval officers who had fallen in the civil war.

She was thus engaged when she came upon a packet marked "Papers found on Commander Hervey's body." Opening it, she took out several letters, shuddering that they had been drenched in her father's blood, and examined them in turn. Suddenly she came upon a few scarcely legible words on the back of one of the letters scrawled with some blunt instrument, possibly a finger tip:

"Cockswain saved me. They will hit me yet."

Like a flash from heaven the secret attending her father's death burst upon her. For years she had wondered who was the man who had carried her father to a less exposed position and had bound up his wound. Was he young or past middle life? Was he dark or fair? Why had fate deprived her of the satisfaction of taking his hand and expressing something of what she felt with her lips and her eyes? And now she knew that this man was the young tar who had stolen a lock of her hair, whom she had wounded by a reference to their former relative positions.

"Come to me at once," she wrote. "I love the bluejacket better than the shipbuilder."

After the first transports of the meeting were over she said:

"Tell me, Edgar, why you kept the secret."

"It was because I loved you and knew that our stations were too far apart for you to return my love. I would not place you under an obligation nor be content with your thanks."

AUSTIN A. KINGSLEY.

As We Talk.

Hoax—I just heard some news that seems too good to be true.

Joax—That's too bad.—Philadelphia Record.

He Has to Work Hard Too.

Miss Sweetly—What's Mr. Hardup doing for a living now?

George—Oh, anything that his rich wife tells him.—Comic Cuts.

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CHINESE FESTIVALS.

Six Curious Feast Days That Usher In the New Year.

The first day of the Chinese New Year's feasts is called Bird's day (Kay-Yat) and is supposed to bring to mind the utility of the feathered tribes as food. On this day all orthodox Chinese abstain from eating flesh, and they sometimes observe it as a day of fasting. The second day is Dog's day (Ku-Yat). This day is especially held sacred to the canine hosts of the Flowery Kingdom. The Chinese, notwithstanding the fact that they eat the flesh of the dog and esteem it a great delicacy, honor their dogs more highly and take better care of them than any other race of people. In every large Chinese city there is a workman whose sole trade is that of making coffins for departed canines.

The third day, Hog's day (Chen-Yat), is celebrated in honor of a hog that once drew a valuable manuscript out of a bonfire of trash. The fourth feast, Sheep's day (Yaong-Yat), is honored in memory of Pun Koon Venga, a shepherd who clothed himself in leaves, grass and bark of trees, refusing to make use of any part of the sheep, either for food or clothing. The fifth day is Cow's day (New-Yat). This day is consecrated to the cow that suckled the orphan who afterward became rich and built the celebrated Temple of Cows. The sixth day is Ma-Yat, or Horse day, and is set apart to call to mind the usefulness of that noble animal.

Notable Paintings.

Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and on the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface, so the story goes, could be covered with a grain of corn.

In contradistinction to this the largest painting, exclusive of frescoes and panoramas, is Tintoretto's "Paradise." It is hung in the grand saloon of the doges' palace at Venice and is 84 feet wide and 34 feet high.

Michael Angelo's fresco in the Sistine chapel of the Vatican completely covers the vaulted roof, which measures 133 feet in length and 43 feet in width. This painting delineates the creation of man, his fall and the early history of the world, with a reference to man's final redemption and salvation.

Reassuring.

"Oh, Harold," wailed the lovely maiden, in whose expressive features grief and indignation seemed to be struggling for the mastery, "how can I believe you in the face of all this evidence of your perfidy and double dealing? The letter to Blanche, in your own handwriting; her photograph, found in your possession; the fact, as told me by a dozen witnesses and tacitly confessed by you, that you kissed her the other evening when you were together in the conservatory—how can you reconcile these things with your continued professions of love for me?"

"All these things, darling," said the hero of the story, the light of truth shining in his dark brown eyes and the impress of sincerity stamped upon his noble forehead, "will be satisfactorily explained in the next chapter!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Time to Read.

"Pause, O youth or maiden," wrote Andrew Lang in the Windsor Magazine, "before you accustom your lips to this fatal formula, 'I have no time to read!' You have all the time which for you exists, and it is abundant. What are you doing with it—with your leisure? Mainly, gossiping. Our modern malady is gregariousness. We must be in company chattering.

"To be always with others, always gregarious, always chattering, like monkeys in treetops, is our ruling vice, and this is the reason why we have no time to read and why you see so many people pass their leisure when alone in whistling or whittling. They have time to whittle."

Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci, the celebrated Italian painter, sculptor and architect, died in 1519. He was born in 1452 and became well versed in all the sciences and arts of his time. His most famous picture is "The Last Supper," painted on the wall of a convent at Milan. He is said to have anticipated Galilei, Kepler, Copernicus and others in their astronomical theories and also some of the discoveries of recent geologists, though his views are expressed in somewhat vague language.

A Successful Test.

At a small town in Kent a gentleman employed a carpenter to put up a partition and had it filled with sawdust to deaden the sound. When it was completed, the gentleman called from one side to the carpenter on the other:

"Smith, can you hear me?"

Smith immediately answered, "No, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Moon Worship Among Many Peoples.

Figures of the moon as religious emblems can be traced to a very high antiquity. The ancient Egyptians had two moon gods—Khons or Khonsu and Tel or Thoth. The latter wore the moon on his head, either as a full moon or as a crescent. The divine honors paid to the cat on the banks of the Nile were probably due to its supposed connection with the moon, as shown by the changeable pupil of the feline eyes. In Greece both Phœbus and Phœbe were moon gods, and by Isis the Greeks understood the same planet. The Romans had many gods. With them Luna was the moon, the daughter of Hyperion and sister of the sun. According to Livy, the temple of Luna stood on the Avertine.

The ancient Goths, Germans and Finns were all moon worshipers, and in ancient Britain the moon occupied a high position in the celestial hierarchy of the Druids, who were always represented as bearing crescents in their hands. It is possible, too, that Andraste, the goddess to whom Boadicea appealed with outstretched hands, was the moon.

Joking Friends In Old Days.

In a romantic and picturesque old hall in Derbyshire, England, is one of those curious relics of bygone times which carry the mind back to the habits and customs of our great-great-grandfathers. A handcuff looks a strange thing to be fixed to the screen of the banqueting hall of a baronial mansion, but one is there. When the banquet had advanced toward its zenith, if any gentleman among the guests refused to drink the full quantity that was deemed the proper thing at that time he was merrily carried to the oak screen and placed with his arm upraised and secured and locked in that position by the iron ring. His sleeve, then wide open, offered a tempting receptacle for the wine which he had refused to drink, and the contents of the goblet, with as much more as the roisterers thought fit, were poured down the unlucky victim's arm, and woe be to him if he did not take the joke in the spirit in which it was given.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Too Plebeian a Dish.

The pains of being a dignitary in an ancient country with a tradition of splendor is illustrated by this anecdote from India. It is related that the viceroy's eye lighted one day upon a dish at which he gazed for a moment with incredulity. "What is this?" he demanded at last. A trembling retainer gasped that it was rice pudding. No less a personage than the viceroy's consort had ordered the humble pudding which eminent statesmen may be seen eating at their clubs with undisguised enjoyment any day of the parliamentary session. But the viceroy frowned. "Take it away," he said. "Never let me see such a thing again." This is how the orient differs from the occident. Rice pudding might have ruined the dignity of the vice regal table in native opinion.

Chinese Transportation Methods.

The cheapest method of transportation in the world is that by Chinese junks that are dragged up and down their winding rivers by strings of sweating men, who are paid only 8 cents a day for their work and have to pay their board out of that small sum. Next in cheapness to transportation by junk is transportation by camel team. This method is used in distributing coal. Great numbers of Mongolian camels, led by a string through their pierced noses and tied one to the other, each carrying two baks of coal strung across their backs between the humps, are to be seen winding their way from the coal mines to the larger cities in northern China and covering with their swinging steps about twenty miles a day.

A Free Translation.

Willie Emerson-Smith (reading)—And they gathered from the dollar of the earth—

Teacher (in astonishment)—From the wha-a-t?

Willie Emerson-Smith—From the dollar of the earth.

Teacher—The text says "from the four quarters of the earth.

Willie Emerson-Smith—Well, aren't four quarters a dollar?—Baltimore American.

His Sad Story.

"Cleanliness can do you no harm," said the housewife.

"I don't know about dat, ma'am," replied the dusty wayfarer.

"Did you ever lose anything by it?"

"Yes, mum. I was 'tattooed man' in a circus one time, an' when dey made me take a bath all de figures came off, an' I lost my job."—Chicago News.

He Needed the Money.

Bookkeeper—I would like a little more salary, sir. You see, I'm married now, sir—

Employer—And need the increase for your family?

Bookkeeper—No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now!

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1903.

NOWELL SUCCEEDS COTTLE

Representative Nowell of Reading, the new member, is to go on the Banks and Banking Committee to succeed Representative Cottle, deceased. Nowell cannot take his seat till after Wednesday next, when he will be sworn in before the Executive Council, but once he does sit in the Committee he will make his mark if his training counts for anything. Nowell is one of the chief Paymasters of the Boston & Maine Railroad.—*Practical Politics March 7.*

This District was fortunate in selecting Mr. Nowell to succeed Mr. Cottle in the House of Representatives. He has the natural ability and business training necessary to enable him to make his mark in the Legislature, or any position where his qualities are called into play.

In the hands of Nowell and Aldrich the interests of this District are safe, for they are men of sterling character, sound common sense, and honest.

"PUTNAM HALL."

The New England Helping Hand Society of 124 Pembroke street, Boston, was organized early in 1887, and its object, as set forth in the charter, was the "Providing of Homes for Working Girls and otherwise extending to them a helping hand whenever it is deemed expedient by the Society." It is under the management of a large number of able and capable ladies. The President is Mrs. Eliza Trask Hill.

The "Gordon Rest" is an associated charity under the same management.

The late William R. Putnam of Woburn took a deep interest in the work of the Society and had been the largest individual contributor to its funds. As a tribute to his memory, the officers, at their last annual meeting, voted to name the Home on Pembroke street, PUTNAM HALL.

☞ Whether, or not, the new road-roller becomes a "potent factor" in the Aldermanic proceedings of the current year will depend on the opinion of City Solicitor Norris, for which the Council appealed last week. Should he decide that the order for its purchase was illegal, then the business will have to be done all over again, with possible contests, as before. Should it be the other way, then the roller will be paid for.

☞ Representative Nowell came out from his Boston office and visited a few Woburn friends last Saturday, by whom he was well rceived. The Republicans of this city are less reserved and more approachable than they are reputed to be, and Representative Nowell is the sort of a man they like to take to their embrace.

☞ Chairman Riley and the Republican Ward and City Committee were entitled to and received great credit for the splendid results of their efforts to get out a full Republican vote at the special Representative election.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Eirst Church—Fair.
J. G. Maguire—Taxes.
C. W. Clark—Citation.
C. A. Nichols—Carpets.

— Palm Sunday falls on April 5, and Easter Sunday on April 12.

— Polo still holds the boards here with a tenacity that beats all creation.

— Hammond & Son are looking for a rushing trade for Woburn this spring.

— What this town needs more than anything else is additional street railroads.

— Mr. Hyatt of New York City is visiting Mrs. Dr. Graves on Pleasant street.

— Thomas Heartz has accepted the position of Janitor of the Savings Bank building.

—Reports of the death of Supt. Emerson current last Tuesday were without foundation.

— The Orthodox clock is greatly out of kilter in striking the hours. It should be doctored.

— After the severe and protracted rainstorm, yesterday was a day to cheer the hearts of mortals.

— Next Tuesday will be St. Patrick's Day where "a wearing of the green" will be in order.

— The Soloist at Unitarian church Sunday, March 15, will be Miss Louise Rollwagen of Boston.

— Bates & Son say this is going to be a great summer for bicycles. A bicycle revival is in the air.

— Miss Bryant is still performing the duties of School Superintendent in the most satisfactory manner.

— Mrs. Nason of Orange, this state is visiting with her cousin, Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell, 84 Pleasant street.

— Burbank W. R. C., 84, gave a fine whist party last Tuesday evening. They are Post 33's right bower.

— Mr. James Partridge was taken suddenly and severely ill at his home on Main street last Sunday night.

— Miss Lizzie Calnan, Deputy Water Registrar, is hard at work on the water bills to be issued on April 1.

— Mrs. George H. Taylor visited Superintendent Thomas Emerson at his home in Newton last Tuesday.

— Representative Nowell will lend a hand towards securing a boulevard for Woburn if the people want him to.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys' rubbers 50c

— Tax Collector Maguire has a long story to tell in this issue of the JOURNAL which may interest some people.

— Rev. E. A. Horton will preach at the Unitarian Church next Sunday. The G. A. R. men will flock to hear him.

— Herbert Damon on the Lincoln farm, Lexington street, saw an English pheasant one day last week and said it was a beauty.

— E. S. Tead of the Education Society gave an able and interesting lecture at the Orthodox Church last Wednesday evening.

— Gage &Co. have one of the largest and best stocks of cloths for men's suits, etc. that they, or anybody else, ever offered to the Woburn public.

— No meeting of the Board of Public Works was held last Wednesday evening on account of circumstances over which nobody had any control.

— The managers of the First Parish annual Fair are planning for the largest and best one ever held by the Parish. Many unique attrations are lotted on.

— For length the rainstorm that set in last Sunday morning and ended anywhere from Monday evening to Wednesday afternoon, beat all morden records.

— Dr. George H. Hutchings has been troubled with a hitch in his step this week. He sprained one of his ankles badly a week ago, which caused the hitch.

— Quite a number of Woburn people attended the Shawmut church in Boston last Sunday evening to hear Hayden's Mass by the quartette and chorus choir.

— Mr. Cyrus Lamb, the carpenter, had been close to death's door with pneumonia before making his appearance on the streets a few days ago, restored to his usual state of health.

— If the question of additional policemen, now before the Council, were submitted to a popular decision we'll venture to say that not more than one man in 75 would vote in favor of it.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their annual Minstrel Show on April 22 and 23. The boys are laying plans for a big thing on ice. It is time to begin to save up money for it.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols of Buel Place converts old carpets into fine new rugs, and is doing a big business at it. It is a novel thing and a good one, at least the women say it is, and like it. See ad.

— The Christian Endeavor Society of Cummingsville have been given the use of a brick building just beyond the burned factory, named it the Mission Chapel and are putting it in order for use.

— Burbank Woman's Relief Corps, 84, are to celebrate the 16th annual aniversary of their organization on Friday evening, March 13. J. P. Gould of Corps 65 is expected to be present.

— Mr. William H. Lewis, the Highlands grocer, and wife will spend the next 8 or 10 weeks in California, making Redlands their headquarters. Mr. Lewis has been sick with grip nearly all winter.

— It is evident to our mind that Editor Wilson of the Winchester *Star* is prospering. He is adding a new press and folder to his office equipment this week. He richly deserves his prosperity.

— Hope Circle are to give a side-splitting burlesque called "Lady Marons" at Odd Fellows Hall on the evening of March 25, for which the tickets are only 15 cents. There are dead loads of fun in it.

— The good people of North Woburn have no doubt at all but that a big real estate boom will come along with the bobolinks this season. Ward 6 is the pleasantest and healthiest section of the city.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor of 23 Pleasant street is having a great run of custom for her homemade candy. Last week she sold 25 pounds. She manufactures only fancy varieties of the highest grades in quality.

— Hezekiah Butterworth says that Mr. J. L. Harbour, who is to lecture before the Woburn Women's Club on March 20 "has the genuis of humor both as a popular story writer and as a speaker", and Hezekiah knows.

— The Augustinian Fathers will open a mission at St. Charles Church next Sunday, March 15, to continue two weeks. The first week is to be devoted to the women of the church, and the second will be for the men.

— Mr. Louis R. Wallis, Treasurer and General Manager of the Woburn L. H. & P. Co., and wife left their home in Winchester on March 7 for Bermuda and a winter cruise in summer seas. They will return early in April.

— Last Monday evening Aberjona Colony U. O. P. F., 131, held a special meeting at which Supreme Governor Treadwell was the guest of honor. There was a large attendance and 120 people sat down to a fine supper at the close of business.

— In response to an invitation from Chief Engineer Dunn of the Maine Central Railroad Company, Messers. Ellis & Buswell, contractors, visited Portland yesterday to examine plans for stonework on some of the companys lines in the Pine Tree State.

— An observing lady reported to the JOURNAL, by Mrs. Jennings, that she saw a whole flock of robins last Wednesday morning, and her boy reported seeing bluebirds on the same day. That means that Poet Thompson's longed for "ethereal mildness" has come to stay.

— The Dr. George S. Dodge estate Nos. 389, 391, 393 Main street, has been sold through C. E Smith's Real Estate Agency of this city to Thomas P. Salmon, who buys for investment and improvement. It is understood that the price paid by Mr. Salmon was about $17,000.

— The Military Whist to be given by the Woburn Woman's Club March 19, promises to be something unique, and the tickets are selling rapidly. The number of tickets is necessarily limited by the capacity of Music Hall, but a few more may be obtained from members of the committee.

— The largely attended meetings of Woburn W. R. C. 161 show that the interest of the members in the work is unabated. A noble cause for true, loyal women to be engaged in. The G. A. R., are aging fast, and their numbers growing less each year, while devotion to their country remains strong as in the days of '61 and '65. It is pleasing to know all efforts of the Corps are duly appreciated by Post 161.—MRS. S. F. A. JEFFERDS, Press Cor. Corps 161, Woburn, Mass.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard,

50c and $1.00

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,

— AT —

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Our Prices on Foods!

Malted Milk, 38c., 75c. and $3.00. Mellin's Food 35c., 55c. Lactated Food 20c., 39c., 73c. and $2.00. Ridges' Food 25c., 43c. and $1.13. Eskay' Food 20c., 40c., 65c. and $2.19. Cereal Milk 20c., 40c., 80c. Nestle's Food 40c. Imperial Grainum 59c. and 85c. Plasmon 21c., 33c. and 62c.

Robbins Drug Company.

(SUCCESSOR TO HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ **Send your Orders and Prescriptions by mail or Telephone 48-4. No extra charge for prompt messenger service.**

GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— It will be a good thing to keep in mind the date of the Orthodox Parish Fair, April 16, 17. See ad.

—Mr. Daniel A. Beaton of Eastern avenue, this city, an expert chemical plumber, left here last Wednesday for British Columbia on professional business for the Boston house by whom he is employed. He lately returned from Cape Breton where he did a large job of chemical plumbing for his firm.

— Mr. E. G. Preston has been in Washington this week as a representative of Boston Chamber of Commerce to testify in the matters of the Hayes Bond treaty, which is opposed by Senator Lodge and supported by the Chamber of Commerce, and other Boston business organizations.

— The Innitou Canoe Club of this city have prepared for an entertainment that will be likely to strike the public with marked favor. It is to consist of a play, musicale and dance, to be given in Music Hall on March 27, on the Friday evening preceding Palm Sunday. There is good authority for saying that it will be as fine an entertainment as this community have been privileged to enjoy this season.

— If the Browntail Moth of this city has the least conception of the imminent peril its life is in, it must tremble in its boots about these days. If it is prudent, and possesses a particle of forethought, it will skeedaddle out of this neck of timber just as fast as its legs will carry it, for our City Council are in dead earnest, and that $500 appropriation is a tough proposition for the Moth to buck against.

— The next session of the South Middlesex Conference will be held in the Channing church, Newton, March 20. On Thursday evening, March 19 at 7.45 P. M. there will be a meeting in the church at which Rev. Minot Savage, D. D., of N. Y. will speak on "Our Opportunity and our Duty". Rev. J. P. Fisher of Brooklyn, will speak on Friday A. M., the subject for the afternoon will be "Unitarian Aims and Methods".

— The rooms to be occupied by John P. & James E. Feeny as law offices in Johnson block are the finest in the city. The suit consists of three large handsomely finished rooms on Main street and Montvale avenue, on the second floor, and will constitute a law headquarters unequalled in convenience and view from the windows and light and air by any anywhere. They are about ready for the Messers. Feeney to move into.

— We received a call, last Tuesday from Mr. R. P. Turnbull of Pine Point, Scarboro, Maine, who has been spending a week among friends at his former home here. He and Mr. Fred Ruggles are the proprietors of Lookaway Inn at Pine Point, a favorite summer resort between Old Orchard and Portland considering which they have been doing a fine business for two or three years past. Mr. Turnbull was looking well feeling firstrate.

— The funeral of Joseph W. Huntley, which was held in Lowell last Sunday afternoon, was quite largely attended by Woburn people. Fred F. Lowell, Frank H. Sawyer and J. H. Parker, Jr., represented Towanda Club; Winthrop Hammond and Willis J. Buckman of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Free Masons were pallbearers; Henry Eustis Smith and Edward Q. Brackett represented Mishawum Club; all of whom carried floral tokens of esteem prepared by Hovey, the Woburn florist.

— The entertainment entitled "The Spinsters' Return," given by Relief Corps 84, was highly enjoyed by an audience that filled G. A. R. Hall to the doors last Friday evening.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church held their monthly supper and entertainment last evening. Mandolin selections by Miss Emma Fosdick, Miss Esther Bean and Miss Ethel Dow, and a debate entitled Woman Suffrage, by Missess Bertha M. Heald, Louise Burgess, Fred O. West and Harold Johnson.

— Mr. Henry L. Andrews, one of the best job printing compositors in the country, has severed his connection with the Woburn *News* and is now resting on his oars. He was an employee of the JOURNAL office prior to 1880, and for a short time one of its proprietors, having, with Mr. French, purchased it from his brother-in-law Mr. John L. Parker. He and Mr. John M. Wallace founded the *News* and published it up to Feeny &McDermott. Mr. Andrews is a job printer of fine artistic taste, and has done a great deal of high grade work.

— A Military Whist will be given March 19 in Music Hall by the Woman's Club. At the close of the Whist an opportunity will be given for those who enjoy dancing till twelve. The tickets 35 cents each, may be obtained of the committee, of which Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell is chairman and Mrs. E. F. Hayward, Mrs. C. E. Eaton, Mrs. M. R. Bickford, Mrs. J. P. Brown, Mrs. J. F. Deloria, Miss S. N. Ellis, Mrs. C. N. Gilbert, Mrs. S. B. Goddard, Mrs. Wintrop Hammond, Mrs. J. R Kendall, Mrs. H. H. Leathe Miss G. L. Norris, Mrs. E. Preston, Mrs J. F. Ramsdell, Mrs. Fred Stanley Mrs. Joseph Winn, Miss M. C. Woodberry, Mrs. J. R. Wood, are members.

— I have heard that the Central Square Dog, Gun and Rod Club, called by some the "Ingleside" Club, most earnestly object to the award of three Grand Prizes and a Silver Cup by the Judges of the recent Boston Dog Show to Mr J. E. Boutwell of this city for the best exhibition made there, and are talking of entering a protest against the decision. I hope the report is without foundation. Mr Boutwelli was richly entitled to the high honor he won at that immense show of dogs, and is justly proud of it. I understand that all this talk by the Ingleside amateurs does not disturb the equanimity of Mr. Boutwell in the least.—X.

— President Samuel W. Mendum was undeniably the star performer at the Towanda Minstrel Show night before last and last night. He was, to lug in a French gastronomic phrase, the piece de resistance, which means, when put into Yankie slang, the biggest pebble on the beach, and splendidly did he act that character. His dancing? Why, it was rublime; it was the very quintessence of the "poetry of motion;" Fanny Ellsler, in her palmiest days, would have "paled her uneffectual fire" in the presence of Mendum's graceful pirouetting and bewildering leg twisting. Mendum is not a monumental success as a vocalist, more's the pity, but as a burlesque lecturer he takes the cake every time. His "Ad Lib" talk as Mr Dooley on a lecture tour, was simply immense, and caused a shower of busted buttons all over the house. The End Men were perfect in their parts. They were: Bones, Samuel W. Merrill, Fred J. Babcock, Ernest M. Ellis, Louis H. Dow. Tambos, Robert J. Durward, Arthur W. Walls, Herbert L. Platts, Frank S Eaton. There were 31 voices in the ch rus, and Calnan's band furnished fine orchestral music. It was pronounced by everybody to be by far the best minstrel show Towanda Club have ever given, and it was greeted by an immense audience. Every part was performed to perfection. For us it would be a pleasing pastime to particularize the performance, but time and space will not permit its indulgence. Towanda can boast of a great amount and variety of burnt cork talent, and it showed itself in bold relief at their show this week.

Woman's Club.

The Club was entertained on Friday afternoon, March 6, with an elaborate literary composition consisting of a Shakesperian burlesque entitled:—"Hamlet's Brides." The courtly grace and the certitude with which Hamlet lent himself after losing Ophelia in making love to Juliet, Rosalind, Beatrice, Viola and Portia, who were divorced from their husbands, and residents of Salt Lake City, afforded much amusement and was greeted with cordial applause.

The cast was as follows:

Hamlet,	Miss Kate M. Barker
Juliet,	Mrs. Sybil Shaw Trull
Rosalind,	Mr. Joseph F. DeLoriea
Beatrice,	Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward
Viola,	Mrs. Charles Eaton
Portia,	Mrs. Emily B. Preston
Ghost,	Miss Edna Johnson

Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney rendered two groups of songs, with Shakesperian words, very sweet, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. H. T. Remick of Sharon, Mass., formerly a Director of the Club, which added pleasure to the occasion.

First Group.

(*a*) It was a Lover and his Lass, from "As You Like It." — Dr. Arne
(*b*) Hark, Hark the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings. — Schubert
(*c*) Should He Upbraid. (Word from Cymbeline.) Sonnet. — Bishop

Second Group.

(*a*) Who is Sylvia? — Schubert
(*b*) Orpheus with his Lute, from Henry VIII. — Sullivan

The Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Susan A. Newcomb and Mrs. Nellie T. Gilbert, Chairmen, served a collation from daintily decorated tables.

Plans for the Millitary Whist and Dance for Thursday evening, March 19, at 8 o'clock, at Music Hall, were explained. The Committee Arrangements will meet at the home of the Chairman, Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell, on Saturday afternoon, March 14, at 3 o'clock.

The Club will have the pleasure of hearing Mr. J. L. Harbour, a native of Oskalcosa, Iowa, the author of so many delightful stories. His own humor is spontaneous, genuine and unfailing, but ever subservient to an earnest life. Mr. Harbour is one of the forces working for longevity. His subject on this occasion will be "Blessed Humor." Gentlemen are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

G. L. N., Rec. Clerk.

READ IT THROUGH.

'Twould Spoil this Story to Tell It in The Headlines.

To use an eighteen century phrase, this is an "o'er true tale." Having happened in a small Virginia town in the winter of 1902, it is a story very much of the present. Up to a short time ago Mrs. John E. Harmon, of Melfa Station, Va., had no personal knowledge of the rare curative properties on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. "Last January," she says, "my baby took a dreadful cold and at one time I feared she would have pneumonia, but one of my neighbors told me how this remedy had cured her little boy and I began giving it to my baby at once and it soon cured it. I heartily thank the manufactures of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for placing so great a cure within my reach. I canot recommend it too highly or say too much in its favor. I hope all who read this will try it and be convinced as I was." For sale by all druggists.

City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a special meeting on Friday evening, March 6, President Johnson in the Chair.

The Finance Committee did not report on the schoolhouse loan. That will come later, and clinch the nail for building the house.

The $500 appropriation, intended to exterminate the Browntail Moth, passed second reading.

The Committee on Police, reported in favor of an additional number of policemen, making the force to consist of 14 members, and the same was accepted. Ald. Felch tried to cut the number down to 13, but it was no go.

The Mayors annual budget passed a second reading

Mr. Ervin Hatch.

An illness of several weeks terminated in the death of Mr. ERVIN HATCH at his home in Stoneham, just over the Woburn line, about two miles from Woburn Centre, at 12.40 o'clock on Monday morning, March 9, 1903. His daughter, and only child, Mrs. W. A. Andrews, and her husband, who faithfully nursed and cared for him during his sickness, were at his bedside when he passed away and tenderly ministered to his needs to the last.

Ervin Hatch was born at Elm Brook, in the old town of Wells, York County, Maine, March 14, 1829, and spent the years of his youth there. In early manhood he came to Boston and was engaged in railroading for a few years. About 1857 he was employed by a Massachusetts firm of contractors to go to St. Louis, Missouri, and superintend the building of the first street railway in that city. That completed, he was sent to Cincinnati by his firm to build a line; and from there was ordered to New Orleans to execute a large street railway contract. Being in New Orleans at the breaking out of the Rebellion he was conscripted by the rebels to work on fortifications and gunboats. He was married there by Rev. William Carey Barrows, late pastor of the First Baptist church in this city, and now pastor of the Baptist church at Kennebunkport, Maine.

When the Union forces captured New Orleans Mr. Hatch was released from his unpleasant work on rebel gunboats, and soon after, with his wife, left there and came back to Boston. Not long afterwards he bought the home farm in Stoneham, on which he lived many years and died. His wife died a few years ago. He left one child, Mrs. Andrews, and two grandchildren.

Mr. Hatch was an industrious, prudent, and honest man: a good neighbor, and respected citizen.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, March 10, at his late home.

Well Again.

The many friends of John Blount will by pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his attack of rheumatism, Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him after the best doctors in the town (Monon, Ind.) had failed to give relief. The prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by all druggists.

You've Had The Grippe!!

Whitcher's Extract of Malt

will put you on your feet again.

15c. Bottle. 80c. half doz. $1.60 dozen.

PHYSICIAN DISCOVERS NEW WOMAN'S DISEASE.

Call It "OVARALGIA"—Proves To Be Very Common Complaint Among Women—Symptoms Pain Back, Sense of Heaviness and Dragging Down in Region of Womb.

Dangerous Menace to General Health—Sure to Result Fatally if Unattended Records Show 95 per cent Deaths. Eminent New York Specialist Uses Special Prescription with Unfailing Success.

So many women suffer from practically the same trouble or in other words the ailments of women exhibit symptoms so identical that a prominent New York specialist has given the matter much study. In his report of his investigation he says: "I find women from every walk of life—some who work hard and others whose life is one of leisure—suffering as the result of a general breaking down of the entire system; they are nervous wrecks—a burden to themselves and doubly so to their friends. In seeking a cause for this state, I have found that 95 per cent of ailing women suffer from some female weakness. The duties of wifehood and the burdens of motherhood are too great a strain on her delicate physical structure and the result naturally shows at the weakest point. What at first appears as but a slight irregularity gradually takes on more alarming symptoms and affects a wider region. The afflicted woman finds it a task to perform her daily duties however free from care and burden they may be. The simple act of being on the feet for any length of time brings on attacks of weakness and pain which is at times very trying. The peculiar make up of the female organism is responsible for this; the tender tissues and membranes become congested; inflammation and irritation follow, bringing as an inevitable result a drain that exhausts and poisons the entire system."

Dull headaches, nausea, lack of energy, extreme nervousness, pain in the back of the hips, peculiar abdominal pains all these are symptoms of the conditions described above.

This same physician, already quoted, in speaking of his treatment for these conditions, says: "For ovaralgia, the name I give to the cause for the symptoms just described, I have a prescription originated by me while in Bellevue hospital years ago, that always brings about prompt relief and its persistent use will permanently cure. I have hundrees of lay patients who can testify to its strengthening powers."

This prescription is now offered to the women of this community. Please rememeer that it means prompt relief from your pains and aches; that VITONE TONIC will tone the stomach and bring to the blood new life and vitality, enabling it to throw off the poison of local dicharge.

VITONE TONIC is an elegant and finished product, with an agreeable, pleasant, bitter taste—there's health in every dose. For sale at 75 cents for large bottles, and in Woburn by EDWARD H. CALLAHAN & CO., druggists.

Boston Theatres.

NEW MAJESTIC THEATRE.

Droll Richard Carle and his merry flock of songsters have undoubtedly achieved a most pronounced financial and artistic success at the New Majestic Theatre, where the vast audiences that have attended the performances have voted it one of the jolliest of jollity shows seen in Boston for many a day. The production, which enters upon its fifth week next Monday, is most lavish and costly, and the company comprises some of the best known players of the day, all of whom are now prime Boston favorites, especially the large array of singing and dancing girls, the most youthful, graceful and beautiful bevy of femininity that has been coralled in any one organization of recent prominence. "The Storks" is full of puns. The fun begins with a ripple at the rise of the curtain. Indeed, so fast does it come, that the piece must actually be seen many times to fully appreciate Mr. Carle and Mr. Steeley's refreshing wit, and Frederic Chapin's music. Matinees are given every Wednesday and Saturday at the New Majestic.

THE COLONIAL.

Klaw & Erlanger's stupendous production of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" is now in its sixth week at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, with no apparent let-up in the crowds that nightly clamor for admission to this popular playhouse to witness the mammoth and magnificent Drury Lane entertainment that has set not only the New England country but all America agog with its beauty. The spectacle in its entirety may be likened to a real vision, real in flesh and blood, rich with real flushed beauty and the lissome grace of youth, for it is the embodiment of romantic drama, joyful comedy, fascinating opera and bewildering ballets, to say nothing of the intricate, massive and picturesque scenic effects, all of which are rolled into one entertainment, shown on one stage and for which one admission only is charged. That the theatre-going public gets wise quickly to a good thing nowadays is ably shown in association with this attraction, for the advance bookings are enormous and thousands are nightly journeying from all parts of New England to enjoy it. "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" is an entertainment that can be seen a dozen times and still prove enjoyable. There are beauties innumerable, that escape one's eyes the first three or four times that it is seen because the senses, so to speak, become bewildered by the lavish display of costumes, scenery and the hundreds of performers enacting the spectacle.

MUSIC HALL.

While many of the Boston theatres are feeling the effects of the Lenten season the Boston Music Hall continues to be crowded at every performance and the excellent shows which are being presented in that theatre serve as magnets to draw the people. For the coming week the attraction will be Dainty Annie Blancke in the popular melodramatic success of the season, "A Little Outcast." Miss Blancke is one of the most popular actresses on the American stage at the present time and she has always been a big favorite with Boston theatregoers who remember her for her excellent acting as Taggs in the big production of the "County Fair," which enjoyed such a long and successful run in Boston nearly ten years ago. Miss Blancke's specialty is "child" parts and her diminutive stature and charming grace enable her to play this line of parts to perfection. In "A Little Outcast," Miss Blancke appears in the role of "Bob," a newsboy. She is supported by an excellent oompany of players.

THE TREMONT.

Successful as was James K. Hackett's first engagement at the Tremont Theatre in January, his return to the same house, which began last Monday, promises to overshadow it. Boston theatregoers have found to their taste Winston Churchill's dramatization of "The Crisis," which is the most popular novel of the day. There have been many so-called "book plays" in recent years, but only a few have approached satisfaction. The failure of the major portion has been due, partly, to the complexity of the story, which militated against a clear condensation in the space of a single performance, and partly because of the lack of dramatic incidents which could be depicted upon the stage. The latter fault did not exist in "The Crisis," for no publication of modern days was more crowded with intense and thrilling incidents. In fact, there were so many of them that the first mentioned fault was the one which most threatened the practicability of its dramatization. But Mr. Churchill, advised by Mr. Hackett, made the vast amount of historical characters and incidents into a sort of semi-historical atmosphere for the play, and wove his plot around the love affair of the young Bostonian, Stephen Brice, and the Southern maiden, Virginia Carvel, with the jealousy of her cousin, Clarence Colfax, the great friendship of her father for his natural enemy, Judge Whipple, the villainy of Eliphalet Hopper, and the charming society of Virginia's young friends as the attendant and qualifying circumstances. Mr. Hackett has fully renewed his former triumphs in the role of Stephen Brice. He has the support of the same admirable company which appeared with him earlier in the season. The engagement has only two weeks more to run.

Colds Are Dangerous.

How often have you heard it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is of such common occurrence that a cold, however slight, should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Sold by all druggists.

How the Chronicle Feels.

The Reading *Chronical* felt jubilant over the election of Mr. Nowell. We pick out of its columns of March 6 the following choice bits:

☞ Representative Charles H. Nowell, we salute him.

☞ Chairman Riley of the Woburn Republican City Committee delivered the goods.

☞ There was victory in the air Tuesday.

☞ For the loyal, active support giving Mr. Nowell in Woburn, the Republicans here are deeply appreciative of their Woburn brethren.

☞ It would have been a treat to see James Wilson Grimes in his vigor at one of the railroad crossings while the gateman was at the polls voting for Mr. Nowell. It is said that he flagged four trains while the engineers and firemen, some of whom were acquainted with him, looked out in open eyed astonishment.

The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring.

The Annual Spring Exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society will be held at Horticultural Hall, 300 Massachusetts Aveuue, Boston, beginning March 18th, and lasting five days.

Prizes amounting to more than a thousand dollars will be awarded to successful competitors.

This will be one of the most important exhibitions of the year, and the whole available space in the new hall will be used to accommodate the exhibits.

Schedules of prizes for the whole year can be obtained gratis at the hall or by writing to Secretary.

J. H. Woodford, Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

The Boston Horse Show.

There is an impression abroad that the modern horse show is primarily a society function, a sort of parade ground where well gowned women may display the latest Parisian creations to advantage. It is true that horse shows are very attractive to members of the smart set, but society is not the whole thing, as the show itself is useful and beneficial to the general welfare of the horse. A glance at the premium list for this year's Boston show to be held in Mechanics Building during the week of April 20 to 25, clearly demonstrates the value of exhibitions of this nature from a purely horse point of view. This is especially true of the inducements offered to breeders of trotting horses in which department $3,400 has been offered in prizes. It is claimed by a friend of the trotter that as a carriage horse he has no superior, and in order to give encouragement to breeders the above amount has been offered. It has been divided into eight classes for stallions to be shown with and without their progeny, and the stallions will be judged for their individual producing and ring show qualities. Liberal prizes have been offered for other breeds, but the trotter heads the list of premiums. The entries for the show will close March 28, and any information regarding classes or prize list may be had by addressing the Secretary, Capt. Samuel D. Parker, Room 229 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

Resolutions.

The Towanda Club of Woburn, of which the late Mr. Joseph W. Huntley was an active and highly respected member, at a special meeting on March 7, adopted the following expressions of appreciation and sympathy:

WHEREAS, the members of the Towanda Club of Woburn have learned with the deepest sorrow of the death of their friend and associate, Mr. JOSEPH W. HUNTLEY,

Resolved, That we hereby express our high regard for his character and usefulness. He was one who never received more than he gave, and the universal good nature and enthusiasm which were prominent traits of his character were of distinct benefit, not only to his associates in this organization, but to the community. Deeply mourning his death at so early a period in life, we unite in extending our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives. And,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Club, and copies be sent to the nearest relatives and to the press.

For the Towanda Club,
SAMUEL W. MENDUM, President.
JOHN C. ANDREWS, Secretary.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two-year-old child of Mr P. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by all druggists.

If it's a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick recovery is certain. For sale by all druggists.

More Gibson Girls.

The principal feature of next Sunday's Boston *Herald,* March 15, will be another page of Gibson girls. The great success attending the publication of some of these girls a few Sundays ago has induced The Boston *Herald* to give its readers another group from the pen of this great artist. Place your orders early for next Sunday's *Herald.*

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston. Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday in Lent. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Week-day service during Lent—Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.; Friday at 4.30 P. M. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting. At 7 P. M., Preaching. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Sewing Circiel Thursday at 7.30 P. M. Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Experience of Toiling All Night and Taking Nothing." 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "A Worried Ruler's Vain Experience." 7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Feb. 26, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Ernest H. Ives of Boston and Eva M. Grothe of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 8, Patrick Mullen, aged 9 years, 3 days.

In this city, March 1, George Blaisdell, aged 48 years, 7 months, 23 days.

In this city, March 2, Nora A. Healey, aged 65 years.

In this city, March 8, Frank R. Minard, aged 15 years, 6 months, 10 days.

In this city, March 11, James Gordon, aged 37 years.

In Billerica, March 10, Frank H. Richardson, aged 35 years, 8 months.

Larsen's Peas!

This is the name of the best brand of Peas on the market.

Larsen's Marraowfats 13 cents per can.

Larsen's Extra Sifted 17 cents per can.

Try them once and you will always want Larsen's.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

ANNUAL PARISH

FAIR!

First Congrega'l Church,

April 16 & 17.

☞ Full particulars next week.

C. E. SMITH,

Real Estate Broker and Auctioneer.

Property cared for and Rents collected.

Office: 439 Main Street, Woburn.

Horse Clipping!

9 Clinton St, Woburn.

J. E. BOUTWELL & SON.

Drop a postal, we do the rest.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

For Sale.

The Homestead estate of the late Robert B. Eaton in Woburn, on Main street and on Eaton Avenue, comprising dwelling and about eight acres of land.

J. W. JOHNSON, Trustee.

Closing-Out

— OF —

ODD LOTS!

A few sizes in Ladies' Waists, this season's styles, but they have been handled and are out of shape a little; these are offered at very low price.

Ladies' Flannelette Night Robes and Ladies' Flannelette Skirts are now being sold very cheap. We need the counter room for new goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., March 4, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, April 18, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

MAURICE W. CARROLL.—About 7056 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, on Stoddard street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; easterly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; southerly by Stoddard street; westerly by land formerly of Joseph Buck.
Tax of 1901, $11 47

MARY CONLON.—About 18950 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 35 and 37 Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thos. Richardson; easterly by Buckman street, sometimes called Buck street; southerly by Buckman street, sometimes called Buck street; westerly by land of Leathe.
Balance of tax of 1901, 9 90

BRIDGET DOHERTY.—About ¼ acre land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Burke, about 66 feet; easterly by land of Dunberry, about 160 feet; southerly by Buckman street 66 feet; westerly by Buckman Court about 166 feet.
Tax of 1901, 18 50

CAHIR DOHERTY.—About 5-16 acres of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Hudson street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of premises on Hudson street by land of Hudson; thence easterly by Hudson street 5 rods to land of Eustice Cummings; thence northerly by land of Cummings 10 rods to other land of Hudson; thence westerly on and by said other land of Hudson 5 rods; thence southerly by land now or late of said Hudson 10 rods to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 37 00

JAMES FRASER.—About 5200 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Court street, being lot No. 7, Block B. of Assessors Plans, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Reagan; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Peter M. G. Fraser; westerly by land of Munroe and land of Grammer.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 15 85

JAMES GIVEN.—About 2376 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block S. on Assessor's Plans, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Upton; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Vital; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1901, 16 28

PETER M. G. FRASER.—About 5960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 13, Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Fraser; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Alice M. Grammer; westerly by land of Alice M. Grammer.
Balance of tax of 1901, 11 80

FRED and LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About 5445 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No 6. Wyer's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson; westerly by Wyer's Court.
Balance of tax of 1901, 24 40

RUFUS C. HAYWARD.—About 13,581 square feet of land with buildings thereon, being lot 30 block Q, by Assessors Plan, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land of Mary E. Hevey; southerly by land of John Maxwell; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1901, 59 20

JAMES E. KELLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 24 Hudson street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hudson street; easterly by a private way; southerly by land of Farry; westerly by land now or late of Butman.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 10 85

EDWARD S. LYONS.—About 4,625 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 7 and 9 Porter street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Catherine A. Meehan 61.1 feet; easterly by land of Catherine A. Meehan et al 71 feet; southerly by Porter street 64.9 feet; westerly by land of Colley 65 feet.
Tax of 1901, 39 77

EDWARD S. LYONS.—About 7,013 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Keith and land of Lyons and Murray; easterly by Main street; southerly by Hudson street; westerly by land of Gallagher and land of Mary W. Lyons.
Tax of 1901, 54 58
Street watering for 1901, 2 15

MARY F. MELINDY.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Sturgis street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Sturgis street; easterly by land of Durant 115 feet, 3 inches; southerly by land of Westcott; westerly by land of William P. Wyman.
Tax of 1901, 49 95

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lot 22, block B, on Assessors Plan, No. 11 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Linnell; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land of Crosby and other land of Smith.
Tax of 1901, 49 95
Street watering for 1901, 1 21

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot 25, block B, on Assessors Plans, No. 10 Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Crosby; easterly by other land of Smith and land of Connolly; southerly by land now or late of Thompson; westerly by Court street.
Tax of 1901, 32 38

HEIRS OR DEVISEES OF JACOB WEBSTER.—About 15,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn being lot 11, block B, on Assessors Plans, No. 20 Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hunt and by land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren Avenue.
Tax of 1901, 90 65
Street watering for 1901, 1 76

RUSSELL COUNTER COMPANY.—About 34,502 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 12 Beacon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckley, Porter and Hartwell; easterly by land now or late of Dow; southerly by land now or late of Ferrin; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1901, 391 55
Street watering for 1901, 4 12

Non-Residents.

FRANK N. WEST.—About 5,480 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Church street; easterly by land of Dow; southerly by land of Dow; westerly by Court avenue.
Tax of 1901, 94 35

FRANK N. WEST.—About 19,760 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thayer; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railway Corporation; southerly by land of Nathaniel Simonds and land of Almira P. Richardson; westerly by said Bennett street.
Tax of 1901, 157 25
Street watering for 1901, 1 88

MARY WELSH.—About 6,077 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on plan of Thomas Richardson estate on Porter street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan; easterly by land formerly of Anderson; southerly by said Porter street; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

WILLARD WELSH.—About 10,527 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, off Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Connors and Murphy; easterly by land of Murphy and Levigne; southerly by a private way; westerly by land now or late of Levigne.
Tax of 1901, 9 71

WARD 2.

SARAH J. BROOKS, HEIRS.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 125 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 75 feet; easterly by land of Ford and land of Kingman 175 feet; southerly by land of Charles S. White heirs, 65 feet; westerly by land now or late of Flagg, 170 feet.
Tax of 1901, 35 15
Street watering for 1901, 1 45

MARTIN CONNOLLY.—About 7,,556 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 73 on plan of lands owned by Bryant and King, situated on northerly side of a private street leading westerly out of Arlington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Michael Graham and John Foley; easterly by land of Fitzpatrick; southerly by Abbott Court; westerly by lot No. 72 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

PETER COTE.—About 4,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Fulton street, being lot 6 on plan of Highland Park lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 91, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 on said plan 94.5 feet; easterly by land of owner unknown 50.03 feet; southerly by lot on said plan 92.8 feet; westerly by Fulton street 50 feet.
Tax of 1901, 1 85

TIMOTHY CREEDON.—About 7,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 9 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street; easterly by land of Maguire and land of Parker; southerly by land now or late of Lewis L. Whitney, Trustee; westerly by land now or formerly of Fifield.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 32 70

ROSE DUNN, HEIRS.—About 3-16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Clapp; easterly by land now or late of McHugh; southerly by land now or late of McHugh; westerly by Conn street.
Tax of 1901, 19 43

SARAH F. FLAGG, HEIRS.—About 19,477 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, and known as Heckbert Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 41 feet; easterly by land of Maguire, land of Long and land Loring; southerly by other land now or late of Flagg; westerly by land of Ferguson and land of Trull.
Tax of 1991, 11 10

HUGH P. MAGUIRE.—About 3,600 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street 60 feet; easterly by Conn street Court, so-called, 69 feet; southerly by land now or late of Parker 60 feet; westerly by land of Creedon 60 feet.
Tax of 1901, 32 38

BRIDGET MASSEY.—About 5,335 square feet of land with buildings thereon, on Main street, being lot No. 24 on Plan of lots in Woburn, belonging to E. N. Blake, dated April 1890, on file in Assessors office, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 23 on said plan about 115 feet; easterly by lot 25 on said plan about 43.58 feet; southerly by a private way on said plan 117.65 feet; westerly by Main street about 47 feet.
Tax of 1901, 24 05

CAROLYN B. WADE.—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 15, 17, 19 Fowle street bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Fowle street and on all other sides by land now or late of Eustice Cummings.
Tax of 1901, 49 95

JAMES H. WALSH, HEIRS.—About 9,125 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 12 Belmont street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Abbott; easterly by land of Barry; southerly by Belmont street; westerly by other land of said James H. Walsh, Heirs.
Tax of 1901, 25 90

JAMES H. WALSH, HEIRS.—About 8,825 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Belmont street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of J. E. Abbott, 59.5 feet; easterly by other land of said Jas. H. Walsh 142 feet; southerly by Belmont street 63 feet; westerly by land now or late of L. G. Richardson et. al.
Tax of 1901, 3 70

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 145 Montvale Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by a private way; southerly by land now or late of Ward; westerly by land of Foss.
Tax of 1901, 33 30

Non-Residents.

ALICE M. CURTIS.—About 97,985 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 26 Vernon street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hammond, land of Meegan and land of Foster; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by land now or late of Foster 310 feet; westerly by Vernon street 300 feet.
Tax of 1901, 88 80

HENRY O. CUSHMAN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 27 on Plan of lots in Woburn, belonging to Mary P. Foster dated Oct. 22, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Hawley street; northeasterly by lot 28 on said plan; southeasterly by land now or late of Sawtelle; southwesterly by lot 26 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

GEORGE W. M. HALL.—About 17,225 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 101 Montvale Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by land of Maloney; southerly by land of Flagg; westerly by land of Robertson.
Tax of 1901, 66 60
Street watering for 1901, 1 48

L. JACOBOUTZ.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Laurel street, being Lot 13 Section F on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 14 on said plan; easterly by lot 2 on said plan; southerly by lot 12 on said plan; westerly by Laurel street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 12,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6, 7, 8, 9, block 1, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 5 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 10 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 12,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, block 1, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 9 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 14 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 6,356 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, block 1, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 13 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1901, 74

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 8,690 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 27, 28 and 33, block 2, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, and also on Assessors' plans, Book 2, Plan 53, to which reference is hereby made for further description.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 10,334 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17, 19, 20 and 21, block 3, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street shown on said plan; easterly by lot 22 in said block; southerly by lots 16, 18 and 24 in said block; westerly by Badger street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 5,694 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, block 3, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street on said plan; easterly by Frank street on said plan; southerly by lot 24 in said block and by said Frank street; westerly by lot 21 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 74

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 11,988 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 38, 39 and 41, Block 4, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by lot 37 in said block; southerly by Green street and by lot 40 in said block; westerly by lots 40, 42 and 43 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 26 on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by Hawley street on said plan; easterly by lot 27 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Sawtelle; westerly by lot 25 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

GUY P. WALTON.—About 5,711 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Fowle street 62.5 feet; easterly by land of Knight; southerly by land of Collamore; westerly by land of Collamore.
Tax of 1901, 83 55
Street watering for 1901, 60

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.—About 5,500 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on easterly side of Vernon street, being lot No. 19 on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 18 on said plan; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by lot 20 on said plan; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1901, 51 80

FRED W. MARSHALL.—About 10,500 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Garfield Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Peterson 105 feet; easterly by Garfield Avenue 100 feet; southerly by land now or late of Peterson about 105 feet; westerly by land of Peterson about 100 feet.
Tax of 1901, 9 25

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,860 square feet of land situated insaid Woburn being lot 29, Block 5, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 30 in said block; easterly by lot 4 in said block; southerly by lot 28 in said block; westerly by May street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 46

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,100 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 41 and 42, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 40 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by lots 43 and 44 in said block; westerly by lots 47 and 48 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,265 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 42 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by Lowell street on said plan; westerly by lot 45 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5, 6, 7 in Block 5 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 4 in said block; easterly by Tremont street shown on said plan; southerly by lot 8 in said block; westerly by lots 26, 27 and 28 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,29[illegible] square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 18, Block 5, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 19 in said block; easterly by lot 16 in said block; southerly by Lowell street in said plan; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 25, 26 and 27 in Block 5, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 in said block; easterly by lots 5, 7, 8 in said block; southerly by lot 24 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 51, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 52 in said block; easterly by lot 38 in said block; southerly by lot 50 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 46

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 54 and 55, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 56 in said block; easterly by lot 34 and 35 in said block; southerly by lot 53 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 2,462 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 59, Block 7, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 58 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 60 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1901, 46

WARD 3.

GRANVILLE BOUTWELL.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 23 Flagg street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jeremiah Murphy; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Patrick Murray; westerly by Flagg street, so-called.
Tax of 1901, 12 03

DAVID CLANCY, HEIRS.—About 6,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 33 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Connolly; easterly by land of Trull, lane of Tidd, and land of Correy; southerly by land of Maloney and land of McGrath; westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1901, 30 53

HANNAH McGRATH, HEIRS.—About 1,094 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of McDonough; easterly by said Centre street; southerly by land of Tierney; westerly by land of Gage.
Tax of 1901, 7 86

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 50,925 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Winn street, being lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely: Northwesterly by Cummings avenue; northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 13 on said plan and land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Winn street.
Tax of 1901, 31 46

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 37,943 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Cummings avenue; northeasterly by Maple Court on said plan; southeasterly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Village street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 17 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 19,235 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 45, 46 and 47, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 48 on said plan; northeasterly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Maple Court on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 8 32

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 29,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on northerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Salmon and Thompson; easterly by land of Prior; southerly by Plympton street and land of Weldon; westerly by Scott street continued and land of Weldon.
Tax of 1901, 58 66

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 8,378 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Plympton street; easterly by land of Naven; southerly by land of Vinal; westerly by land of Griffin and land of Crocker.
Tax of 1901, 16 35

MARY SHINKWIN.—About 4,309 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 1 Middlesex street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Shinkwin; easterly by land now or late of Coughlan; southerly by land now or late of Coughlan; westerly by Middlesex street.
Tax of 1901, 37 00

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 4,920 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 11 and 13 Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Edgell; easterly by land of Holton; southerly by Manns Court; westerly by land of Whitcher.
Tax of 1901, 61 05

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 494 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Jones; westerly by other land of said Smith.
Tax of 1901, 88 80
Street watering for 1901, 73

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,940 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 and 8 Mann's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mann's Court; easterly by other land of said Smith; southerly by land of Salmon; westerly by land of James Skinner.
Tax of 1901, 49 02

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 37 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Begley; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1901, 30 53

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 1,440 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 14 Mann's Court, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Mann's Court; easterly by other land of Smith; southerly by land of Meagher; westerly by land of Meagher.
Tax of 1901, 15 17

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELSH.—About 26,610 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 29 No. Warren street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Murray; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of heirs of David D. Hart; westerly by North Warren street.
Tax of 1901, 27 75

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer and James D. Tyler, trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644. Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, March 30th., 1903.

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Figg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Att'y-at-Law, 27 School St., Boston Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, Trustee,
under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagee.
Boston, March 3, 1903.

By C. E. SMITH. - - - Auctioneer,
439 Main St., Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Wood of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Andover Savings Bank, dated June fourth, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Libro 2971, Folio 51, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on

Wednesday, the 25th day of March, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the house on the premises hereinafter described, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Easterly on Warren street one hundred sixty-three and 64-100 (163.64) feet, more or less; southerly on Sturgis street nine hundred fifteen and 9-100 (915.9) feet, more or less; westerly on Arlington Road, formerly called Canal street, one hundred ninety-eight (198) feet more or less; and northerly on a private way called Thompson street, eight hundred twenty and 98-100 (820.98) feet, more or less. Being lots numbered ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12), thirteen (13), fourteen (14), fifteen (15), sixteen (16), seventeen (17), eighteen (18), nineteen (19), twenty (20), twenty-one (21), twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25), twenty-six (26) and twenty-seven (27) on a Plan of Lands on Academy Hill, Woburn, Cyrus Thompson, Engineer, dated May, 1845, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Plan No. 55. Being the same premises conveyed to said George H. Wood by William H. Tucker by deed duly recorded, and subject to the restrictions referred to in said deed.

Terms; $600 down; further conditions at sale.

ANDOVER SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
By John F. Kimball, Treasurer.
February 27, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of George H. Bancroft, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring sureties on his bond, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of March, A.D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT,

To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah E. Fisher, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased.

WHEREAS, Frank L. Perry, executor of the will of said Sarah E. Fisher, and a creditor of said estate, has presented to said Court, his petition praying that the Court will examine and allow said claim as creditor of said estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering or mailing, postpaid copy thereof to each of you, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

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N. B.—This department is under the personal supervision of MR. ALBERT A. CARTER.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by William H. Richardson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of George A. Robinson, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary E. Robinson of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

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Apply to WINTHROP HAMMOND,
408 Main street, Woburn

A LONG SENTENCE.

One That Discounted the Longest One Evarts Ever Uttered.

Abram S. Hewitt had a very nimble wit and dearly loved a joke. He was once a guest at a dinner which included Recorder Smyth and Senator Evarts. The recorder was poking fun at the senator and read from a newspaper clipping what purported to be a sentence from a recent speech made by the senator, but which was in reality wholly fictitious, as the senator knew quite well. At its conclusion the laugh was long and hearty at Mr. Evarts' expense, and no one laughed longer or heartier than the senator himself.

As soon as the laughter had subsided Mr. Hewitt suddenly leaned across the table and, looking rather sternly into the smiling face of the recorder, said in a well assumed tone of reproach:

"That certainly is a remarkable sentence, your honor, but criticism of it does not come well from you if today's newspapers are to be believed, for they contain a sentence of much greater length which is attributed to you."

"Why—why, how is that, Mr. Hewitt?" inquired the recorder, with considerable confusion.

"Because," said Mr. Hewitt, with the utmost gravity and that grim smile which always accompanied his best sayings, "you are there quoted as uttering a sentence that was to last through the whole life of the prisoner."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Usual Way.

A man had a piece of news.
A reporter heard of it.
The reporter called on the man.
And asked him about the news.
The man played balloon with the reporter.
He swelled noticeably and said:
"You fellers never get anything right. So I won't tell you."
The reporter did not get angry.
He knew the man was a fool.
He had seen him before.
He knew the real facts could be had from no one else.
Yet the reporter did the very best he could to get at the truth.
And published the story as he got it.
Then the man who had refused to give the facts arose early and bought a paper to see if the facts were distorted.
They were.
And he said:
"I told you so."
Query.—With whom should the public yearn to get even—the reporter, who did his best, or the arrogant fool, who deliberately refused to help him?—Baltimore American.

Animals and Rain.

It seems strange that no animal, unless it be the squirrel, seems to build itself a shelter with the express object of keeping off the rain, which they all so much dislike. Monkeys are miserable in wet and could easily build shelters if they had the sense to do so. "As the creatures hop disconsolately along in the rain," writes Mr. Kipling in his "Beast and Man In India," "or crouch on branches, with dripping backs set against the tree trunk as shelter from a driving storm, they have the air of being very sorry for themselves." But even the orang outang, which builds a small platform in the trees on which to sleep at night, never seems to think of a roof, though the Dyaks say that when it is very wet it covers itself with the leaves of the pandanus, a large fern.—London Spectator.

No Misers In Burma.

When a Burman has earned a little money, he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard. Consequently there are no large landowners, and, there being no aristocracy, the people are as near being on an equality as possible. Poor people are quite as rare as rich people, and the only beggars to be met with are the lepers, who sit on the steps of the pagodas. Should a Burman find himself in possession of a large sum of money he builds a pagoda and possibly a zayat, or resthouse. If any money still remains, he gives a theatrical performance.

An Advantage From Fogs.

In speaking of fogs a medical journal draws some consolation from the fact that even fogs have one compensating advantage which has often been overlooked. "It is," it says, "reasonable to suppose that a fog effects a partial purification of the atmosphere. This is borne out by the fact that when a fog subsides the deposits contain the carbon, sulphur, organic bases and other injurious and irritating particles which formerly existed in a state of suspension in the atmosphere."

Up Against It.

"Don't go in there, children," cautioned the wife of the struggling poet, listening a moment to sounds as of a strong man in distress that came from the other room.

"Why not?" they asked.

"Your father is trying to find a rhyme for 'scrofulous.'"—Chicago Tribune.

His Costly Conversation.

Tired Tatters—Dey say dat sum uv dem poets git $1 a word.

Weary Walker—Dat's nuttin.' I got $2 a word wunst.

Tired Tatters—Wot fer?

Weary Walker—Fer sassin' de judge.—Chicago News.

The Reason.

Smithly (just returned after a long absence)—Is Brown still attentive to your daughter?

Oldboy—No.

Smithly—She jilted him, then?

Oldboy—No, she married him.

Before putting to sea say one prayer, before going to war say two prayers, before getting married say three prayers.—Spanish Proverb

The Creation of the Camel.

There is an Arab tradition cited in Burton's "Gold Mines of Midian" regarding the creation of the camel which illustrates the popular but erroneous opinion that this animal is ugly in form and temper.

The story goes that when Allah determined to create the horse he called the south wind and said, "I desire to draw from thee a new being; condense thyself by parting with thy fluidity." The Creator then took a handful of this element, blew upon it the breath of life and the noble quadruped appeared. But the horse complained against his Maker. His neck was too short to reach the distant grass blades on the march; his back had no hump to steady a saddle; his hoofs were sharp and sank deep into the sand, and he added many similar grievances.

Whereupon Allah created the camel to prove the foolishness of his complaint. The horse shuddered at the sight of what he wanted to become, and this is the reason that every horse starts when meeting its caricature for the first time.

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OWEN MEREDITH.

A Dinner Speech of His That Elicited Howls of Derision.

I once sat at a banquet given in London by Wilson Barrett to Lawrence Barrett, says a writer in an English magazine. Earl Lytton presided, a curled, oiled, effeminate, supercilious fop. He had a Roman tragedy to sell to Wilson Barrett. That was why he came.

He eulogized Wilson Barrett in a speech. "I believe," he said, "that Mr. Barrett won some success with a piece called (consulting his notes) 'The Lights of London.' I suppose it was the work of some dramatic hack." George Sims sat facing him and never said a word.

Then his lordship went drawling on: "I next find on the list of Mr. Barrett's successes something called 'The Silver King.' Here again I know nothing of the authorship. The names of those dramatic carpenters do not interest me." At which Henry Arthur Jones glared and a flush came into the face of poor blind Henry Herman.

"Finally," said Lord Lytton, "Mr. Wilson Barrett has placed on his boards what he humorously calls a Roman tragedy. I refer to 'Claudian,' attributed to one W. G. Wills, of whom I have never heard." This was too much for the banqueters. All of them were personally acquainted with Irving's pet poet, the modest Wills. So they howled derisively.

And Earl Lytton's tragedy, produced a month later, was a dismal failure.

Superstition About Cats.

In the Monferrato it is believed that all the cats who wander about upon the roofs during the month of February are really witches, whom it is lawful and even necessary to shoot. A German superstition has it that if a black cat sits upon the bed of a sick man it is a presage of his death, while if after his decease it is seen upon his grave it is enough to arouse doubts as to the locality to which his soul has departed. In Hungary it is thought that cats generally become witches between the ages of seven and twelve years. A French belief concerning the cat is that if the animal be carried in a cart and the wind blow from it to the horses they immediately fall tired. If any part of the horseman's clothing be made of cat's skin, the horse will feel as though it carried a double burden. In other countries, however, superstition is favorable rather than adverse to the cat. A variant of the famous story of the Kilkenny cats is found in Piedmont, the cats being, however, replaced by wolves.

Life Saving Devices.

Mimicry among butterflies, moths and other insects would be comic were it not a matter of life or death. Not a few moths have at the hinder ends of their wings a black mark and two or more tails resembling the horns of their own heads. A veteran in warfare not seldom has these portions missing, a proof of the value in having saved his life. Thus the lizard's brittle tail, which, first attracting the enemy, comes off at his touch, lets his would be prey escape. When at bay, crabs distract the enemy by throwing off their claws, and lobsters do the trick more neatly by seizing the enemy with a claw and then throwing off limb and enemy. Thus the bushy tail of the squirrel is accounted for. There is a chance of escaping the enemy minus only a mouthful of fur.

The Missionary Apple Tree.

In the rectory garden of Pysford, near Woking, England, there stands what is familiarly known as the missionary apple tree. The tree is a large one and of a good age and has been so named for the reason that for many years past it has been the custom of the rector of the parish to collect the fruit, sell it in the best market and devote the proceeds to the missionary societies of the Church of England. Quite a large sum of money has been raised in this way, and the apples, which are of the Blenheim orange variety, always find a ready sale at excellent prices among the gentry and farmers of the district.

African Natives and Salt.

To obtain salt the Bakalulua and other African natives burn banana leaves and certain grasses and, collecting the ashes, place them in a large funnel ingeniously made from large banana leaves. Through this they percolate water and then evaporate the filtered water by boiling, obtaining a fairly white salt composed of a very small amount of chloride of sodium and a very large amount of chlorate of potash and other salts. Prior to the advent of the traders and the missionaries this was the only salt they had to satisfy the natural craving of a vegetable eating people.

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ONE PLUS ONE EQUALS—WHAT?

By FRANK CHISWICK

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"Girls, what do you think? Professor Storm proposed to me last night. So silly! Why, I never met him until the institute opened. We were coming home from the concert, and he"—

Miss Lingard's laughing accents reached the door of the cloakroom just as Miss Waters and Miss Burrows went out.

"Silly! She is the silly one! The most conceited girl I ever knew!" exclaimed Nellie Waters, snapping a rubber band about her notebook.

Alice Burrows stooped for an imaginary raveling in her skirt binding, and her friend did not see her quivering lips. When she stood erect once more, they were joined by other teachers and passed down the corridor.

The first hour was given over to a lecture on chalk work in geography, but Alice was deaf to pedagogic suggestions, blind to the vivid drawings of the faddist who held forth before the teachers of Tucson county, assembled for the annual institute. Above the voice of the speaker rang insistently the words of Hattie Lingard—"Professor Storm proposed to me last night."

Well, why shouldn't he? thought Alice despairingly. Miss Lingard was noted beyond the confines of the county as a beauty and a coquette, just the sort of young woman who would attract a studious, earnest man like Mr. Storm. Yes, why shouldn't he? What did he owe quiet, gentle Alice Burrows? He had spoken no word of love to her, and yet— Her cheeks flushed crimson, and she bent her face closer to the notebook, whose pages were still unwritten. It had all been a mistake. She had misinterpreted the actions of this grave young professor who for two years had conducted the classes in mathematics at the institute. Perhaps it had even been unmaidenly for her to read the clear depths of his hazel eyes.

The morning dragged wearily. At noon her appetite failed. By the opening of the afternoon session a maddening headache possessed her. During the last period of the day her section must report to Professor Storm. She would have excused herself and gone home only that every one knew she must only sit in the depot during the hot August afternoon. Mervale, her home, was but a thirty minute ride from the county seat, and to please her invalid mother Alice made the trip each day, thus depriving herself of the small social functions arranged for the evenings in honor of the visiting teachers, a humorous lecture, several receptions and the concert.

Professor Storm had asked her to attend the concert with him, but she had been forced to decline. Now she thought, with increasing bitterness, that he had quickly consoled himself in her absence. Perhaps if, like the other teachers, she had boarded in town—

"If any of you failed to grasp the method used in that last problem, I will be glad to remain a short time and go over it again."

What problem? Alice pressed her hand to her forehead and glanced hurriedly at her notebook. Blindly she clutched at her pencil. Half a dozen teachers remained, and Professor Storm was stepping down from the platform. He reached her side.

"What is the trouble? Are you ill?"

He glanced curiously from the clean page of her book to her flushed face. For a few seconds speech was denied her. Then she replied calmly, almost coldly:

"I fear my mind wandered. I missed the explanation entirely."

Storm looked at the clock.

"You have forty minutes before train time. Come up to my desk and I will go over it with you."

Mechanically she followed his work, wondering if the ordeal would ever end. But her voice did not quiver as she rose.

"Thank you. It is quite simple now—as simple as one plus one equaling two."

She told the fib unflinchingly, but her eyes did not meet his. The other teachers had gathered in a remote corner to discuss the absorbing question as to whether hats should be worn at the reception to be given that night by the local woman's club. Storm laid a cool, shapely hand over her feverish one.

"I wish," he said softly, "that you would let me teach you that one plus one equals—just one. May I—Alice?"

It had not been her mistake, after all. He had meant—

"Girls, are you ever coming?"

It was Miss Lingard's voice, just outside the door. Then Alice remembered and drew away her hand.

"Really, Professor Storm, if you advance such propositions as that I shall lose faith in your knowledge of mathematics."

And with a metallic laugh she hurried toward the cloakroom. Storm looked after her with eyes first puzzled, then hurt. He had never pictured her as a willful flirt. And she had led him on. Yes, she had! He repeated the words again and again as if to smooth his ruffled feelings.

The next morning Miss Waters was waiting on the depot platform for her friend.

"Oh, Alice, you ought to have been at the reception last night," she commented as they walked toward the high school, where the institute was held. "Such larks! That little braggart, Hattie Lingard, was the laughing stock. It seems she wants to marry Fred Baker, whose father owns nearly all the stock in the Tucson bank. She hoped to rouse his jealousy by flirting with Professor Storm. That is why she started the story that he had proposed to her, and they say she even asked him to take her to the concert. Well, she did succeed admirably in rousing Fred's jealousy, and he positively refused to take her to the reception last night, and she had such a dream of a dress too. She had to go with a couple of girls. Imagine Hattie Lingard doomed to the society of girls on a long walk home under the trees! Not even Professor Storm appeared on the scene to console her. I believe he saw through her trick because he was so cool to her last night at supper. We sit at the same table. I don't believe he ever had any idea of proposing to her."

Miss Waters rattled on of the evening's pleasures, but Alice heard nothing. She could only think that perhaps the idle boast of a pretty, vapid girl had come between her and lifelong happiness. A mad longing to shriek in her misery, to strike the girl who caused it all, suddenly possessed her, and she walked like one in a dream to the institute doors.

The period just before the noon recess was given over to mathematics. Professor Storm was quiet, collected, authoritative as ever during the lecture hour, at the close of which the teachers, rejoicing in their freedom, hurried toward the various exits. Alice was almost at the foot of the line. Miss Waters called from the doorway:

"Alice, dear, will you please bring my algebra? I left it on my desk."

With downcast eyes Alice reached for the forgotten book. It lay on a desk just in front of Professor Storm. A faint flush tinged her cheek, and her hand trembled.

He stepped to her side, and the chattering voices of the outgoing teachers almost drowned his words.

"I hope you are feeling better today. No headache?"

For an instant Alice hesitated, then raised her eyes to his, and courage to make right the wrong came to her.

"I have been solving a little problem in mental arithmetic, and with the solution comes relief."

"Yes?" he said eagerly. "Why didn't you let me help you?"

The room was empty now. She leaned forward just a trifle; her glance met his, wavered and fell.

"It was so simple—just that one plus one—equals"—

"One!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "I felt sure you would find that answer if I were patient."

Home Duties

The real heroines of every day are in our homes. Frequently, however, it is a mistaken and useless heroism.

Women seem to listen to every call of duty except the supreme one that tells them to guard their health. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system unstrung? Irritability takes the place of happiness and amiability; and weakness and suffering takes the place of health and strength. As long as they can drag themselves around, women continue to work and perform their household duties. They have been led to believe that suffering is necessary because they are women. What a mistake!

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"I noticed one of your advertisements and wrote you for advice. I received your reply and carefully followed all instructions. I immediately began to get stronger, and in two weeks was about the house. I took eight bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and continued following your advice, and to-day I am a well woman. Your remedies and help are a Godsend to suffering women, and I cannot find words to thank you for what you have done for me."—MRS. LOTTIE V. NAYLOR, 1328 N. J. Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

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"I began taking your medicine, and had not taken it long before I was feeling better. My husband said that I should keep right on taking it as long as it gave me relief from my suffering, as I could not expect to be cured by one or two bottles. I did so and am now able to be on my feet and work hard all day, and go to bed and rest at night. Thanks to your Vegetable Compound I am certainly grateful for the relief it gave me. It is the mother's great friend. I would not be without it in my house, for when I feel tired or out of sorts I take a few doses and feel all right.

"I would recommend your medicine to all tired mothers, and especially to those suffering as I was."—MRS. R. F. CHAMBERS, Bennet, Neb.

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Wild Animals In the City.

The greatest surprise I ever experienced in the unexpected appearance of a wild creature in the heart of the metropolis was one day in the spring of 1901 when I saw a possum crossing Broadway near Chambers street. The creature had no chance. I think it was a truck that killed it, and a great crowd gathered, stopping traffic, excitedly discussing the tragedy. The majority declared the animal to be a rat, the minority maintained that it was a guinea pig. Then, as the police interrupted discussion by clearing the car tracks, a large negro dropped from the back of a truck, seized the animal and, mounting the cart tail once more, held his prize aloft, grinning from ear to ear. "Dasser possum," he said and pocketed the future piece de resistance. I have never learned where that possum came from, but there's no doubt where he went. Wild creatures in New York are sometimes seen. Ducks, geese, snipe and gulls pass over in their migrations, and it is not uncommon to catch a glimpse of hawks hanging high above the city smoke.

Once I saw a woodcock lying dead on the sidewalk of Fifth avenue—curiously enough in front of Delmonico's. In his nocturnal migration he had collided with that famous restaurant and had broken his neck. There may be a land of Cockayne after all. Twice I have seen owls in Madison square, one a screech owl, the other a fine specimen of barred owl.—Robert W. Chambers in Harper's Magazine.

Girl and Grammar.

"Out in my town," said a Kentucky editor, "everybody doesn't use as correct English as is used in Boston. Not long ago a young woman from the Hub came out our way to spend some time on a farm a mile or two out of town. She had met the farmer's folks somewhere and come out to try her hand at chicken raising, being an enterprising young lady.

"One day she came into the store of one of our merchants with half a dozen chickens tied together by the feet and laid them down on a sack while she negotiated a sale. The merchant observed that they were in rather an insecure position.

"'Will they lay there, Miss Julia?' he asked, with never a thought of his grammar since he left school.

"'Oh, no,' she replied, half blushing and half reproving; 'they are all roosters.'

"Since then the merchant has been trying to coax Miss Julia to quit chicken raising and go to school teaching, and the rest of us are becoming more particular in our language when the young lady is around."—New York Herald.

Clever Responses.

An American orator in endeavoring to respond to a toast frankly acknowledged his incapacity in this unique manner: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the possessor of a gigantic intellect, but just at this moment I haven't got it about me."

Talleyrand got out of a similar difficulty by a successful ruse. In responding to his health being drunk he got up before the applause subsided, mumbled, but spoke nothing, made a bow and sat down, at which the applause redoubled.—London Tit-Bits.

In Doubt.

In one of Wilkie Collins' published letters he writes:

For the last week while I was finishing the story I galloped along without feeling it, like the old post horses. Do you remember how the fore legs of those post horses quivered, and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end? That's me, my dear; that's me. Good gracious, is "me" grammar? Ought it to be "I?" My poor father paid £90 a year for my education, and I give you my sacred word of honor I am not sure whether it is "me" or "I."

Personal Magnetism.

Two men address an assembly on the same topic and in nearly the same words. One is listened to with indifference, if at all; the other stirs to every fiber our being and our souls thrill responsive to his lightest touch. It is not what we hear, nor is it graceful pose or elegant diction; it is nothing comprehensive or tangible, but an invisible, mysterious force which we acknowledge and yield to even against our convictions and reason. This strange attribute is not hereditary, nor can it be acquired.

Golden Weddings.

"But, papa, things have changed since you were young."

"Yes, they have. Folks used to wait fifty years for a golden wedding, and now they demand it at the start."

Then She Got Mad.

She (having nothing else to say)—It's funny how we ever came to think so much of each other.

He—Funny? It's positively ridiculous!

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life saving vessel through storm tossed seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.

A BIASED SON OF ERIN.

His Original Suggestion For Enlarging O'Sullivan Cascade.

In his "Recollections" Aubrey de Vere tells of an Irishman he met in Switzerland with whom patriotism was so truly a mania that every word in praise of the scenery about him seemed a distinct aspersion on the land of his birth. "What can you compare here," he demanded, "with the mountains of Wicklow?"

"Perhaps," said a traveler, "one might name the mountains of the Mont Blanc range."

"Oh," he replied scornfully, "they're out of all reason! I am after walking along the Chamouni valley for three days and I saw only four of those mountains. Sure, in Wicklow I'd have counted as many as eight of them in three hours."

"Have you seen this wonderful waterfall within half a mile of us?"

"I have not seen it, and I am not going to see it. Didn't I see the O'Sullivan cascade at Killarney? Down it comes from such a height that you don't know where it comes from. Down it plunges, thundering and bellowing, sometimes black as ink and sometimes white as milk, dashing itself against the right hand rocks and smashing itself against the left hand ones. What is your Handeck fall compared to that?"

"Some persons would say," was the reply, "that the waterfall here is about ten times as high and six times as broad."

"Ah, then," said he, with an added note of scorn, "then the O'Sullivan cascade is not big enough for you? And tell me this now: Couldn't you take a magnifying glass to it?"

Chinese Engagements.

A Chinese engagement dates its beginning from the exchange of red cards between the parents of the contracting parties. These cards in many districts are immense documents, almost the size of a horse blanket. They are important for the reason that they are used as evidence in case of disagreements in the future. We seldom hear in China of broken engagements. Yet if a quarrel cannot be settled peacefully recourse is had to the law, and the judge usually imposes a fine upon the party who has broken the contract.

The chief incident in a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride in her bridal clothes before the house of her chosen one. That is a de facto fulfillment of the contract. The wedding day is determined by the parents of the groom. The imperial calendar names the lucky days, and on such days the so called red celebrations take place, both in the cities and country.

The Leverage In a Screwdriver.

It is sometimes supposed by persons imperfectly informed in mechanics that a long screwdriver gives greater leverage than a short one. This, however, is incorrect. The action of a screwdriver, the pressure on which is direct, is not in any way analogous to that of a lever. The superiority of a long screwdriver rests simply on two facts—first, you can generally get a better grip on a long screwdriver than on a short one and can bring the whole weight of the body and strength of the arms to bear on it, and, second, the torsion of the iron in a long screwdriver comes in to supplement the force employed. The only way in which leverage can come in is in connection with the breadth of the point of the screwdriver, and even this counts for nothing beyond the breadth of the head of the screw.

An Irish Squire's Advice.

An upstart Irish squire went to an old squire for advice as to sending a challenge.

"Healy of Loughlinstown," said he, "has threatened to pull me by the nose whenever he meets me. What would you advise me to do?"

"Has he really used that threat?" asked the squire.

"He has."

"Well," said the squire, "I'll tell you what to do—soap your nose well and it will slip through his fingers."

Perhaps the most contemptuous declination of a challenge was that of an Irish gentleman of the old school. "Fight with him!" he exclaimed. "I would rather go to my grave without a fight!"—Kansas City Independent.

Masks and Faces.

Masks are of very ancient origin. In a tomb 3,000 years old at Mycenæ, Dr. Schliemann found two bodies with faces covered by masks of gold. One of the masks represented the head of a lion. Among ancient Greeks the lion mask was a sign of distinction. With the Peruvians of old it was a mark of royal lineage. In a grave of considerable antiquity in Peru a silver mask was found on the head of a mummy. The mummy of a prince who lived in the reign of Rameses II., discovered in a small vault at Memphis, in Egypt, had a mask of gold leaf over the face.

Quickly Arranged.

A Chicago mother, on hearing that her sister had received a new little girl, said to Lillian, her little daughter: "Lillian, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt. Papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Lillian wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?"

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 15.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xix, 29-40. Memory Verses, 29-31—Golden Text, Ps. xxxi, 23—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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29. And the whole city was filled with confusion.

This great stir was because business was being interfered with. The word of God grew so mightily and so prevailed (verse 20) that the worshipers of Diana were not so plentiful, and there was not the same call for silver shrines as formerly (22-27). What a glorious testimony verse 26 is to the power of the gospel. We think of chapter v, 28, and the high priest's testimony that the apostles had filled Jerusalem with their doctrine. Where is there like zeal now and where is the devil disturbed by the preachers of the gospel? Where are those who cry out, "Great is Jesus of Nazareth!" with the same zeal that these people cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" (verses 28, 34). The temple at Ephesus was one of the wonders of the world, and its magnificence was no doubt very great, but it was the work of man and for man's glory and for the worship of the devil, for all sacrifice and worship that is not to God is to the devil (I Cor. x, 20). All the confusion in Ephesus at this time was of the devil also, for "God is not a God of confusion, but of peace" (I Cor. xiv, 33).

30, 31. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people the disciples suffered him not.

He had friends also among the principal men of Asia who advised him not to enter the theater. We are nowhere authorized to put ourselves needlessly in danger. When the people of Nazareth would have cast our Lord from the brow of the hill and killed Him, He quietly took Himself out of their way (Luke iv, 29, 30). If He permits death to come to us, we are not to fear it (Matt. x, 28), knowing that "to die is gain," "to depart and be with Christ is far better" (Phil. i, 21, 23).

32-34. When they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

It was simply uproar and confusion, the majority not knowing why they were there, and when this Alexander, put forward by the Jews, would have spoken the verse quoted tells how they acted and shows how foolish it would have been for Paul to have tried to quiet them. They make us think of the prophets of Baal who cried from morning until noon, saying, "O Baal, hear us" (I Kings xviii, 26). The one cry meant about as much as the other. The fact that Alexander was a Jew started them on this two hours' cry. Think of the hatred manifested to Mordecai the Jew, to Daniel the Jew and to the King of the Jews! And then consider that every redeemed soul in heaven and all who ever will be there are each one indebted to the blood of a Jew, and all kings and all nations shall yet fall down before and serve the King of the Jews (Ps. lxxii, 11), for whether it be individual or national "salvation is of the Jews" (John iv, 22).

35, 36. Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet and to do nothing rashly.

Thus spake the town clerk after he had appeased the people and had said a good word for the people of Ephesus in regard to their faithfulness to Diana. "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding." "A wrathful man stirreth up strife, but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife." "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. xiv, 29; xv, 18; xvi, 32).

37, 38. Ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of temples nor yet blasphemers of your goddess.

It was not their way to ridicule the religion of the heathen, but to hold up before them the living God and to preach the gospel of God concerning His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, that the heathen might see the contrast and by the Spirit of God, who always works when the word is preached, be convinced of their sins and be led to turn from idols to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus who delivereth us from the wrath to come (I Thess. i, 9, 10).

39-41. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse.

The lessons from this portion of Scripture are nearly all by contrast, and I wonder if the lesson committee should not be called in question for assigning such a portion and giving us nothing from the much more profitable next chapter till we come to the twenty-eighth verse. I have thought perhaps the author of confusion and not the God of peace led them to this selection; but we have found some helpful thoughts, and there are more here, for every redeemed soul should remember that we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and every one of us shall give account of himself to God (Rom. xiv, 10, 12). This is neither a possibility nor a probability, but a sure thing, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Compare II Cor. v, 10; Matt. xii, 36. The question of our sins was settled on the cross, and by that precious blood we are made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light (Col. i, 12-14); but inasmuch as we are to be called to account for our works as believers (I Cor. iii, 14, 15) it becomes to so abide in Him that we may not be ashamed before Him at His coming (I John ii, 28). If we are only fully yielded to Him that He may work in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure all will be well (Rom. vi, 13; Phil. ii, 13).

He Was.

"What's the matter, Bill? You look kind of weather beaten this morning."

"That's exactly what I am. I bet $5 it would rain yesterday, and it didn't."—Chicago Tribune.

Relieved.

Spartacus—Has Cumso that same old itching after office?

Smartacus—No. He was a candidate and everybody scratched him.—Baltimore American.

The Proper Missile.

Judge—And what did you do to curb his passion?

Prisoner—Hit him with a piece of curbstone.—Town and County.

Sixty-one million out of the 121,000,000 acres which make up Spain's area are mountain and waste land.

Poverty Itself No Disgrace.

"At the same time, you do not contend that poverty is a disgrace."

"Well, no; not unless it drinks and borrows money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A CRUEL DESERTION

[Original.]

Mrs. Franklin had lost her husband, sons, fortune. All that remained to her was her daughter, Frances. Mrs. Franklin's gloom wore upon her daughter, who was at that age when the world is most delicious—the age of keen interest, of warm friendships, of love. Nevertheless Frances bore with her mother's infirmities and made the best of the situation.

Then came Langdon Carr, who fell desperately in love with Frances, she returning his affection. Carr was in every respect capable of rendering her happy. He was brilliant, well started in his profession for so young a man, heir to prospective wealth. Every one said, "At last poor Frances is to be made happy."

The lover during his courtship had observed the condition in the Franklin home and spoke of Mrs. Franklin as "Mrs. Dismal." He was irritated to find that it was impossible to get Frances out with him one evening, for her mother objected to being left alone. If he spent the evening at the house and he and Frances wandered away into another room, Mrs. Franklin would take on a sour countenance and after Langdon's departure accuse her daughter of having no feeling for her. Carr resolved to end the unpleasant situation by marriage.

"Frances," he said, "we will have no comfort until we set up for ourselves in our own home. There we shall be free and independent."

This speech set Frances to thinking. What would her mother do without her? Either Mrs. Franklin must live with her and her husband or sink under a load of loneliness and sorrow. Yet if she lived with them the daughter's condition would not be improved, while the son-in-law would be reduced to a similar condition. Frances studied to find a solution, but there was no solution. She must choose between her mother and her lover. She decided to remain single.

When Langdon Carr received her decision he was very much troubled. However, he realized that "Mrs. Dismal" would make his married life miserable so long as she lived and felt that Frances was doing right to decide between them and her. Any other course would be an injustice to him. It was better that she should sacrifice him and herself and cling to her mother than drag that mother into her married life.

"Sweetheart," he said, "your act only makes it harder for me to give you up, since it shows your nobility."

Five years passed and Langdon Carr did not marry. "He is waiting for 'Mrs. Dismal' to die," said his friends. Then the doctors recommended a trip abroad for Mrs. Franklin, and on the steamer who should appear but Langdon Carr. He showed great surprise at meeting the Franklins, but this did not deceive Mrs. Franklin. She feigned seasickness, remaining in her berth and keeping Frances in constant attendance.

One night in a fog there was a sudden jar, a stopping of machinery, hurrying footsteps on deck, shouting of orders. Langdon Carr slipped on his clothes and rushed up the companionway to find that there had been a collision with a sailing ship, and the steamer was supposed to be sinking. Hurrying back to the cabin, he sought Frances in her stateroom with her mother and begged them to come with him. Mrs. Franklin declared that she did not wish to live and begged her daughter to remain and die with her, whereupon Langdon took the old woman in his arms and carried her on deck. A boat was receiving the women. It was the last boat at hand, and there was none left for the men. Langdon put Mrs. Franklin in it, then turned to hand in Frances. Frances hesitated.

"Get in," he said.

"No. I once decided between you and mother in her favor. Now it is your turn. I shall stay with you."

In another moment the boat was lowered into the water.

Langdon was so happy that even the death which threatened both Frances and himself had not the expected terror for him. He tried hard to keep from a muttered prayer that the boat containing "Mrs. Dismal" would be lost. But there was little time for anything except preparation. Langdon secured life preservers, which he put on Frances and himself, then lashed Frances to a skylight, securing himself to it afterward. They then waited for the ship to go down, the happiest period either had known in five years. But the ship did not go down. The breach was patched up, and she proceeded on her journey.

As soon as the lovers reached England they learned that the boat in which Mrs. Franklin had left the steamer had landed on Newfoundland. Frances cabled to know if she was well. A reply came:

"For your cruel desertion I can never forgive you."

That was the "feather that broke the camel's back." Frances concluded to sacrifice neither herself nor her lover any longer, and they were married an hour after receipt of the message.

Langdon Carr is very proud of the mettle there is in his wife. He says that when her mother was undesertable Frances would not desert her; when he was undesertable, she would not desert him. Frances on her return treated her mother as an irresponsible child, and when it was apparent that she was unmanageable she put her in a sanitarium. There, surrounded by sympathizing invalids, she gossiped continually about the ingratitude of children and lived happy till she died.

F. A. MITCHEL.

A Powerful River.

"Should one be asked at random to name the most powerful river in New England—that is, the river yielding the most water power and doing the most work—he would be likely to name the Merrimac," said M. S. Edgar of Portland, Me. "He would have in mind the great manufacturing city of Lowell, and the answer would be a natural one. It is surprising, therefore, to be told by the United States geological survey that the most powerful river in New England is the Androscoggin. Yet the surprise abates when the facts are recounted. There are nine or ten developed water powers along the river, and it appears that they furnish to tal power equal to 73,000 horses. The falls at Brunswick yield 7,700 horsepower; at Lisbon Falls, 1,925; at Lewiston, 12,600; at Livermore Falls, 3,000; at Otis Falls, 8,000; at Jay's, 3,700; at Peterson's Rips, 6,000. At Rumford Falls there is a potential of 30,000 horsepower when the resources at that place are fully developed, and that is altogether the greatest water power in New England."—Washington Times.

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RELIGION IN CHINA.

There Are Three State Systems, Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism.

In theory Confucianism is the religion of the state. The state officials are the literati who have secured their positions through the study of the classics—i. e., the "Sacred Writings of Confucius." The Confucianist temples are protected and honored by the state and the worship of Confucius is carried on at the expense of the state. In a limited sense, too, Buddhism can also claim to be a state religion. The same is also true of Taoism, since deceased generals and statesmen are assigned their corresponding ranks with the Taoistic king of the lower world in hades. In this role they are worshiped in Taoistic temples. In this way it is possible for a Chinaman to make use of all three religions without getting into conflict with the distinctive principles of any of them. Their officials worship together. In funeral services monks of both orders are found performing functions on different days.

The public temples are usually in control of the Taoists, but sometimes are in charge of Buddhists. Not rarely Taoistic gods are found in Buddhist temples and vice versa. Sometimes they differ only in name. The Buddhist goddess of mercy is the Taoist goddess of heaven. The pearl king of the Taoists is the imperial ruler of the Buddhists. Both systems teach the same ten princes in hades, and even a reproduction of the Buddhist punishment in hell is found in the Taoist temples.

Cheese Dishes.

Cheese is one of the most concentrated forms of nitrogenous food and as a food well adapted to the laboring man or those working in the open air. When properly cooked, cheese is probably more easily assimilated by the ordinary stomach than eaten raw, and hard, uncooked cheese should be served grated. In combination with certain food materials cheese is valuable, but when used in this way should form the staple dish of the meal. Macaroni and cheese, rice cooked in stock and then baked with cheese or cooked with it, as in the form of risotto, should be used in the place of meat. An ordinary dinner menu of meat, potato, macaroni and cheese is not properly arranged. Macaroni and cheese should be used for a luncheon dish, and a green vegetable should be served with meat and potato.

Would Try to Prevent It.

"What a fine little fellow," said the patronizing old gentleman who had been elected representative for four successive terms from his congressional district. His remark was addressed to a kind hearted lady holding in her arms a little fellow who blinked gravely at all that was going on.

"Yes," replied the lady. "His father and I set a great deal of store by him."

"Well, he's a bright looking little fellow. Maybe he'll be a congressman some day."

"Maybe he will," said the mother. "But," she added earnestly, "I'm going to do my best to raise him right."—Youth.

Ancient Proofreading.

The editions of books printed 200 or 300 years ago are almost entirely free from typographical errors, which may be attributed to the fact that early publishers were generally eminent scholars, and themselves gave much attention to the revision of their proofs. After reading the proofs they frequently turned them over to other scholars with the request to revise and correct, and as the printer's time was then deemed a matter of small consequence a perfection was attained which is seldom equaled by modern printers.

Two Courses Open.

Bonaventure de Fourcroy, a clever society poet of the seventeenth century, a splendid orator, an eminent advocate and an intimate friend of Moliere to boot, on being asked one day by a magistrate what he meant to do with his son replied, "If there is anything in him I'll make him a barrister; if not I'll make him a judge."

He's Still a Bachelor.

It was at a social. The young woman said on starting home that she needed something more around her. The young man borrowed a shawl. He is still a bachelor. She is now the ma of four interesting children.—Richmond Missourian.

Blighted Earthly Hopes.

If you want a boy baby, don't let the stork know it, or it will bring a girl. You will find, by the way, that some influence similar to the stork's has followed you in all your desires.—Atchison Globe.

Could Live on Love.

Father—The idea of marrying that young fellow! He couldn't scrape enough money together to buy a square meal.

Daughter—But what difference need that make? We haven't either of us had a bit of appetite for months.

Enjoying Venice.

"I just asked Mrs. Nouveau-Riche if she enjoyed Venice, and what do you think she said?"

"Give it up."

"That they only stayed one night, as the streets were flooded and people had to go about in boats."

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DOING THE GRAND ENTRY.

How a Circus Horse Enjoys His Part of the Performance.

The experiences of a farm horse that unexpectedly joins a wagon show circus is described by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." Calico is the name of the horse. At night he has a hard time pulling the band wagon over the country roads, but he thoroughly enjoys his part in the performance under the main tent. The author describes Calico's feelings as follows:

Ah, that grand entry! That was something to live for. No matter how bad the roads or how hard the hills had been, Calico forgot it all during those ten delightful minutes when, with his heart beating time to the rat-tat-tat of the snare drum, he swung prancingly around the yellow arena.

It all began in the dressing tent with a period of confusion in which horses were crowded together as thick as they could stand, while the riders dressed and mounted in frantic haste, for to be late meant to be fined. At last the ringmaster clapped his hands as a sign that all was in readiness. There was a momentary hush. Then a bugle sounded, the flaps were thrown back, and to the crashing accompaniment of the band the seemingly chaotic mass unfolded into a double line as the horses broke into a sharp gallop around the freshly dug ring.

The first time Calico did the grand entry he felt as though he had been sucked into a whirlpool and was being carried around by some irresistible force. So dazed was he by the music, by the hum of human voices and by the unfamiliar sights that he forgot to rear and kick. He could only prance and snort. He went forward because the rider of the outside horse dragged him along by the bridle rein. Around and around he circled until he lost all sense of direction, and when he was finally shunted out through the dressing tent flaps he was so dizzy he could scarcely stand.

The Candle Fish.

One of the piscatorial curiosities of the north Pacific coast, especially plentiful along the shores of British Columbia, is the fish known to Indians, whites and half breeds as the "candle fish." To the scientists he is the eulachon (Thaleichthys pacificus), and is highly esteemed for two reasons. The fish itself is about fourteen inches long, resembles the smelt in general appearances and is caught in large quantities by west coast fishermen during the months of February, March and April. It is the fattest of all fishes, for which reason large numbers of them are dried and smoked to be used as a warming food during the long rigorous winters so common in that region.

Large numbers of them are also run through crude presses, which extract the oil. This is preserved in skin bags and used much in the same manner as whale's blubber is used by the Eskimos. This "candle fish" gets its common name from the fact that when dried it burns with a bright white flame until entirely consumed. It is much used by the "coasters" both of Columbia and Alaska, either with or without a wick passed through its body.

An Ancient Colt.

One of Mrs. Grant's favorite stories was of an experience in camp somewhere in the Adirondacks, when her husband, then president for the first term, wanted to get away from Washington officialdom. Mrs. Grant was bothered about the washing. A guide recommended a woman who had seen better days, who lived a little way down the lake. Mrs. Grant engaged her. Two days afterward she saw a scene that, as she expressed it, reminded her of "Elaine." It was her washerwoman paddling in a dugout behind a heap of snowy linen.

"Less 'n a year ago," said the woman apologetically, "I wouldn't had to 'a' used the boat. I brung it by the colt. But one day he jes' got colic or somethin' and rolled over on the grass and died. My, how we miss that colt! We'd had him for twenty years."

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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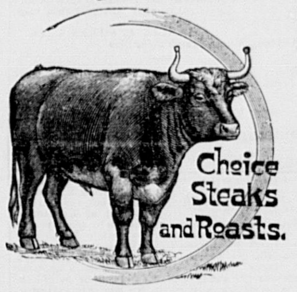

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Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12 52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.
Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10 00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M.. 11.25 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M, 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7 45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8 00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M.. half hourly till 9 15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8 25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.
FARE—Woburn to Lowell—15 cents.
Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.
Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.
Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.
Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.
Telephone connection.

C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt.,
Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses' can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
■ Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estate in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

TWO MIRANDAS

By Clinton Dangerfield

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When Herbert Moxon climbed out of the wagon in front of the farmhouse gate, he looked forward with all a city boy's delight to a whole month in the country.

That he had never seen his aunt or uncle before did not trouble him in the least. He had been brought up in a wholesome belief in the kindness of human nature in general and showed it so frankly that people invariably turned their best side toward this sunny faced lad of ten.

His uncle came hurrying down the box trimmed path to meet him.

"I'm glad ter see ye, real glad," he declared warmly. "I'd 'a' come myself stead of sendin' Lucas, but I've had the rheumatiz considerable lately."

The boy paused a second at the doorstep to remark on the beauty of two full leaved and fruited apple trees which grew almost at the threshold, one on each side. But to his surprise his uncle scowled slightly and hurried him into the house.

Only the cheery voice of the fire welcomed him. Herbert turned questioningly to his uncle.

"Aunt? Is she well?"

Jonas Alwyn showed a momentary confusion before the boy's clear glance. Then he said hastily:

"Well—oh, yes; but she ain't to home jest now—won't be fer several days."

Time sped swiftly. There was so much to see and to do! True, his uncle's disposition varied from extreme cheeriness to fits of moody abstraction. He proved to be so skillful a cook that he filled his nephew with wonder.

"I'll bet aunt's pancakes don't beat yours," he remarked one morning, his mouth full of light cakes and sirup making the compliment a trifle indistinct.

Jonas started, then pushed away his coffee as though something had affected his appetite.

"They're a sight better," he said so gloomily that Herbert laughed outright.

"I didn't think you'd be sensitive on the subject, uncle. When she comes, I'll tell her what you said. Have you heard from her lately?"

"Not to say lately."

"Mother thought she was here when you wrote," went on Herbert.

His uncle rose excitedly.

"Ye don't mean it," he declared vehemently. "No; ye don't mean it, 'cause ye don't know nawthin' about it. But she ain't set foot in this house for eight year come next November."

Herbert rose, pale in his turn.

"I'm sorry," he faltered. "I never knew—mother doesn't know—that anything had—gone wrong."

"Everything's gone wrong," said his uncle miserably. Suddenly he clutched his nephew and hurried him to the door, then down in the pathway, where he faced him about before the two fruit trees.

"This one," said his uncle, waving his right hand much as if he were introducing a duchess, "is Miranda Sweet, and this one," a wave to the left and a frown, "is Miranda Sour."

Herbert smothered a desire to laugh.

"Oh! Named after my aunt?"

"Jest so! Them two are seedlin's, an' I planted 'em the spring she went away. It's mighty queer that they come true ter the names I give 'em! As ter her goin'—that wuz a misunderstandin'. She's got prop'ty of her own, about ez much ez I own, an' she's livin' on it ten miles away. I ain't"—he choked a little—"I ain't seen her sence that spring mornin' when she an' me had it out in the kitchen. I watched her bunnit go round the turn, an'—an' I ain't heard a word of her 'cept what the neighbors let drop."

"Since she's only ten miles away," said Herbert with all the straightforward confidence of youth, "I should go to her and tell her it was just a misunderstanding."

"That's jest what I can't do," returned his uncle with extreme moodiness. "Every time I start, an' I've started more'n onct, suthin pulls me back. I do b'lieve it's Miranda Sour."

"Miranda Sour?"

"When she went away, I named them two seedlin's fer her—Miranda Sweet," his voice faltered, "to 'mind me of how purty she looked the day she an' me stood up before the preacher. She was the pink cheekedest and softest eyed gal in the hull village then.

"I named that tree Miranda Sour," the old man went on doggedly, "to 'mind me how set an' contrary your aunt kin be when she's a inclination that a-way! That tree has got all of Miranda's aggravatinest ways—the very way them leaves flirt at ye is jest perzactly like the fling Miranda could give them skirts of hern when she was swishin' past ye an' wouldn't listen to reason."

Herbert hit Miranda Sour a sharp blow with a stick.

"I wish a worm would gnaw you. I wish a hurricane would blow you down."

"No sich luck," said Jonas in tones which expressed a certain mournful pride in his forecasting. "No sich luck. She'll keep on a-growin', an' Miranda an' me will keep on gittin' furder an' furder apart."

Herbert looked round furtively, then sidled up to his uncle.

"Cut her down," he whispered, one eye on Miranda Sour to see if she overheard.

"Cut her down!" exclaimed Jonas angrily. "Cut down an apple tree ez cost me all that trouble! By gum, I'll do nawthin' of the kind! It's all yer aunt's fault that them trees is there, an' there they kin stay fer me."

Preoccupied himself, Jonas never detected the purpose throbbing in Herbert's whole being nor even observed the guilty glance that his nephew stole at him when the boy asked with assumed calm if he might go fishing instead of accompanying Jonas to mill.

"Jest as ye like," said his uncle, somewhat surprised. "Ain't no good fishin' round here, but I s'pose throwin' the line in the water'll satisfy ye."

Herbert waited until his uncle had been gone a full half hour; then he flew round to the wood pile and seized the ax, his heart throbbing to suffocation. He hurried back to the front yard, glancing right and left. There was no one in sight. He looked at Miranda Sour, the representative of "the ungodly." Yes, it was no fancy. Her leaves rustled an insolent challenge. He sprang to her side and sunk his ax deeply in her new smooth bark.

After that the blows fell fast and furiously. In less than fifteen minutes she lay quivering and sighing at the feet of Miranda Sweet.

With desperate strength he dragged the fallen one round to the back yard, sometimes in cold terror over his deed, sometimes with the same exultation that Achilles felt in driving round the walls of Troy. The funeral pyre of Miranda Sour was no easy work, for the day was hot and the limbs full of sap, but at last nothing was left of her save a few blackened pieces not to be distinguished as parts of an apple tree. Then a tired but determined boy put old Dobbin in the ancient buggy and drove up the road at a rate that threatened an immediate smashup.

It was 6 o'clock when Jonas returned. He was dusty, tired and hungry. Then as he opened the gate he rubbed his eyes—it could only be a vision.

But certainly the vision had warm arms. They clasped him round the neck, and a face still good to look on was upturned to his own, and the old, beloved voice cried out:

"Kiss me, Jonas—right here, right now!"

"Miranda!" he gasped, and then brokenly, "Thank God, oh, thank God!"

"Yes, thank him," faltered Miranda, tears falling now. "And his instrument was that blessed boy! Oh, Jonas, he told me how you missed me an' how you kept that beautiful apple tree in front the door to remember me by!"

Hot shame and fear flooded Jonas. He glanced at the house and felt like rubbing his eyes again, for of Miranda Sour not even a stump was left, while in sweet and placid humility, comforted with many apples and tremulous with hints of years of happiness, Miranda Sweet shaded the doorway lovingly.

What Buddhism Aimed to Do.

The Greeks were capable of much poetical pessimism. They saw the vanity of things as plainly as Gotama did, but they also saw the pleasure of proclaiming this vanity in sonorous hexameters or musical elegiacs. To give everything up because you cannot enjoy everything forever would not have entered into their very sound brains and healthy nervous systems. Buddha knew this, knew that mankind was light minded, a child pursuing a bird. But in the slack and demoralizing climate of India he found countless disciples. Most of them perhaps cling to the Brahamic survivals in Buddhism, the gods, the fairy tales, more closely than to the doctrine of renunciation.

It is a hospitable religion and has many mansions. But it did aim at doing away with the sacredness of caste, at proving all men to be equally human, equally capable, as far as social distinctions go, of moral excellence. In this view, where Buddhism most directly reacts against Brahminism, it has not been a success. The caste system in all its Indian minuteness has survived the Buddhist doctrine. "Buddha for the soul and the gods for the world," an old Cingalese saying, still exists in that popular superstition. Human nature cannot be boxed up in a system.—London News.

"The Jerks."

The most remarkable manifestation of the great religious movement which swept over this country just before the war of 1812 was the physical and nervous disorder known as "the jerks." The jerks took their name from the fact that the arms and legs would be thrown about apparently by a force beyond control of the individual. The disorder was epidemic in Tennessee. A slave owner, a man of great wealth and prominence and irreligious, called his slaves together one Sunday morning, when a camp meeting was in progress near by, and announced his deliberate intention of horsewhipping any one of their number who took the jerks. "It is all imagination," he said, "and I'll whip any one of you that takes it within an inch of his life." He went to camp meeting, and while conversing with a friend in the outskirts of the ground was told that one of his negroes had the jerks. Seizing his horsewhip, he hastened toward the spot and when half way was himself seized by the jerks.

George Peabody.

George Peabody spent his money alike for England and America, and his seventy-five years of life gave him ample opportunity to give vent to his instincts of benevolence. Like Peter Cooper, he did not wait for death to come before he parted with his surplus fortune. Peabody was American born, and to his glory he declined the offer of a baronetcy from the queen. Far more grateful to the good man was the resolution of thanks passed by the congress of the United States. That was a distinction, coming from the whole people, of which he was justly proud.

Happy.

Mrs. Nextdoor—I suppose your daughter is happily married.

Mrs. Naggsby—Indeed she is. Why, her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence.

Better Out.

"What's this sketch?"

"Oh, that's a little thing I got out of my own head!"

"Great Scott! What a lucky thing you got it out!"

Why Frenchmen Are Small.

It is said that the under size of the French and their physical shortcomings as a nation are due for the most part to the heavy drain made upon the race by Napoleon. All the ablebodied men were enrolled in his service, leaving none at domestic or business pursuits except the extremely youthful or the aged. From this drainage of the blood and destruction of the sinew of the race France has not yet recovered.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PHILADELPHIA

[Original.]

There is something attractive about real romances, especially one that has occurred many years ago. Perhaps it is because the people of the past were different from ourselves and more different than we are from each other.

How different from that immense city which today is spread over thousands of acres, whose streets are unadorned except with colossal buildings and whose people are engaged in the mad rush for money! Then beautiful trees lined her thoroughfares, her houses were quaint little buildings, and her Quaker population wore broad brimmed hats, broad tailed coats and knee breeches.

Polly Pennell, nineteen years old, was the daughter of a Philadelphia Quaker father—"the strictest sect a Pharisee"—and a Church of England mother. Polly was pretty as a picture and had hosts of admirers, all of whom were sharply watched by her curmudgeon father. Her most intimate friend was Rebecca Hamilton. Rebecca was not to the taste of old Pennell, she being of the world worldly. She took a fancy to Polly, however, and soon after their first meeting one Sunday after church she came down the street carrying aloft a beaver hat, two feet on the brim, looking for all the world like a balloon jib, leg o' mutton sleeves for spinnakers, and gloves laced to the elbows. The rest of her rig was a profusion of tulle and india muslin. Meeting Polly, she swooped down upon her and carried her off to dinner.

Polly was rescued by her Quaker attendants and received a severe admonition to shun the worldly creature. But Rebecca was as much to Polly's taste as she was to Polly's parents' distaste. A high bred dame, she disdained conventionalities as only necessary for inferior people who did not know how to behave themselves and made her own rules. Within a week after the rescue Polly had visited her in her home. There she was taken into dinner by a young Virginian, the very antipodes of a Quaker, named Francis Dulaney. His dress was far more effective in impressing a young girl than the conventional black "steel pen jacket" of today—a canary colored waistcoat embroidered with blooming red silk roses, a claret colored coat (with cuffs), flat brass buttons the size of a modern individual butter plate, breeches and stockings of the color of the coat, buckles on his shoes and plenty of lace about his throat. How could any young girl resist a handsome fellow in such attire? Polly certainly did not resist him, for she fell in love with him, and [illegible] was returned. Rebecca Hamilton fostered the courtship not only for sympathy with the young couple, but to score a point on the Quakers.

Think of the broad brim hatted, coal scoop coated old Pinnell having for a son-in-law a young man adorned like Francis Dulaney! Fancy the scene when these two costumes containing the two men stood before each other and the younger man, a perfect stranger to the older, asked for the hand of his daughter! Of course he was refused. Could Quaker drab mate with canary and claret color? One might as well think of a daughter of a prophet mating with a spangled circus rider. The old man stood rigid, listening to the young one's entreaties, then gave a curt refusal, and Dulaney beat a sullen retreat. Pinnell sent for his daughter. Instead of meeting an obedient child he found a firm woman. She told him that she had pledged herself to marry Dulaney and would do so.

Pinnell placed Polly under the care of his sister, Patience, a woman more austere, more Quakerly dressed, more commanding, than her brother. Polly was forbidden to leave the house unaccompanied by her aunt, and her father made preparations to take her to England.

One crisp October morning in 1800 Pennell put on his broad brimmed hat, took his long staff, with a silver head as big as a dinner bell, and went downtown. The duenna went to her room to put it in order. She had no sooner entered than the door was locked from the outside. The family black servant was locked in the cellar. Then Polly, pale and excited, came downstairs and, pausing a moment to bid farewell to home, sallied forth, followed by her maid. Under a large buttonwood tree, standing on a corner, were Dulaney and Miss Hamilton, with the Hamilton's tilbury. Entering the tilbury, the party were driven to the home of the Hamiltons. All the wedding arrangements had been completed. No less a personage than the mayor of the town performed the ceremony, and Andrew Hamilton gave away the bride.

When Mr. Pennell returned to his home, he found a gaping crowd of broad brims before his house, attracted by the screams of his sister and his servant, who were demanding to be unlocked. Entering, he found the house abandoned by the child whom he had striven to keep from mingling with the sinful world. But, though he considered a canary colored waistcoast embroidered with flowers the livery of Satan, he did not consider forgiveness a part of salvation. He never forgave his daughter and died unreconciled.

Dulaney took his wife to Virginia, that home of the iniquitous Cavaliers, who, if in 1800 they had cut their hair, were still sufficiently sinful to wear powdered wigs. Thus the bride and groom lived for awhile on Dulaney's plantation and then went to live in England.

Rebecca Hamilton, who had taken so important a part in the elopement, married unhappily, and her divorce case was one of the most important that have ever occurred in the Quaker City.

ETHEL ARNOLD ALLEN.

The Self Effacing Act.

Myer—In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible.

Gyer—Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day.

Myer—You don't tell me! How do they manage it?

Gyer—By marrying famous women.—Chicago News.

Largest Variety and . . . .
Lowest Prices in Boston in
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A RAZOR'S EDGE.

Minute Teeth, Like Those of a Saw, Make Its Keenness.

The edge of a razor consists of innumerable points or "teeth," which if the razor is of good material follow each other throughout its whole length with great order and clearness. The unbroken regularity of these minute "teeth" goes to make up the blade's excessive keenness. The edge acts upon the beard not so much by the direct application of weight or force as it does by a slight "seesaw" movement, which causes the successive "teeth" to act rapidly on one certain part of the hairy growth. The best razors, according to the microscopists, have the teeth of their edges set as regularly as those of a perfectly set saw.

This explains the magic effect of hot water on the razor's blade—the act of dipping it thoroughly cleansing the teeth of any greasy or dirty substance with which they may have been clogged. Barbers often claim that razors "get tired" of shaving and that they will be all right after awhile if permitted to take a rest. When in this "tired" condition a microscopic examination of the edge shows that constant stropping by the same person has caused the teeth or fibers of the edge to all arrange themselves in one direction. A month of disuse causes these fine particles to rearrange themselves so that they again present the heterogeneous saw toothed edge. After this little recreation each particle of the fine edge is up and ready to support his fellow, and it again takes some time [illegible]

Verdi Was Right.

When Verdi was putting the last touches to "Il Trovatore," he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. He was permitted to examine the score and run over the "Anvil Chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked Verdi. "Trash!" responded the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this," he said. "Rubbish!" said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. "What do you mean?" asked the critic. "My dear friend," cried Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the great judges, the classicists like you. Had I pleased you I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung and roared and whistled and barrel organed all over Italy." And so it proved.

A Safe Proceeding.

Lord Lyons, English minister at Washington during the civil war and afterward ambassador to France, was a diplomatist to the core. He was exceedingly tactful in action and had the rare art of keeping his own counsel.

When Sir Edward Blount called upon him one day at the embassy in Paris he found that a well known journalist had preceded him. The visitor was laying down the law in a loud tone, and when, after his departure, Sir Edward was received, he took the liberty of saying:

"May I be allowed to ask if it is quite wise to discuss state secrets in such a loud tone? I heard every word that was said, my lord, as I sat in the anteroom."

"Ah!" said Lord Lyons. "But even then you could not hear what I said, for I said nothing."—Youth's Companion.

The Cherokees and Polytheism.

The Cherokee Indian was originally a polytheist. To him the spirit world was only a shadowy counterpart of this one. He had no great spirit, no happy hunting ground, no heaven, no hell—all of which ideas were first introduced to the American aborigines by Christian missionaries. Consequently death had for him no terrors, and he awaited the inevitable end with no anxiety as to the future. All his prayers were for temporal and tangible blessings—for health, for long life, for success in the chase, in fishing, in war and in love, for good crops, for protection and for revenge.

Dreams Explained.

"Dreams," says an eminent lecturer on theosophy, "consist of recollections of the combined impressions received and workings of the physical and astral minds. The soul and subconsciousness are independently active, and it is the confusion arising from the confounding of the thoughts of the soul with the exaggerated interpretation of impressions received by subconsciousness which makes it so often impossible to remember dreams."

Softer.

"I have no doubt you have heard some stories to my discredit," he said.

"I don't like to put it in that way," she quietly replied.

"How then?" he hopefully asked.

"I have never heard any stories to your credit," said she.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poker Friends.

"No, I am not popular any more with the gang," moaned a business man who used to entertain largely at poker. "I haven't touched a card in seven years. The friends I made at the poker table were near and dear to me. When I lived on the seventh floor of a tenement, they flocked to see me nightly, climbing the stairs without a murmur. When I moved to the Bronx, they followed me. When I settled in Jamaica, the ride to my house did not seem too long for them, nor did they mind the journey home at 3 or 4 in the morning. When I realized that I was supporting them with my losses, I tore up the cards and cracked the chips with a hammer. When, lo, behold, every mother's son of them knew me no more! I lived so far away that it was impossible to find time to come to visit me. I am sure that if I had opened a poker game in the darkest cell in the bottom of the bottomless pit they would have come to play with me. To regain their friendship it is only necessary to announce a reopening of the game."—New York Press.

The Etiquette of Cues.

In China the men take as much pride in their hair as women, and the "pigtail" is a thing of no little moment. In making the cue the whole head is shaved except a circular patch upon the crown. The hair from this is braided, and strands of silk are added, which end in a tassel reaching to the heels. In full mourning the black strands are replaced by white ones and in second mourning by light blue or green.

It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette for an inferior to enter the presence of a superior with his cue wound round his neck or head, as it is frequently disposed of during work, and the greatest insult one man can offer another is to pull his cue. It seems very odd to see sailors and soldiers on ship or in barracks combing each other's long tresses or coolies at the street corners performing the same friendly office. Custom forbids a man to wear a beard and mustache until he becomes a grandfather.

He Got Up.

There is a keen knowledge of human nature in the following bit of fun from the Lewiston Journal, but no more than might be expected from a down east tavern keeper who has had a long experience with autumnal sportsmen, of whom many are called, but few get up:

A mighty hunter from Boston "put up" at a quaint little Maine hostelry and left word in the office that he wished to be called at half past 4 in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door.

"All righ'! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilts.

"You get up here now and sign this receipt!" commanded Uncle Cy.

"Receipt? What receipt?" demanded a very wideawake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly.

"Waal," grunted Uncle Cy, "I don't calkerlate to have ye humping down to the office at 8 o'clock declaring that ye ain't been called."

A Humorous Mixture.

In a Scotch church an old minister who was very deaf was also very anxious to introduce some new hymnbooks into the church and asked his precentor to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The precentor, having a notice of his own, gave out that members of the congregation wishing to have their children baptized were to send their names into the vestry. The old minister, thinking that it was the notice about the hymnbooks, stood up and said, "And I wish to say, for the benefit of those who have not any, that they may be had in the vestry any afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4—ordinary little ones at a shilling each, and special little ones, with red backs, at one and three."

Effort and Its Effect.

It pays to think. It is like putting money out at interest. Dollars make dollars, and thoughts make other thoughts. We are so accustomed to having this old world reward us for things we do in dollars that we forget there is such a reward as brains—mental growth. Happy the one who sees all these things in their proper light, who recognizes in every failure a lesson learned, in every effort a reward, be it only a little speck of mental energy.

Precocious Youth.

Walter (aged five)—Papa, when I grow up may I get married?

Papa—My son, I regret to see you anticipate trouble so early in life.—Chicago News.

One on the Minister.

Rev. Tubthumer—I've been preaching this morning to a congregation of asses.

Lily Sugarstick—Yes; I noticed you called them "beloved brethren."—Ally Sloper.

After a man passes fifty he finds that his hopes have to be jacked up and repainted twice as often as ten years before.—Atchison Globe.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1903.

PRESIDENT TUTTLE AND THE Y. M. C. A.

The old saying that corporations have no souls may be true, but it does not hold good as to the head officers of some of them. When we find the President of a great railroad system speaking such words, and giving such advice to its employees, as the following, we are constrained to believe that some corporations, at least, are managed by men who have souls, and pretty large ones, at that. President Tuttle and the men associated with him in the management of the vast Boston & Maine Railroad System deserve to be highly commended for their friendly attitude towards, and the hearty support of, the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. They are on the right track, for the Y. M. C. A. is an agency for the promotion of pure morals and right living that richly deserves the fostering care of good men. We take the following from the Boston papers of Monday:

President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston and Maine System paid an exceptional compliment to his employees last evening, when he became a guest at the first anniversary of the Boston & Maine Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at their building, 160 Beverly St.

William J. Hobbs, Chairman of the Railroad Association, and Generel Auditor and Comptroller of the B. & M. Co., presided during the exercises which consisted of selections rendered by the orchestra of the Department, hymns by the members, invocation and Scripture reading by Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, and tenor solos by Edward W. Armour.

President Tuttle, when introduced, was greeted by the men with enthusiasm. He said in part:

"My good friends, tonight, I want to talk to you plainly and to the point. Since this Association adjunct has been instituted on our System I have taken the greatest interest in its Christian and enduring work. I believe sincerely in the most practical part of the endeavors which you are making having to do with the well being of the men employed on this System.

"This Association I know has succeeded since its institution a year ago better than I believed for it when it was started. In the growth of your associations and your successes of the past year I must offer my sincerest congratulations on your success, and can say that I believe that in the use of all the privileges granted by the railroad among them all you may have missed the most essential and valuable asset if you have not grasped the fact that moral character, above all makes the man.

"Character is one of the things which can be molded only by such an organization as this, or through church influence. The management of the Boston & Maine railroad is very well satisfied with your earnest work, and we feel that at all times a most cordial support can be honestly given to your efforts for Christianity, right and duty.

"You must carry on the work now, men, work to a perfection and show credit, not only to yourselves, but also to your employers, whom, I can assure you, are not greedy, close, or narrow-minded, but shall try to assist you in every way in this grand moral work."

William J. Hobbs, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, in making his report, proved that the work, which at first bore a doubiful aspect, has proven to be up-to-date, one of the most successful ventures instituted by the Association throughout the country. He assured the members that during the coming years additional provisions would be made to care for members whose railroad duties might cause them to seek lodging accommodations in the city.

Col. Charles H. Taylor, Editor-in-Chief of the Boston Globe, Managing Vice-President of the Association, set the ball in motion in good season.

MAYOR FEENEY'S VETO.

Mayor Feeney can be relied on to do the right thing at the right time when it comes to safeguarding the interests of the city. He is in the habit of keeping a sharp eye on the public treasury and seeing to it that raids on the cashbox are headed off and brought to naught. No scheme of doubtful merit, or suspicious move of any kind to deplete the city's finances, escapes his attention, or deters him from employing the power vested in the office of Mayor to thwart them.

The Council got a taste, last Monday night, of some of Mayor Feeney's business ideas in the shape of a veto of their order appropriating $500 with which to fight the Browntail Moth. The Mayor was right. The appropriation ought to have never been voted. The Council had an object lesson before them in the case of the State's failure to cope successfully with the Gypsy Moth.

After a long and arduous struggle, and an expenditure of a mint of money, the State quit the job, and the Legislature abolished the Commission. The Moth increased in numbers and enlarged its habitat, every year, and beat the Commission at every point. What did the Council think could be done with $500 towards exterminating the Browntail? Any person of common sense, having the least knowledge of insect life and habits, could have informed the Council that the Moth can't be exterminated by the employment of any means known to mortal man. Again, the point made in the veto that the financial condtition of the city did not warrant the appropriation, was a strong one, and well taken.

Mayor Feeney's veto was sustained by a unanimous vote of the Council, and will be with equal unanimity by the people.

☞ Evacuation Day, March 17, was celebrated in Boston in patriotic style. The State soldiery, marines and others from the Navy Yard, civic and patriotic societies, State functionaries, and citizens, joined in a grand parade, and indulged in many holiday festivities The fact that it was also St. Patrick's Day increased the importance of the celebration.

☞ A Massachusetts Old Home Week Association was organized in Boston on March 5, 1903, with Governor Bates for its President, and a full set of officers, by-laws, etc. Thus has

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Com. Mass—Hearing.
C. W. Clarke—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. F. Sweeney—Citation.
Five C. S. Bank—Notice.
Foster Rogers—Order of the Court.

— The watering carts are out this morning.

— 8 A. M., March 20, wind W.; 55 above; clear.

— The street watering carts have been greatly needed this week.

— "Lady Masons" by Hope Circle in Odd Fellows Hall March 25.

— The roadroller is liable to become a burning campaign issue again.

— Rev. Henry A. Walsh of St. Charles Church is ill with the prevailing distemper.

— Next Monday evening, March 23, Baldwin Council, 125, R. A. will hold a smoke talk.

— Mr. Dolan, the new Assessor, was formrrly an Alderman, and is said to be a capable man.

— It will pay to read the new notice which Moore's Woburn Laundry has in the JOURNAL this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Hammond visited New York City and parts of Pennsylvania last week.

— Yesterday was another summer-like day. So far, the weather this month has been remarkable.

— North Woburn longs for a regular policeman, and is bound to have one or perish in the attempt.

— The soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday March 22, will be Miss Florence L. Austin, of Cambridge.

— This is about the right time to partake liberally of Brooks' spring tonics. His Woburna is unexcelled.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys' rubbers 50c.

— There was a large attendance at the funeral of Mr. James Partridge last Sunday afternoon, and many floral gifts.

— Last Saturday night the Woburn polo combine beat the Stonehams 7 to 5. It is said that the Woburns are strong.

— Remerber that the Parish Fair of the First Church takes place April 16 and 17.

— Supt Emerson's leave of absence expires on April 1. His return to school duties here on that date is not certain.

— Lawyers John P. & James E. Feeney will take possession of their new office in Johnson Building on April 1.

— Miss Mary Brophy, who is teaching in the public schools of Southbridge is spending the spring vacation at her home here.

— Trinity Church greeted its former rector, Rev. S. U. Shearman, and heard him preach a good sermon last Sunday.

— Please read and carefully consider the notice of a hearing by the legislative Committee on Metropolitan Affairs in this paper.

— It was a delight to hear once more the melodious strains of the handorgan on our streets, as was our privilege yesterday morning.

— Miss Etta Conway, a teacher in the Warren schools, a bright young woman, has been visiting her parents on Porter street.

— The Boston Horse Show is to open in Mechanic's Building, Huntington Avenue, on April 20. It is to excel all former shows.

— The March issue of the *Boston & Maine*, a neat B. & M. R. publication, is delightfully illustrated with N. E. scenes and landscapes.

— Tomorrow evening the Kings Daughters of Trinity church are to hold a sale of food and confectionery, and may it be well attended.

— Mayor Feeney while not an ardent Civil Service Reformer, believes that the Civil Service laws, like all others, should be enforced.

—Some fine photographs are on exhibition at the Public Library. They are reproductions of the masterpieces of eminent English painters.

— The Hibernians, Div. 3, celebrated St. Patrick's Day with music and oratory at a meeting held on Tuesday evening. It was a pleasant affair.

— Away on the horizon is seen the spirit of baseball, no bigger than a man's hand, coming this way, and for its arrival the boys are preparing.

— Mr. George H. Ayer and Charles B. Platts, shipkeepers at the Charlestown Navy Yard, are still waiting the arrival of U. S. vessels at the Yard.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor has fully recovered from a long and painful experience with rheumatism, and is able to be around among people once more.

— The Trustees of the Library are considering plans for enlarging and rearranging the interior of the building to make room for books, which is needed.

— A telegram was received at the *Woman's Journal* office in Boston, Wednesday, from Arizona, stating that Equal Suffrage had been given to women.

— Clan MacKinnon, O.S.C., are to give their grand annual concert, bagpipes and all, in Music Hall on April 15. These concerts are always the best of the season.

— The ablest and by far the keenest parliamentarian that ever struck Woburn is ex-President, now just plain Alderman, Brady of Ward 1. He knows it all.

— Mr. George Buchanan, Chairman of the Board of Health, is recovering from an attack of the grip. It seems a little incongruous for a city health officer to be sick.

— If Haggerty's *Times* keeps on lashing the Woburn rumsellers it will have to go to Winchester for its drunks pretty soon. It can't get them here much longer unless it stops its abuse.

— In the columns of the Philadelphia *Press* of March 13 appeared an abbreviated sketch of the career of Count Rumford. Its salient points and principal features were set forth in the brief article, presenting a good biography of the distinguished Woburn scientist.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard, **50c and $1.00**

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Adamson's Belsam 24c, and 59c. Piso's Cure 19c. Scott's Emulson 39c. and 69c. Father John's Medicine 42c. and 80c. Arnold Cough Killer 19c. and 39c. Maltine Preparations 79c. Ayer's Cherry Pectorial 20c., 40c and 79c. Lung Kuro 39c. and 80c.

Dr. Hoff's Favorite Prescription.

The best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds, particularly those of long standing. Also an excellent tonic. Large bottle 50c.

Robbins Drug Company.

(SUCCESSOR TO HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The place to SAVE MONEY on all Drugstore Goods.

— The St. Charles C.T.A.S. are to give their annual Minstrel Show on Wednesday and Thursday evenings April 22 and 23. It will be a great one.

— After a month's hard bout with ciatica Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, of the Boston firm of Fowle, Hibbard & Co., produce dealers, is able to attend to business again.

— Mrs. McGarrey is to be Matron of Winning Farm again this coming summer. She is very much liked by the Boston boys who go there for their outings, as well as by the Trustees.

— There is a magnificent show of flowers at the spring exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society now in full feather at Horticultural Hall Boston. People say it is simply immense.

— The trains on the B. & M. were greatly out of joint last Wednesday morning, owing to a freight train running off the track above here. Gateman Callahan straightened them out after awhile.

— The National Educational Assotiation, of which President Eliot of Harvard University is President, are to hold a great meeting in Boston on July 6—10. It is expected that 25,000 people will attend it.

— The Woman's Club's campaign of Military Whist was to have been fought out last evening, and hearing nothing to the contrary, we deem it perfectly safe to announce that the programme was carried out to the letter.

— John D. McIntosh, who has been employed in the Calender Room of the Reading Rubber Manufacturing Co., has secured a situation as a motorman on the Brookline and Brighton surface cars of the Boston Elevated Railway Company.

— Last week Mr. David Cronan received a verdict of $3,000 against the city of Woburn in the Superior Court for personal injuries received a year ago last October from falling into a hole on Eaton avenue left by workmen on the highwey.

— The alarm from box 68 at 4.45 last Friday afternoon was for a fire which did considerable damage to the leach house of the Skinner tannery on Green street. By prompt work of the Fire Dept. the fire was confined to the leach house.

— Fires—Hose 1 and 6 were called by still alarm Thursday at 2.45 P. M., for the burning of a shed on the estate of Edward Bowe on Mishawum Road. —Box 65 at 9.05 Thursday evening was for a car of hay on fire in the freight yard on High St.

— Mrs. Bell left here yesterday morning for her home at Waitesfield, Vt. She had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Walter Knapp of Church avenue, and family since last November. Waitesfield is the native place of Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church and he and Mrs. Knapp were schoolmates there.

— Gentlemen are cordially invited to attend the meeting of the Woman's Club at Music Hall and listen to a lecture by Mr. J. L. Harbour a popular Western book writer and lecturer, on a subject which cannot fail to interest them. The Club were lucky in secureing Mr. Harbour to come here and talk to the people about "Blessed Humor," for he is about the best there is.

— Mr. Willis L. Varney, member of the well known and popular firm of Woburn jewelers, visited his former home at South Berwick, Maine, last Saturday.

— Mr. Thomas Heartz has accepted the position of Janitor of the Savings Bank building on Pleasant street and entered upon his duties last week. It is a good one, and a good faithful man has been selected to fill it.

— Mr. Charles Edward Sutherland, who is a Pullman car conductor running between Boston and White River Junction, Vt., is favored with the privilege of passing three nights of each week at his home in this city.

— Last Sunday morning Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of this city delivered an address at the Hancock church in Lexington on the "Congregational Union of Boston and Vicinity." A special contribution was taken up in aid of that cause.

— Mrs. James Bruce, Jr., of Marseilles, Illinois, writes to her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Richards, that an ice gorge had caused the Illinois River to overflow at that place and inflicted considerable damage to mills and other property.

— On Wednesday evening, March 25, there will be given by Hope Circle in Odd Fellows Hall, Dow's Block, a most laughable play called "Lady Masons," in the presentation of which some fine dramatic talent is to appear. The price of the tickets has been placed at the nominal figure of 15 cents in order to enable everybody to enjoy what we have no doubt, will turn out to be one of the finest entertainments of the season.

— The grand dramatic musical and terpsichorean entertainment by the Initou Canoe Club is to be given in Music Hall on Friday evening, March 27. This Club is a society leader, and when it undertakes anything in the entertainment line everybody knows that it will be away up in the pictures. We hope the time and place for the next appearance of the Club as public pleasure purveyors will be kept in mind by the people.

—The Board of License Commissioners have established the fees for licenses for 1903–4 as follows: 1st and 4th class innholders, $1700; 1st and 4th, common vitualers, $1500; 6th and 7th, $1. The licenses are to be granted on May 1, a date that will soon come along. It is said that a few of the present licensees have made no money this year and may not put in applications again. This, however, should be taken with several grains of salt.

— Henry Cavanaugh, a five year old pupil in the Cedar street school had both legs broken near Walnut Hill last Monday afternoon in some way while clinging to a passing buggy for a ride. The team was driven by a woman who did not know that the little fellow was on the rear of it, in the wheels of which he was, in some way caught and suffered an accident which the docters feared might terminate fatally. His left leg was broken in two places, the right in one.

— Mrs. Louise J. Morrill, wife of Mr. Abraham F. Morrill, died at her home No. 5 Franklin street, this city, Saturday evening, March 14, 1903. She had been a helpless invalid many years. She was born at Sanford, Maine, on June 5, 1824, and has been a resident of Woburn many years. She endured her long sickness with patience and Christian fortitude. For years her husband had been her nurse and given his whole time to caring for her peace and comfort.

— Angelo Crovo, the leading and most popular fruit merchant in this city keeps and sells oranges that are oranges They are the choicest gatherings from the best orchards in this and foreign countries. At this season of the year oranges fairly reek in robust health for the consumer. Too many of them cannot be eaten. No affinity exists between oranges and grip; they have no business relations with each other. Eat oranges and be healthy.

— Woman's Releif Corp 84 observed its 16th Anniversary, last Friday, March 13. After supper whist was played, the prizes being only for the visitors. They consisted of a sofa cushion, china jelly jar, and hand made handkerchief. There were present about forty visitors from Stoneham, others from Reading, Boston, Brighton, and Corp 161 of Woburn. The President of Corp 21 of Somerville, was also present. The reception Committee were the Past Presidents, Mrs. Woodside, Randall, Whittier, Ward, Gowan, Hilton, Stretton and Brown.

— The weather on St. Patrick's Day was not typical, although it came pretty near the mark. A smart rainstorm would have been more in accordance with the regular custom, but that was not vouchsafed last Tuesday. However it was good weather to celebrate in, and to wear stovepipe hats and green ribbons, knots, and such like ornaments. There were no unusual happenings in this city; no parades, or things of that sort; on the other hand, the day given over to the honor of St. Patrick differed but little in appearance from other days of the week.

— The weather during the entire week ending March 14 was most unreasonable and quite depressing to the nervous system after a period of chilly atmosphere and heavy rains. Last Saturday, at about the noon hour, the thermometer indicated a temperature of 74 in the shade, which was the maximum for the week, a cold wind having caused quite a fall of mercury on Sunday. On Monday morning the ground, in spots, was thickly sprinkled with snow, which was a grateful change from Saturday's oppressive heat.

— The Boston and Northern St. Railway Company will soon furnish the North Woburn Division with several more large cars of the latest style. The business of that line is increasing rapidly and additional accommodations for passengers are demanded. A double track from North Woburn will soon become indespensable, a fact which the Company fully realize. Another thing cannot be accomplished any too soon, and that is arrangements to run the cars straight into Sullivan Square without change at Medford. The JOURNAL alluded to this important matter some weeks ago.

— At a meeting of the shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank held Thursday evening, March 12, the following nominations—to be voted upon next month—were made:—President and Director, James Skinner; Vice President and Director, S. Franksford Trull; Directors, Herbert B. Dow, Lawrence Reade, Frank W. Greydon, J. Henry Parker, Henry E Smith, William F. Davis, Fred J. Brown, George Buchanan, John K. Murdock, Winthrop Hammond, John Maloney, Charles W. Lund, Thomas Moore, Edward Caldwell, George A. Day; Auditors; Herbert B. Dow, Arthur E Gage, Marcellus Littlefield.

— A Mission by the Augustinian Fathers of Philadelphia opened at St. Charles church last Sunday evening. It was the beginning of the woman's week and the large auditorium of the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the aisles being filled with interested listeners. The meetings are held every day at 5, 6.30 and 8 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. The meetings for men only will begin next Sunday. The object of the Mission is to arouse the church to increased spiritual activity, and promote individual piety. It corresponds, we suppose, in some sense, to the work of Evangelists in the Protestant church and communion.

— The Boston & Northern St. Railway Company put several new cars on the North Woburn Line last Wednesday. They are clear up to date and peaches, at that. They are vestibuled, 5 feet longer than the longest heretofore used, upholstered in fine styte, handsomely finished, and of the genuine "parlor" variety. Won't the people appreciate these splendid new cars, though! Some say that the addition of these elegant passenger accommodations is a prelude to running all the cars of the line into Sullivan Square, which will be a great benefit and fully obviate the waits and troubles at the latter place. We hope their prediction will materialize at an early date.

— Last Tuesday morning we received from Mr. Winthrop Hammond a copy of the Philadelphia *Press* with his sign manual duly endorsed on the same. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are taking a pleasant spring vacation among the great cities along the Atlantic Coast south of New England, in which New York, Philadelphia and other places of note are included. Constant personal application to the transaction of an uncommonly large winter business seemed to require a short season of rest and recreation on the part of Mr. Hammond, and that was the principal reason why he and his good wife set off on a Southern trip, which has proved highly enjoyable.

— No business of an exciting character was done at the meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening. City Solicitor Norris handed in an opinion on the Water Registrar matter, but some of the members thinking it lacked fullness and specifications, it was returned with a request that the opinion be amplified by the Solicitor. When rendered the opinion will sustain that of the Attorney General, and the State Civil Service Board in their decision on the question. If acquiesced in and acted on by the Board of Public Works, the present appointees of the Board will be obliged to vacate their posts, and Barrett, who heads the list of elegibles, will get his old office again.

— A few seemingly innocent lines in "Haggerty's *Times*" Friday evening had a wonderful effect on the Browntail Moth Brigade. It stated that Mayor Feeney had not signed the order appropriating $500 for the extermination(!) of the moth, that he might possibly veto the same. This had a bad look for the financial interests of the Brigade; it might mean no pay for their work. So, on Saturday morning not a sign or sound of the moth slayers was to be seen or heard on any of the trees of the city, and the poor old Browntail was given a day's rest. Here is a sum in arithmetic: It the State paid out over $1,000,000 to exterminate (!) the Gypsy Moth; and the Gipsy Moth increased in size and numbers and spread over more ground, every year; and realizing the futility of fighting the Gypsy Moth, the Legislature abolished the Commission; how far will Woburn's appropriation go towards exterminating(!) the Browntail Moth?—X.

— Mr. C. E. Smith feels positive that a real estate boom is in the air. People in Boston seeking suburban residences and the comforts of life, and others outside of our town, are beginning to get their eyes open to the strong points which Woburn presents for their consideration, and that it is a far better city to live and bring up a family in than some of its own inhabitants, even, have heretofore been disposed to give it credit for. The true and simple fact is, there is no more desirable residential place within 10 miles of the State House, or within what is destined to become in the near future "Greater Boston," than Woburn, and it is encouraging to observe that people in neighboring towns and cities are beginning to appreciate the fact, and act accordingly. Woburn has every "modern improvement" necessary to comfort and pleasure, and its reputation for morality, education, and right living, grows better year by year. Thus is seen Mr. Smith's grounds for confidence in an early real estate boom for this city.

— At the Young Men's Christian Union, Boston, on Wednesday evening, March 18th., Miss Stella M. Haynes, an accomplished elocutionist and teacher of Woburn, gave, in a graceful and entertaining manner, Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden' accompanied by Richard Strauss music rendered by Miss Holbrook, and illustrated by beautiful stereoptican views of the life and sorrow of "Arden." The hall was well filled, and great applause testified to the appreciation of the audience for Miss Haynes's talent. Many Woburn people were present.

— On Wednesday of this week, Mrs. Nelly Hall Root of Chicago, gave a talk before the New England Woman's Press Association at the Vendome, Boston, on "What Constitutes Woman's Economic Independence." The Woburn members were present as usual.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Monday evening March 16, 1903. President Johnson in the Chair.

Mayor Feeney's veto of the order appropriating $500 to fight the Browntail Moth was received, with cogent reasons for his refusal to sanction the measure. His veto was unanimously sustained.

The ordinance increasing the police 3 members, making the numbers 14, passed. It was debated by Ald. Ellis, Felch, Linscott, Brady and others.

The appointment of Mr. Thomas H. Dolan to be an Assessor to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Lawrence Martin, was confirmed.

Several claims for pay for personal injuries were received.

You've Had The Grippe!!

Whitcher's **Extract of Malt** will put you on your feet again.

15c. Bottle. 80c. half doz. $1.60 dozen.

Young's Hotel, Boston, Scene of Remarkable Deed

Man Subject to Strange Visitations of Dizziness Since 18th Birthday Suddenly recovers.

Took Barrels of Patent Medicines—Finally Finds Relief and Cure in Prescription of Eminent New York Specialist—Helpful Lesson in His Experience.

The public needs to be warned against the many irresponsible illy-prepared and bad tasting concoctions that are being offered as a cure for every disease on the calender. This newspaper will assume the responsibility of starting an agitation along this line and will maintain its position on the side of right in the face of any opposition.

John Lindemann, who gives his address as Young's Hotel, Boston, relates a remarkable story that teaches a lesson which should be of considerable value to most every person. He says: "Since 18 years of age I have been troubled with attacts of intense depression, dizziness, pain in the head and in my kidneys. The action of the bowels was irregular and caused considerable trouble by reason of prolonged stoppage. Your famous Vitone Tonic came to my notice about two years ago through the kind mention and recommendation of a customer of mine. To make a long story short, I have for the past year followed Longfellow's advice, 'Throw physic to the dogs.' I don't need Vitone now because it has cured me; should I become ill again Vitone will be my staff."

How many people there are who through some constitutional disarrangement or hereditary weakness, suffer from conditions which are extremely painful and annoying yet seem entirely beyond the reach of a physician's aid. They dose and doctor the best part of their lives with no result other than that of being mulcted of a large sum of money.

Vitone Tonic is the prescription of an eminent New York specialist and represents a medicine that will produce immediate and positive improved results in every instance wherever used. Those who suffer from spells of nervous depression accompanied by extreme melancholia will find in Vitone Tonic a wonderful recuperative and toning remedy. Its effect is not stimulative and temporary, but it seems to get after existing conditions, correcting them at once, producing results that are well sustained. Take Vitone as a tonic for that "tired feeling" and all weakened and run-down conditions, even though every other means may have failed.

Vitone Tonic has been placed in the hands of one reliable and reputable druggist in every town in the land and can be purchased at 75 cents per large bottle.

For sale in Woburn by Edward H. Callahan & Co., druggists.

SEVERE ATTACK OF GRIP

Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"When I had an attack of the grip, last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the *Enterprise*, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when the coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the briefest interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it would or could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were far less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu." For sale by all druggists.

WASHDAY

is a domestic nuisance. We will do your entire wash and iron all the flat pieces for 30c. a dozen.

Cheaper than doing it at home.

☞ Try it next week.

Woburn Laundry

323 Main Street.

Telephone 34 2.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, April 3d, 1903,

at seven-thirty (7.30) o'clock in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., March 20th, 1903.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, April 4th, 1903, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

State House, Boston, March 19th, 1903.

The Committee on Metropolitan Affairs will give a hearing to parties interested in the report of the Metropolitan District Commission (from files from the year). Also, on House Bill No. 563, the petition of Daniel H. Woodbury, President of the Metropolitan Civic League, for legislation to provide for the creation of a new County to include the City of Boston and the surrounding cities and towns; also, House Bill No. 606, the petition of Marcus C. Cook and others, for legislation to provide a greater Boston by the annexation of adjoining or neighboring cities or towns, at room No. 240, State House, on **Thursday, March 26th,** at 10.45 o'clock, A. M.

THOS. F. PORTER, Chairman.

CHARLES F. WILDES, Clerk of the Committee.

Dr. Daniel J McSweeney.

The subject of this notice, Dr. DANIEL JOSEPH MCSWEENEY, passed away at the home of his family, No. 7 Munroe street, in this city, about 7 o'clock, Monday morning, March 16, 1903, after an illness of several weeks duration.

He was born in Woburn March 6, 1873, his parents being Bryan and Hannah (Holland) McSweeney. After graduating from the High School he entered Tufts Dental College from which, at the end of four years, he graduated with honor. He immediatly opened a dental office in Quincy, where he secured a large and lucrative practice, and prosecuted the business of his profession until failing health compelled him to seek rest and physical improvement at the family home in this city.

It should be mentioned that, immediately after leaving the High School he entered the dry goods store of the late Amos Cummings as a boy, and not long thereafter, by faithful service, integrity and industry, was advanced to the position of General Manager, which he filled for several years. He afterwards entered the Dental College, from which he graduated in 1899.

Dr. McSweeney was a young man of exemplary character and conduct, greatly esteemed for his good qualities, and a favorite with all who knew him. He left his father, Mr. Bryan McSweeney; two sisters, Abbie A. and Mary E.; and two brothers, John and Bryan, Jr.; to mourn his early death.

We take the following notice from the Quincy *Advertiser* of March 17:

The sad intelligence of the death of one of Quincy's most esteemed young men reached here yesterday when the news of the death of Dr. D. J. McSweeney at Woburn was learned.

Although a Woburn boy Quincy claimed him as her own from the fact that he had been here for three years engaged in the practice of dentistry.

At his profession he not only drew a large patronage but made a host of friends who mourn his loss. He was a popular member of the Granite City club and was a familiar sight about the club room.

He passed away peacefully at his home yesterday morning a victim of consumption at the age of 30.

The funeral was held at his father's home at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, Mar. 18, and there was solemn high mass at St. Charles church at 10 a. m. It was largely attended, and the flowers contributed were numerous and beautiful.

James Partridge.

At 6 o'clock Thursday evening, March 12, 1903, after a brief illness, Mr. JAMES PARTRIDGE died at his home No. 643 Main street in this city, aged 85 years, 2 months, and 3 days. He was not only a veteran in years, but a long time resident of Woburn, and well known and greatly respected by this community.

Mr. Partridge was born at East Thomaston, Maine, now and for many years the town and city of Rockland, on January 9, 1818, and passed the early part of his life there. On Dec. 10, 1838, he was united in wedlock to Miss Adeline Glidden Harrington of Rockland, who, with one daughter, Mrs. Laura I. Moody; two sons, Mr. Francis A. Partridge of Woburn, and Mr. James L. Partridge of Dedham; and a sister, Mrs. Mary J. Burpee of Rockland, Maine, survives to deeply mourn the loss of a kind husband, and the children of a good father.

Mr. and Mrs. Partridge came to Woburn in October, 1869, where they have lived quiet, uneventful and comfortable lives ever since. He was a man of modest deportment and retiring habits, honest and upright, and respected for his manly virtues.

The funeral was held at the residence last Sunday, March 15, when and where many townspeople and friends gathered to pay their respects to the memory of the deceased, who they had so long and favorably known.

About Rum Selling.

Mr. Editor:— Will you kindly allow me a little space in your paper to ask why our Mayor should not require the police to enforce the license law? Why should two grocery stores in town be allowed to run an open bar with a U.S. license hung up to screen them from prosecution for selling liquors without a United States license? If his honor will look into these places (and it seems reasonable to believe that he knows where to find them, if not, any of his policemen can tell him) he will see liquor being sold as openly as in any licensed place in town, and that with no license from the City. It was said publicly that he would show us that he would enforce any and all laws as well as his predecesor did. Is this enforcing all laws when these things are allowed and absolutely no effort made to correct it?

We are told that license is best because the law can be carried out. If so, why not do it? If there is any justice in this business surely the men who have paid for the privilege of selling rum and making paupers ought to be protected in the rights which our City has granted them for a money consideration. These cases are not kitchen barrooms, but open violations of the very law which is held up to us as the best the liquor interest can offer and voted for by all bad citizens as well as many good ones.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to suggest to our Hon. Mayor that he take a walk up, or down, Main street and look in at No. — where he can verify what I have said. Then go to a large store on another street and look it over and he can find a regular bar with all the equipment in full operation from before six A. M. until as late as he will care to be out at night. All of this to say nothing of the kitchen bar-rooms by the dozen scattered over our city, with absolutely no effort to suppress them.

G. PLACE.

Danger of Colds and Grip.

The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Rep. Charles H. Nowell of Reading.

Mr. Nowell of Reading was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rep. Cottle. He is a business man and has been appointed by Speaker Myers to the vacancy on the committee on banks and banking. It is indicative of his energy that he was appointed on Wednesday and joined the committee in executive session, taking part in the discussion on Thursday.—*Practical Politics.*

Representative Nowell can be depended on to attend strictly to business and look carefully after the interests of his District, and those of the Commonwealth.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The God and Evil of Sectarianism."
Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Forsaken Fountains."
Sunday School at 12 noon.
Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M.
At 7 P. M., Lenten service. Subject, "The Masters Message to Manhood."
Wednesday, at 4.30 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday at 7.30, Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Week-day service during Lent—Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.; Friday at 4.30 P. M.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Sewing Circlel Thursday at 7.30 P. M.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Bad Athletics."
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Blood that cleanseth from Sin."
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 13, George Dargie, aged 46 years, 1 month, 24 days.

In this city, March 14, Louise Jane Morrill, aged 78 years, 9 months, 9 days.

In this city, March 16, Mary E. Barrett, aged 77 years, 23 days.

In this city, March 16, Daniel F. Callahan, aged 39 years, 1 month, 4 days.

In Medford, Mass., March 11, Thomas McGrath, formerly of Woburn, aged 55 years.

In this city, March 12, James Partridge, aged 85 years, 2 months, 3 days.

In this city, March 16, Dr. Daniel Joseph McSweeney, aged 30 years, 10 days.

In this city, March 14, Dio Ido Romana, aged 42 years, 11 months, 10 days.

Larsen's Peas!

This is the name of the best brand of Peas on the market.

Larsen's Marraowfats 13 cents per can.

Larsen' Extra Sifted 17 cents per can.

Try them once and you will always want Larsen's.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

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C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 16.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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211 Main St., Woburn

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Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

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— AND —
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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

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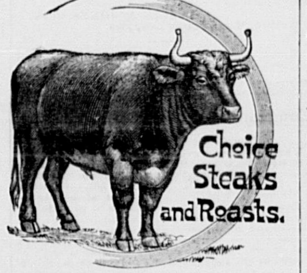
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
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357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12 52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11 22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after June 16, 1902, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Lowell, Burlington, Pinehurst Park and Billerica, 5.30 A. M., and hourly till 11.30 A. M.; 11.45 and half hourly till 10.15 P. M. 5.30 A. M. for Billerica only.
Leave Burlington for Billerica and Lowell at 5 40 A. M., hourly until 11.40 A. M.; 12.03 P. M., and half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell, Woburn, Pinehurst and Burlington at 7.00 A. M., hourly until 12.00 M., and half hourly till 10 00 P. M., also 6.00 A. M. and 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica, Pinehurst, Burlington and Woburn at 6.15 A. M., hourly till 12 15 P. M., then half hourly till 9 15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.20 A. M., hourly until 11.20 A. M., 12.25, half hourly till 10.25 P. M., 11.25 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Billerica and Lowell at 5 50 A. M., hourly till 11.50 A. M., 12.15, and half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Burlington and Woburn at 6.10 A. M., hourly till 11.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M., 11.15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 10.15 P. M.
Leave Burlington Centre for Lowell at 7.33 A. M., half hourly till 10.33 P. M.
Leave Pinehurst for Lowell and Woburn at 7.45 A. M., half hourly till 10.45 P. M.
Leave Billerica for Lowell and Woburn at 8 00 A. M., half hourly till 10.00 P. M.; also 11.00 P. M. for Woburn.
Leave Lowell for Billerica and Woburn at 7.15 A. M., half hourly till 9 15 P. M.
Leave Burlington for Woburn at 8 25 A. M., half hourly till 10.25 P. M.
FARE—Woburn to Lowell—15 cents.
Round Trip Tickets Woburn, Burlington or Billerica to Pinehurst, including admission, 15 cents, to be purchased of conductor.
Change at Billerica for Bedford, Concord, Wilmington and Tewksbury.
Connect at Woburn with Boston & Maine R. R. trains for Boston. Change for Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Melrose and Lynn and Salem, Lexington and Arlington.
Special cars at reasonable rates upon application.
Telephone connection.

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Woburn, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
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E. PRIOR.
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

TWO MIRANDAS

By Clinton Dangerfield

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When Herbert Moxon climbed out of the wagon in front of the farmhouse gate, he looked forward with all a city boy's delight to a whole month in the country.

That he had never seen his aunt or uncle before did not trouble him in the least. He had been brought up in a wholesome belief in the kindness of human nature in general and showed it so frankly that people invariably turned their best side toward this sunny faced lad of ten.

His uncle came hurrying down the box trimmed path to meet him.

"I'm glad ter see ye, real glad," he declared warmly. "I'd 'a' come myself stead of sendin' Lucas, but I've had the rheumatiz considerable lately."

The boy paused a second at the doorstep to remark on the beauty of two full leaved and fruited apple trees which grew almost at the threshold, one on each side. But to his surprise his uncle scowled slightly and hurried him into the house.

Only the cheery voice of the fire welcomed him. Herbert turned questioningly to his uncle.

"Aunt? Is she well?"

Jonas Alwyn showed a momentary confusion before the boy's clear glance. Then he said hastily:

"Well—oh, yes; but she ain't to home jest now—won't be fer several days."

Time sped swiftly. There was so much to see and to do! True, his uncle's disposition varied from extreme cheeriness to fits of moody abstraction. He proved to be so skillful a cook that he filled his nephew with wonder.

"I'll bet aunt's pancakes don't beat yours," he remarked one morning, his mouth full of light cakes and sirup making the compliment a trifle indistinct.

Jonas started, then pushed away his coffee as though something had affected his appetite.

"They're a sight better," he said so gloomily that Herbert laughed outright.

"I didn't think you'd be sensitive on the subject, uncle. When she comes, I'll tell her what you said. Have you heard from her lately?"

"Not to say lately."

"Mother thought she was here when you wrote," went on Herbert.

His uncle rose excitedly.

"Ye don't mean it," he declared vehemently. "No; ye don't mean it, 'cause ye don't know nawthin' about it. But she ain't set foot in this house for eight year come next November."

Herbert rose, pale in his turn.

"I'm sorry," he faltered. "I never knew—mother doesn't know—that anything had—gone wrong."

"Everything's gone wrong," said his uncle miserably. Suddenly he clutched his nephew and hurried him to the door, then down in the pathway, where he faced him about before the two fruit trees.

"This one," said his uncle, waving his right hand much as if he were introducing a duchess, "is Miranda Sweet, and this one," a wave to the left and a frown, "is Miranda Sour."

Herbert smothered a desire to laugh.

"Oh! Named after my aunt?"

"Jest so! Them two are seedlin's, an' I planted 'em the spring she went away. It's mighty queer that they come true ter the names I give 'em! As ter her goin'—that wuz a misunderstandin'. She's got prop'ty of her own, about ez much ez I own, an' she's livin' on it ten miles away. I ain't"—he choked a little—"I ain't seen her sence that spring mornin' when she an' me had it out in the kitchen. I watched her bunnit go round the turn, an'—an' I ain't heard a word of her 'cept what the neighbors let drop."

"Since she's only ten miles away," said Herbert with all the straightforward confidence of youth, "I should go to her and tell her it was just a misunderstanding."

"That's jest what I can't do," returned his uncle with extreme moodiness. "Every time I start, an' I've started more'n onct, suthin pulls me back. I do b'lieve it's Miranda Sour."

"Miranda Sour?"

"When she went away, I named them two seedlin's fer her—Miranda Sweet," his voice faltered, "to 'mind me of how purty she looked the day she an' me stood up before the preacher. She was the pink cheekedest and softest eyed gal in the hull village then.

"I named that tree Miranda Sour," the old man went on doggedly, "to 'mind me how set an' contrary your aunt kin be when she's a inclination that a-way! That tree has got all of Miranda's aggravatinest ways—the very way them leaves flirt at ye is jest perzactly like the fling Miranda could give them skirts of hern when she was swishin' past ye an' wouldn't listen to reason."

Herbert hit Miranda Sour a sharp blow with a stick.

"I wish a worm would gnaw you. I wish a hurricane would blow you down."

"No sich luck," said Jonas in tones which expressed a certain mournful pride in his forecasting. "No sich luck. She'll keep on a-growin', an' Miranda an' me will keep on gittin' furder an' furder apart."

Herbert looked round furtively, then sidled up to his uncle.

"Cut her down," he whispered, one eye on Miranda Sour to see if she overheard.

"Cut her down!" exclaimed Jonas angrily. "Cut down an apple tree ez cost me all that trouble! By gum, I'll do nawthin' of the kind! It's all yer aunt's fault that them trees is there, an' there they kin stay fer me."

Preoccupied himself, Jonas never detected the purpose throbbing in Herbert's whole being nor even observed the guilty glance that his nephew stole at him when the boy asked with assumed calm if he might go fishing instead of accompanying Jonas to mill.

"Jest as ye like," said his uncle, somewhat surprised. "Ain't no good fishin' round here, but I s'pose throwin' the line in the water'll satisfy ye."

Herbert waited until his uncle had been gone a full half hour; then he flew round to the wood pile and seized the ax, his heart throbbing to suffocation. He hurried back to the front yard, glancing right and left. There was no one in sight. He looked at Miranda Sour, the representative of "the ungodly." Yes, it was no fancy. Her leaves rustled an insolent challenge. He sprang to her side and sunk his ax deeply in her new smooth bark.

After that the blows fell fast and furiously. In less than fifteen minutes she lay quivering and sighing at the feet of Miranda Sweet.

With desperate strength he dragged the fallen one round to the back yard, sometimes in cold terror over his deed, sometimes with the same exultation that Achilles felt in driving round the walls of Troy. The funeral pyre of Miranda Sour was no easy work, for the day was hot and the limbs full of sap, but at last nothing was left of her save a few blackened pieces not to be distinguished as parts of an apple tree. Then a tired but determined boy put old Dobbin in the ancient buggy and drove up the road at a rate that threatened an immediate smashup.

It was 6 o'clock when Jonas returned. He was dusty, tired and hungry. Then as he opened the gate he rubbed his eyes—it could only be a vision.

But certainly the vision had warm arms. They clasped him round the neck, and a face still good to look on was upturned to his own, and the old, beloved voice cried out:

"Kiss me, Jonas—right here, right now!"

"Miranda!" he gasped, and then brokenly, "Thank God, oh, thank God!"

"Yes, thank him," faltered Miranda, tears falling now. "And his instrument was that blessed boy! Oh, Jonas, he told me how you missed me an' how you kept that beautiful apple tree in front the door to remember me by!"

Hot shame and fear flooded Jonas. He glanced at the house and felt like rubbing his eyes again, for of Miranda Sour not even a stump was left, while in sweet and placid humility, comforted with many apples and tremulous with hints of years of happiness, Miranda Sweet shaded the doorway lovingly.

What Buddhism Aimed to Do.

The Greeks were capable of much poetical pessimism. They saw the vanity of things as plainly as Gotama did, but they also saw the pleasure of proclaiming this vanity in sonorous hexameters or musical elegiacs. To give everything up because you cannot enjoy everything forever would not have entered into their very sound brains and healthy nervous systems. Buddha knew this, knew that mankind was light minded, a child pursuing a bird. But in the slack and demoralizing climate of India he found countless disciples. Most of them perhaps cling to the Brahamic survivals in Buddhism, the gods, the fairy tales, more closely than to the doctrine of renunciation.

It is a hospitable religion and has many mansions. But it did aim at doing away with the sacredness of caste, at proving all men to be equally human, equally capable, as far as social distinctions go, of moral excellence. In this view, where Buddhism most directly reacts against Brahminism, it has not been a success. The caste system in all its Indian minuteness has survived the Buddhist doctrine. "Buddha for the soul and the gods for the world," an old Cingalese saying, still exists in that popular superstition. Human nature cannot be boxed up in a system.—London News.

"The Jerks."

The most remarkable manifestation of the great religious movement which swept over this country just before the war of 1812 was the physical and nervous disorder known as "the jerks." The jerks took their name from the fact that the arms and legs would be thrown about apparently by a force beyond control of the individual. The disorder was epidemic in Tennessee. A slave owner, a man of great wealth and prominence and irreligious, called his slaves together one Sunday morning, when a camp meeting was in progress near by, and announced his deliberate intention of horsewhipping any one of their number who took the jerks. "It is all imagination," he said, "and I'll whip any one of you that takes it within an inch of his life." He went to camp meeting, and while conversing with a friend in the outskirts of the ground was told that one of his negroes had the jerks. Seizing his horsewhip, he hastened toward the spot and when half way was himself seized by the jerks.

George Peabody.

George Peabody spent his money alike for England and America, and his seventy-five years of life gave him ample opportunity to give vent to his instincts of benevolence. Like Peter Cooper, he did not wait for death to come before he parted with his surplus fortune. Peabody was American born, and to his glory he declined the offer of a baronetcy from the queen. Far more grateful to the good man was the resolution of thanks passed by the congress of the United States. That was a distinction, coming from the whole people, of which he was justly proud.

Happy.

Mrs. Nextdoor—I suppose your daughter is happily married.

Mrs. Naggsby—Indeed she is. Why, her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence.

Better Out.

"What's this sketch?"

"Oh, that's a little thing I got out of my own head!"

"Great Scott! What a lucky thing you got it out!"

Why Frenchmen Are Small.

It is said that the under size of the French and their physical shortcomings as a nation are due for the most part to the heavy drain made upon the race by Napoleon. All the ablebodied men were enrolled in his service, leaving none at domestic or business pursuits except the extremely youthful or the aged. From this drainage of the blood and destruction of the sinew of the race France has not yet recovered.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PHILADELPHIA

[Original.]

There is something attractive about real romances, especially one that has occurred many years ago. Perhaps it is because the people of the past were different from ourselves and more different than we are from each other.

How different from that immense city which today is spread over thousands of acres, whose streets are unadorned except with colossal buildings and whose people are engaged in the mad rush for money! Then beautiful trees lined her thoroughfares, her houses were quaint little buildings, and her Quaker population wore broad brimmed hats, broad tailed coats and knee breeches.

Polly Pennell, nineteen years old, was the daughter of a Philadelphia Quaker father—"the strictest sect a Pharisee"—and a Church of England mother. Polly was pretty as a picture and had hosts of admirers, all of whom were sharply watched by her curmudgeon father. Her most intimate friend was Rebecca Hamilton. Rebecca was not to the taste of old Pennell, she being of the world worldly. She took a fancy to Polly, however, and soon after their first meeting one Sunday after church she came down the street carrying aloft a beaver hat, two feet on the brim, looking for all the world like a balloon jib, leg o' mutton sleeves for spinnakers, and gloves laced to the elbows. The rest of her rig was a profusion of tulle and india muslin. Meeting Polly, she swooped down upon her and carried her off to dinner.

Polly was rescued by her Quaker attendants and received a severe admonition to shun the worldly creature. But Rebecca was as much to Polly's taste as she was to Polly's parents' distaste. A high bred dame, she disdained conventionalities as only necessary for inferior people who did not know how to behave themselves and made her own rules. Within a week after the rescue Polly had visited her in her home. There she was taken into dinner by a young Virginian, the very antipodes of a Quaker, named Francis Dulaney. His dress was far more effective in impressing a young girl than the conventional black "steel pen jacket" of today—a canary colored waistcoat embroidered with blooming red silk roses, a claret colored coat (with cuffs), flat brass buttons the size of a modern individual butter plate, breeches and stockings of the color of the coat, buckles on his shoes and plenty of lace about his throat. How could any young girl resist a handsome fellow in such attire? Polly certainly did not resist him, for she fell in love with him, and her love was returned. Rebecca Hamilton fostered the courtship not only for sympathy with the young couple, but to score a point on the Quakers.

Think of the broad brim hatted, coal scoop coated old Pinnell having for a son-in-law a young man adorned like Francis Dulaney! Fancy the scene when these two costumes containing the two men stood before each other and the younger man, a perfect stranger to the older, asked for the hand of his daughter! Of course he was refused. Could Quaker drab mate with canary and claret color? One might as well think of a daughter of a prophet mating with a spangled circus rider. The old man stood rigid, listening to the young one's entreaties, then gave a curt refusal, and Dulaney beat a sullen retreat. Pinnell sent for his daughter. Instead of meeting an obedient child he found a firm woman. She told him that she had pledged herself to marry Dulaney and would do so.

Pinnell placed Polly under the care of his sister, Patience, a woman more austere, more Quakerly dressed, more commanding, than her brother. Polly was forbidden to leave the house unaccompanied by her aunt, and her father made preparations to take her to England.

One crisp October morning in 1800 Pennell put on his broad brimmed hat, took his long staff, with a silver head as big as a dinner bell, and went downtown. The duenna went to her room to put it in order. She had no sooner entered than the door was locked from the outside. The family black servant was locked in the cellar. Then Polly, pale and excited, came downstairs and, pausing a moment to bid farewell to home, sallied forth, followed by her maid. Under a large buttonwood tree, standing on a corner, were Dulaney and Miss Hamilton, with the Hamilton's tilbury. Entering the tilbury, the party were driven to the home of the Hamiltons. All the wedding arrangements had been completed. No less a personage than the mayor of the town performed the ceremony, and Andrew Hamilton gave away the bride.

When Mr. Pennell returned to his home, he found a gaping crowd of broad brims before his house, attracted by the screams of his sister and his servant, who were demanding to be unlocked. Entering, he found the house abandoned by the child whom he had striven to keep from mingling with the sinful world. But, though he considered a canary colored waistcoast embroidered with flowers the livery of Satan, he did not consider forgiveness a part of salvation. He never forgave his daughter and died unreconciled.

Dulaney took his wife to Virginia, that home of the iniquitous Cavaliers, who, if in 1800 they had cut their hair, were still sufficiently sinful to wear powdered wigs. Thus the bride and groom lived for awhile on Dulaney's plantation and then went to live in England.

Rebecca Hamilton, who had taken so important a part in the elopement, married unhappily, and her divorce case was one of the most important that have ever occurred in the Quaker City.

ETHEL ARNOLD ALLEN.

The Self Effacing Act.

Myer—In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible.

Gyer—Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day.

Myer—You don't tell me! How do they manage it?

Gyer—By marrying famous women.—Chicago News.

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A RAZOR'S EDGE.

Minute Teeth, Like Those of a Saw, Make Its Keenness.

The edge of a razor consists of innumerable points or "teeth," which if the razor is of good material follow each other throughout its whole length with great order and clearness. The unbroken regularity of these minute "teeth" goes to make up the blade's excessive keenness. The edge acts upon the beard not so much by the direct application of weight or force as it does by a slight "seesaw" movement, which causes the successive "teeth" to act rapidly on one certain part of the hairy growth. The best razors, according to the microscopists, have the teeth of their edges set as regularly as those of a perfectly set saw.

This explains the magic effect of hot water on the razor's blade—the act of dipping it thoroughly cleansing the teeth of any greasy or dirty substance with which they may have been clogged. Barbers often claim that razors "get tired" of shaving and that they will be all right after awhile if permitted to take a rest. When in this "tired" condition a microscopic examination of the edge shows that constant stropping by the same person has caused the teeth or fibers of the edge to all arrange themselves in one direction. A month of disuse causes these fine particles to rearrange themselves so that they again present the heterogeneous saw toothed edge. After this little recreation each particle of the fine edge is up and ready to support his fellow, and it again takes some time to spoil the grain of the blade.

Verdi Was Right.

When Verdi was putting the last touches to "Il Trovatore," he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. He was permitted to examine the score and run over the "Anvil Chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked Verdi. "Trash!" responded the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this," he said. "Rubbish!" said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. "What do you mean?" asked the critic. "My dear friend," cried Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the great judges, the classicists like you. Had I pleased you I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung and roared and whistled and barrel organed all over Italy." And so it proved.

A Safe Proceeding.

Lord Lyons, English minister at Washington during the civil war and afterward ambassador to France, was a diplomatist to the core. He was exceedingly tactful in action and had the rare art of keeping his own counsel.

When Sir Edward Blount called upon him one day at the embassy in Paris he found that a well known journalist had preceded him. The visitor was laying down the law in a loud tone, and when, after his departure, Sir Edward was received, he took the liberty of saying:

"May I be allowed to ask if it is quite wise to discuss state secrets in such a loud tone? I heard every word that was said, my lord, as I sat in the anteroom."

"Ah!" said Lord Lyons. "But even then you could not hear what I said, for I said nothing."—Youth's Companion.

The Cherokees and Polytheism.

The Cherokee Indian was originally a polytheist. To him the spirit world was only a shadowy counterpart of this one. He had no great spirit, no happy hunting ground, no heaven, no hell—all of which ideas were first introduced to the American aborigines by Christian missionaries. Consequently death had for him no terrors, and he awaited the inevitable end with no anxiety as to the future. All his prayers were for temporal and tangible blessings—for health, for long life, for success in the chase, in fishing, in war and in love, for good crops, for protection and for revenge.

Dreams Explained.

"Dreams," says an eminent lecturer on theosophy, "consist of recollections of the combined impressions received and workings of the physical and astral minds. The soul and subconsciousness are independently active, and it is the confusion arising from the confounding of the thoughts of the soul with the exaggerated interpretation of impressions received by subconsciousness which makes it so often impossible to remember dreams."

Softer.

"I have no doubt you have heard some stories to my discredit," he said.

"I don't like to put it in that way," she quietly replied.

"How then?" he hopefully asked.

"I have never heard any stories to your credit," said she.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poker Friends.

"No, I am not popular any more with the gang," moaned a business man who used to entertain largely at poker. "I haven't touched a card in seven years. The friends I made at the poker table were near and dear to me. When I lived on the seventh floor of a tenement, they flocked to see me nightly, climbing the stairs without a murmur. When I moved to the Bronx, they followed me. When I settled in Jamaica, the ride to my house did not seem too long for them, nor did they mind the journey home at 3 or 4 in the morning. When I realized that I was supporting them with my losses, I tore up the cards and cracked the chips with a hammer. When, lo, behold, every mother's son of them knew me no more! I lived so far away that it was impossible to find time to come to visit me. I am sure that if I had opened a poker game in the darkest cell in the bottom of the bottomless pit they would have come to play with me. To regain their friendship it is only necessary to announce a reopening of the game."—New York Press.

The Etiquette of Cues.

In China the men take as much pride in their hair as women, and the "pigtail" is a thing of no little moment. In making the cue the whole head is shaved except a circular patch upon the crown. The hair from this is braided, and strands of silk are added, which end in a tassel reaching to the heels. In full mourning the black strands are replaced by white ones and in second mourning by light blue or green.

It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette for an inferior to enter the presence of a superior with his cue wound round his neck or head, as it is frequently disposed of during work, and the greatest insult one man can offer another is to pull his cue. It seems very odd to see sailors and soldiers on ship or in barracks combing each other's long tresses or coolies at the street corners performing the same friendly office. Custom forbids a man to wear a beard and mustache until he becomes a grandfather.

He Got Up.

There is a keen knowledge of human nature in the following bit of fun from the Lewiston Journal, but no more than might be expected from a down east tavern keeper who has had a long experience with autumnal sportsmen, of whom many are called, but few get up:

A mighty hunter from Boston "put up" at a quaint little Maine hostelry and left word in the office that he wished to be called at half past 4 in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door.

"All righ'! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilts.

"You get up here now and sign this receipt!" commanded Uncle Cy.

"Receipt? What receipt?" demanded a very wideawake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly.

"Waal," grunted Uncle Cy, "I don't calkerlate to have ye humping down to the office at 8 o'clock declaring that ye ain't been called."

A Humorous Mixture.

In a Scotch church an old minister who was very deaf was also very anxious to introduce some new hymnbooks into the church and asked his precentor to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The precentor, having a notice of his own, gave out that members of the congregation wishing to have their children baptized were to send their names into the vestry. The old minister, thinking that it was the notice about the hymnbooks, stood up and said, "And I wish to say, for the benefit of those who have not any, that they may be had in the vestry any afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4—ordinary little ones at a shilling each, and special little ones, with red backs, at one and three."

Effort and Its Effect.

It pays to think. It is like putting money out at interest. Dollars make dollars, and thoughts make other thoughts. We are so accustomed to having this old world reward us for things we do in dollars that we forget there is such a reward as brains—mental growth. Happy the one who sees all these things in their proper light, who recognizes in every failure a lesson learned, in every effort a reward, be it only a little speck of mental energy.

Precocious Youth.

Walter (aged five)—Papa, when I grow up may I get married?

Papa—My son, I regret to see you anticipate trouble so early in life.—Chicago News.

One on the Minister.

Rev. Tubthumper—I've been preaching this morning to a congregation of asses.

Lily Sugarstick—Yes; I noticed you called them "beloved brethren."—Ally Sloper.

After a man passes fifty he finds that his hopes have to be jacked up and repainted twice as often as ten years before.—Atchison Globe.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1903.

PRESIDENT TUTTLE AND THE Y. M. C. A.

The old saying that corporations have no souls may be true, but it does not hold good as to the head officers of some of them. When we find the President of a great railroad system speaking such words, and giving such advice to its employees, as the following, we are constrained to believe that some corporations, at least, are managed by men who have souls, and pretty large ones, at that. President Tuttle and the men associated with him in the management of the vast Boston & Maine Railroad System deserve to be highly commended for their friendly attitude towards, and the hearty support of, the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. They are on the right track, for the Y. M. C. A. is an agency for the promotion of pure morals and right living that richly deserves the fostering care of good men. We take the following from the Boston papers of Monday:

President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston and Maine System paid an exceptional compliment to his employees last evening, when he became a guest at the first anniversary of the Boston & Maine Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at their building, 160 Beverly St.

William J. Hobbs, Chairman of the Railroad Association, and Generel Auditor and Comptroller of the B. & M. Co., presided during the exercises which consisted of selections rendered by the orchestra of the Department, hymns by the members, invocation and Scripture reading by Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, and tenor solos by Edward W. Armour.

President Tuttle, when introduced, was greeted by the men with enthusiasm. He said in part:

"My good friends, tonight, I want to talk to you plainly and to the point. Since this Association adjunct has been instituted on our System I have taken the greatest interest in its Christian and enduring work. I believe sincerely in the most practical part of the endeavors which you are making having to do with the well being of the men employed on this System.

"This Association I know has succeeded since its institution a year ago better than I believed for it when it was started. In the growth of your associations and your successes of the past year I must offer my sincerest congratulations on your success, and can say that I believe that in the use of all the privileges granted by the railroad among them all you may have missed the most essential and valuable asset if you have not grasped the fact that moral character, above all makes the man.

"Character is one of the things which can be molded only by such an organization as this, or through church influence. The management of the Boston & Maine railroad is very well satisfied with your earnest work, and we feel that at all times a most cordial support can be honestly given to your efforts for Christianity, right and duty.

"You must carry on the work now, men, work to a perfection and show credit, not only to yourselves, but also to your employers, whom, I can assure you, are not greedy, close, or narrow-minded, but shall try to assist you in every way in this grand moral work."

William J. Hobbs, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, in making his report, proved that the work, which at first bore a doubiful aspect, has proven to be up-to-date, one of the most successful ventures instituted by the Association throughout the country. He assured the members that during the coming years additional provisions would be made to care for members whose railroad duties might cause them to seek lodging accommodations in the city.

MAYOR FEENEY'S VETO.

Mayor Feeney can be relied on to do the right thing at the right time when it comes to safeguarding the interests of the city. He is in the habit of keeping a sharp eye on the public treasury and seeing to it that raids on the cashbox are headed off and brought to naught. No scheme of doubtful merit, or suspicious move of any kind to deplete the city's finances, escapes his attention, or deters him from employing the power vested in the office of Mayor to thwart them.

The Council got a taste, last Monday night, of some of Mayor Feeney's business ideas in the shape of a veto of their order appropriating $500 with which to fight the Browntail Moth. The Mayor was right. The appropriation ought to have never been voted. The Council had an object lesson before them in the case of the State's failure to cope successfully with the Gypsy Moth.

After a long and arduous struggle, and an expenditure of a mint of money, the State quit the job, and the Legislature abolished the Commission. The Moth increased in numbers and enlarged its habitat, every year, and beat the Commission at every point. What did the Council think could be done with $500 towards exterminating the Browntail? Any person of common sense, having the least knowledge of insect life and habits, could have informed the Council that the Moth can't be exterminated by the employment of any means known to mortal man. Again, the point made in the veto that the financial condttion of the city did not warrant the appropriation, was a strong one, and well taken.

Mayor Feeney's veto was sustained by a unanimous vote of the Council, and will be with equal unaninity by the people.

☞ Evacuation Day, March 17, was celebrated in Boston in patriotic style. The State soldiery, marines and others from the Navy Yard, civic and patriotic societies, State functionaries, and citizens, joined in a grand parade, and indulged in many holiday festivities. The fact that it was also St. Patrick's Day increased the importance of the celebration.

☞ A Massachusetts Old Home Week Association was organized in Boston on March 5, 1903, with Governor Bates for its President, and a full set of officers, by-laws, etc. Thus has Col. Charles H. Taylor, Editor-in-Chief of the Boston Globe, Managing Vice-President of the Association, set the ball in motion in good season.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Com. Mass—Hearing.
C. W. Clarke—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. F. Sweeney—Citation.
Five C. S. Bank—Notice.
Foster Rogers—Order of the Court.

— The watering carts are out this morning.

— 8 A. M., March 20, wind W.; 55 above; clear.

— The street watering carts have been greatly needed this week.

— "Lady Masons" by Hope Circle in Odd Fellows Hall March 25.

— The roadroller is liable to become a burning campaign issue again.

— Rev. Henry A. Walsh of St. Charles Church is ill with the prevailing distemper.

— Next Monday evening, March 23, Baldwin Council, 125, R. A. will hold a smoke talk.

— Mr. Dolan, the new Assessor, was formrrly an Alderman, and is said to be a capable man.

— It will pay to read the new notice which Moore's Woburn Laundry has in the JOURNAL this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Hammond visited New York City and parts of Pennsylvania last week.

— Yesterday was another summer-like day. So far, the weather this month has been remarkable.

— North Woburn longs for a regular policeman, and is bound to have one or perish in the attempt.

— The soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday March 22, will be Miss Florence L. Austin, of Cambridge.

— This is about the right time to partake liberally of Brooks' spring tonics. His Woburna is unexcelled.

— Women's best quality storm rubbers, service heel, Boston or Goodyear Glove at Leathe's. Boys' rubbers 50c.

— There was a large attendance at the funeral of Mr. James Partridge last Sunday afternoon, and many floral gifts.

— Last Saturday night the Woburn polo combine beat the Stonehams 7 to 5. It is said that the Woburns are strong.

— Remerber that the Parish Fair of the First Church takes place April 16 and 17.

— Supt Emerson's leave of absence expires on April 1. His return to school duties here on that date is not certain.

— Lawyers John P. & James E. Feeney will take possession of their new office in Johnson Building on April 1.

— Miss Mary Brophy, who is teaching in the public schools of Southbridge is spending the spring vacation at her home here.

— Trinity Church greeted its former rector, Rev. S. U. Shearman, and heard him preach a good sermon last Sunday.

— Please read and carefully consider the notice of a hearing by the legislative Committee on Metropolitan Affairs in this paper.

— It was a delight to hear once more the melodious strains of the handorgan on our streets, as was our privilege yesterday morning.

— Miss Etta Conway, a teacher in the Warren schools, a bright young woman, has been visiting her parents on Porter street.

— The Boston Horse Show is to open in Mechanic's Building, Huntington Avenue, on April 20. It is to excel all former shows.

— The March issue of the *Boston & Maine*, a neat B. & M. R. publication, is delightfully illustrated with N. E. scenes and landscapes.

— Tomorrow evening the Kings Daughters of Trinity church are to hold a sale of food and confectionery, and may it be well attended.

— Mayor Feeney while not an ardent Civil Service Reformer, believes that the Civil Service laws, like all others, should be enforced.

—Some fine photographs are on exhibition at the Public Library. They are reproductions of the masterpieces of eminent English painters.

— The Hibernians, Div. 3, celebrated St. Patrick's Day with music and oratory at a meeting held on Tuesday evening. It was a pleasant affair.

— Away on the horizon is seen the spirit of baseball, no bigger than a man's hand, coming this way, and for its arrival the boys are preparing.

— Mr. George H. Ayer and Charles B. Platts, shipkeepers at the Charlestown Navy Yard, are still waiting the arrival of U. S. vessels at the Yard.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor has fully recovered from a long and painful experience with rheumatism, and is able to be around among people once more.

— The Trustees of the Library are considering plans for enlarging and rearranging the interior of the building to make room for books, which is needed.

— A telegram was received at the *Woman's Journal* office in Boston, Wednesday, from Arizona, stating that Equal Suffrage had been given to women.

— Clan MacKinnon, O.S.C., are to give their grand annual concert, bagpipes and all, in Music Hall on April 15. These concerts are always the best of the season.

— The ablest and by far the keenest parliamentarian that ever struck Woburn is ex-President, now just plain Alderman, Brady of Ward 1. He knows it all.

— Mr. George Buchanan, Chairman of the Board of Health, is recovering from an attack of the grip. It seems a little incongruous for a city health officer to be sick.

— If Haggerty's *Times* keeps on lashing the Woburn rumsellers it will have to go to Winchester for its drunks pretty soon. It can't get them here much longer unless it stops its abuse.

— In the columns of the Philadelphia *Press* of March 13 appeared an abbreviated sketch of the career of Count Rumford. Its salient points and principal features were set forth in the brief article, presenting a good biography of the distinguished Woburn scientist.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard, **50c and $1.00**

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,

— AT —

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Adamson's Belsam 24c, and 59c. Piso's Cure 19c. Scott's Emulson 39c. and 69c. Father John's Medicine 42c. and 80c. Arnold Cough Killer 19c. and 39c. Maltine Preparations 79c. Ayer's Cherry Pectorial 20c., 40c and 79c. Lung Kuro 39c. and 80c.

Dr. Hoff's Favorite Prescription.

The best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds, particularly those of long standing. Also an excellent tonic. Large bottle 50c.

Robbins Drug Company.

(SUCCESSOR TO HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The place to SAVE MONEY on all Drugstore Goods.

— The St. Charles C.T.A.S. are to give their annual Minstrel Show on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 22 and 23. It will be a great one.

— After a month's hard bout with ciatica Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, of the Boston firm of Fowle, Hibbard & Co., produce dealers, is able to attend to business again.

— Mrs. McGarrey is to be Matron of Winning Farm again this coming summer. She is very much liked by the Boston boys who go there for their outings, as well as by the Trustees.

— There is a magnificent show of flowers at the spring exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society now in full feather at Horticultural Hall Boston. People say it is simply immense.

— The trains on the B. & M. were greatly out of joint last Wednesday morning, owing to a freight train running off the track above here. Gateman Callahan straightened them out after awhile.

— The National Educational Association, of which President Eliot of Harvard University is President, are to hold a great meeting in Boston on July 6—10. It is expected that 25,000 people will attend it.

— The Woman's Club's campaign of Military Whist was to have been fought out last evening, and hearing nothing to the contrary, we deem it perfectly safe to announce that the programme was carried out to the letter.

— John D. McIntosh, who has been employed in the Calender Room of the Reading Rubber Manufacturing Co., has secured a situation as a motorman on the Brookline and Brighton surface cars of the Boston Elevated Railway Company.

— Last week Mr. David Cronan received a verdict of $3,000 against the city of Woburn in the Superior Court for personal injuries received a year ago last October from falling into a hole on Eaton avenue left by workmen on the highwey.

— The alarm from box 68 at 4.45 last Friday afternoon was for a fire which did considerable damage to the leach house of the Skinner tannery on Green street. By prompt work of the Fire Dept. the fire was confined to the leach house.

— Fires—Hose 1 and 6 were called by still alarm Thursday at 2.45 P. M., for the burning of a shed on the estate of Edward Bowe on Mishawum Road. —Box 65 at 9.05 Thursday evening was for a car of hay on fire in the freight yard on High St.

— Mrs. Bell left here yesterday morning for her home at Waitesfield, Vt. She had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Walter Knapp of Church avenue, and family since last November. Waitesfield is the native place of Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church and he and Mrs. Knapp were schoolmates there.

— Gentlemen are cordially invited to attend the meeting of the Woman's Club at Music Hall and listen to a lecture by Mr. J. L. Harbour a popular Western book writer and lecturer, on a subject which cannot fail to interest them. The Club were lucky in securing Mr. Harbour to come here and talk to the people about "Blessed Humor," for he is about the best there is.

— Mr. Willis L. Varney, member of the well known and popular firm of Woburn jewelers, visited his former home at South Berwick, Maine, last Saturday.

— Mr. Thomas Heartz has accepted the position of Janitor of the Savings Bank building on Pleasant street and entered upon his duties last week. It is a good one, and a good faithful man has been selected to fill it.

— Mr. Charles Edward Sutherland, who is a Pullman car conductor running between Boston and White River Junction, Vt., is favored with the privilege of passing three nights of each week at his home in this city.

— Last Sunday morning Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of this city delivered an address at the Hancock church in Lexington on the "Congregational Union of Boston and Vicinity." A special contribution was taken up in aid of that cause.

— Mrs. James Bruce, Jr., of Marseilles, Illinois, writes to her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Richards, that an ice gorge had caused the Illinois River to overflow at that place and inflicted considerable damage to mills and other property.

— On Wednesday evening, March 25, there will be given by Hope Circle in Odd Fellows Hall, Dow's Block, a most laughable play called "Lady Masons," in the presentation of which some fine dramatic talent is to appear. The price of the tickets has been placed at the nominal figure of 15 cents in order to enable everybody to enjoy what we have no doubt, will turn out to be one of the finest entertainments of the season.

— The grand dramatic musical and terpsichorean entertainment by the Initou Canoe Club is to be given in Music Hall on Friday evening, March 27. This Club is a society leader, and when it undertakes anything in the entertainment line everybody knows that it will be away up in the pictures. We hope the time and place for the next appearance of the Club as public pleasure purveyors will be kept in mind by the people.

—The Board of License Commissioners have established the fees for licenses for 1903–4 as follows: 1st and 4th class innholders, $1700; 1st and 4th, common vitualers, $1500; 6th and 7th, $1. The licenses are to be granted on May 1, a date that will soon come along. It is said that a few of the present licensees have made no money this year and may not put in applications again. This, however, should be taken with several grains of salt.

— Henry Cavanaugh, a five year old pupil in the Cedar street school had both legs broken near Walnut Hill last Monday afternoon in some way while clinging to a passing buggy for a ride. The team was driven by a woman who did not know that the little fellow was on the rear of it, in the wheels of which he was, in some way caught and suffered an accident which the docters feared might terminate fatally. His left leg was broken in two places, the right in one.

— Mrs. Louise J. Morrill, wife of Mr. Abraham F. Morrill, died at her home No. 5 Franklin street, this city, Saturday evening, March 14, 1903. She had been a helpless invalid many years. She was born at Sanford, Maine, on June 5, 1824, and has been a resident of Woburn many years. She endured her long sickness with patience and Christian fortitude. For years her husband had been her nurse and given his whole time to caring for her peace and comfort.

— Angelo Crovo, the leading and most popular fruit merchant in this city keeps and sells oranges that are oranges They are the choicest gatherings from the best orchards in this and foreign countries. At this season of the year oranges fairly reek in robust health for the consumer. Too many of them cannot be eaten. No affinity exists between oranges and grip; they have no business relations with each other. Eat oranges and be healthy.

— Woman's Releif Corp 84 observed its 16th Anniversary, last Friday, March 13. After supper whist was played, the prizes being only for the visitors. They consisted of a sofa cushion, china jelly jar, and hand made handkerchief. There were present about forty visitors from Stoneham, others from Reading, Boston, Brighton, and Corp 161 of Woburn. The President of Corp 21 of Somerville, was also present. The reception Committee were the Past Presidents, Mrs. Woodside, Randall, Whittier, Ward, Gowan, Hilton, Stretton and Brown.

— The weather on St. Patrick's Day was not typical, although it came pretty near the mark. A smart rainstorm would have been more in accordance with the regular custom, but that was not vouchsafed last Tuesday. However it was good weather to celebrate in, and to wear stovepipe hats and green ribbons, knots, and such like ornaments. There were no unusual happenings in this city; no parades, or things of that sort; on the other hand, the day given over to the honor of St. Patrick differed but little in appearance from other days of the week.

— The weather during the entire week ending March 14 was most unreasonable and quite depressing to the nervous system after a period of chilly atmosphere and heavy rains. Last Saturday, at about the noon hour, the thermometer indicated a temperature of 74 in the shade, which was the maximum for the week, a cold wind having caused quite a fall of mercury on Sunday. On Monday morning the ground, in spots, was thickly sprinkled with snow, which was a grateful change from Saturday's oppressive heat.

— The Boston and Northern St. Railway Company will soon furnish the North Woburn Division with several more large cars of the latest style. The business of that line is increasing rapidly and additional accommodations for passengers are demanded. A double track from North Woburn will soon become indespensable, a fact which the Company fully realize. Another thing cannot be accomplished any too soon, and that is arrangements to run the cars straight into Sullivan Square without change at Medford. The JOURNAL alluded to this important matter some weeks ago.

— At a meeting of the shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank held Thursday evening, March 12, the following nominations—to be voted upon next month—were made:—President and Director, James Skinner; Vice President and Director, S. Franksford Trull; Directors, Herbert B. Dow, Lawrence Reade, Frank W. Greydon, J. Henry Parker, Henry E. Smith, William F. Davis, Fred J. Brown, George Buchanan, John K. Murdock, Winthrop Hammond, John Maloney, Charles W. Lund, Thomas Moore, Edward Caldwell, George A. Day; Auditors; Herbert B. Dow, Arthur E. Gage, Marcellus Littlefield.

— A Mission by the Augustinian Fathers of Philadelphia opened at St. Charles church last Sunday evening. It was the beginning of the woman's week and the large auditorium of the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the aisles being filled with interested listeners. The meetings are held every day at 5, 6.30 and 8 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. The meetings for men only will begin next Sunday. The object of the Mission is to arouse the church to increased spiritual activity, and promote individual piety. It corresponds, we suppose, in some sense, to the work of Evangelists in the Protestant church and communion.

— The Boston & Northern St. Railway Company put several new cars on the North Woburn Line last Wednesday. They are clear up to date and peaches, at that. They are vestibuled, 5 feet longer than the longest heretofore used, upholstered in fine styte, handsomely finished, and of the genuine "parlor" variety. Won't the people appreciate these splendid new cars, though! Some say that the addition of these elegant passenger accommodations is a prelude to running all the cars of the line into Sullivan Square, which will be a great benefit and fully obviate the waits and troubles at the latter place. We hope their prediction will materialize at an early date.

— Last Tuesday morning we received from Mr. Winthrop Hammond a copy of the Philadelphia *Press* with his sign manual duly endorsed on the same. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are taking a pleasant spring vacation among the great cities along the Atlantic Coast south of New England, in which New York, Philadelphia and other places of note are included. Constant personal application to the transaction of an uncommonly large winter business seemed to require a short season of rest and recreation on the part of Mr. Hammond, and that was the principal reason why he and his good wife set off on a Southern trip, which has proved highly enjoyable.

— No business of an exciting character was done at the meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening. City Solicitor Norris handed in an opinion on the Water Registrar matter, but some of the members thinking it lacked fullness and specifications, it was returned with a request that the opinion be amplified by the Solicitor. When rendered the opinion will sustain that of the Attorney General, and the State Civil Service Board in their decision on the question. If acquiesced in and acted on by the Board of Public Works, the present appointees of the Board will be obliged to vacate their posts, and Barrett, who heads the list of elegibles, will get his old office again.

— A few seemingly innocent lines in "Haggerty's *Times*" Friday evening had a wonderful effect on the Browntail Moth Brigade. It stated that Mayor Feeney had not signed the order appropriating $500 for the extermination(!) of the moth, that he might possibly veto the same. This had a bad look for the financial interests of the Brigade; it might mean no pay for their work. So, on Saturday morning not a sign or sound of the moth slayers was to be seen or heard on any of the trees of the city, and the poor old Browntail was given a day's res'. Here is a sum in arithmetic: If the State paid out over $1,000,000 to exterminate (!) the Gypsy Moth; and the Gipsy Moth increased in size and numbers and spread over more ground, every year; and realizing the futility of fighting the Gypsy Moth, the Legislature abolished the Commission; how far will Woburn's appropriation go towards exterminating(!) the Browntail Moth?—X.

— Mr. C. E. Smith feels positive that a real estate boom is in the air. People in Boston seeking suburban residences and the comforts of life, and others outside of our town, are beginning to get their eyes open to the strong points which Woburn presents for their consideration, and that it is a far better city to live and bring up a family in than some of its own inhabitants, even, have heretofore been disposed to give it credit for. The true and simple fact is, there is no more desirable residential place within 10 miles of the State House, or within what is destined to become in the near future "Greater Boston," than Woburn, and it is encouraging to observe that people in neighboring towns and cities are beginning to appreciate the fact, and act accordingly. Woburn has every "modern improvement" necessary to comfort and pleasure, and its reputation for morality, education, and right living, grows better year by year. Thus is seen Mr. Smith's grounds for confidence in an early real estate boom for this city.

— At the Young Men's Christian Union, Boston, on Wednesday evening, March 18th., Miss Stella M. Haynes, an accomplished elocutionist and teacher of Woburn, gave, in a graceful and entertaining manner, Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden' accompanied by Richard Strauss music rendered by Miss Holbrook, and illustrated by beautiful stereoptican views of the life and sorrow of "Arden." The hall was well filled, and great applause testified to the appreciation of the audience for Miss Haynes's talent. Many Woburn people were present.

— On Wednesday of this week, Mrs. Nelly Hall Root of Chicago, gave a talk before the New England Woman's Press Association at the Vendome, Boston, on "What Constitutes Woman's Economic Independence." The Woburn members were present as usual.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Monday evening March 16, 1903. President Johnson in the Chair.

Mayor Feeney's veto of the order appropriating $500 to fight the Browntail Moth was received, with cogent reasons for his refusal to sanction the measure. His veto was unanimously sustained.

The ordinance increasing the police 3 members, making the numbers 14, passed. It was debated by Ald. Ellis, Felch, Linscott, Brady and others.

The appointment of Mr. Thomas H. Dolan to be an Assessor to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Lawrence Martin, was confirmed.

Several claims for pay for personal injuries were received.

SEVERE ATTACK OF GRIP

Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"When I had an attack of the grip, last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the *Enterprise*, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when the coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the briefest interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it would or could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were far less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu." For sale by all druggists.

You've Had The Grippe!!

Whitcher's Extract of Malt

will put you on your feet again.

15c. Bottle. 80c. half doz. $1.60 dozen.

Young's Hotel, Boston, Scene of Remarkable Deed

Man Subject to Strange Visitations of Dizziness Since 18th Birthday Suddenly recovers.

Took Barrels of Patent Medicines—Finally Finds Relief and Cure in Prescription of Eminent New York Specialist—Helpful Lesson in His Experience.

The public needs to be warned against the many irresponsible illy-prepared and bad tasting concoctions that are being offered as a cure for every disease on the calender. This newspaper will assume the responsibility of starting an agitation along this line and will maintain its position on the side of right in the face of any opposition.

John Lindemann, who gives his address as Young's Hotel, Boston, relates a remarkable story that teaches a lesson which should be of considerable value to most every person. He says: "Since 18 years of age I have been troubled with attacts of intense depression, dizziness, pain in the head and in my kidneys. The action of the bowels was irregular and caused considerable trouble by reason of prolonged stoppage. Your famous Vitone Tonic came to my notice about two years ago through the kind mention and recommendation of a customer of mine. To make a long story short, I have for the past year followed Longfellow's advice, 'Throw physic to the dogs.' I don't need Vitone now because it has cured me; should I become ill again Vitone will be my staff."

How many people there are who through some constitutional disarrangement or hereditary weakness, suffer from conditions which are extremely painful and annoying yet seem entirely beyond the reach of a physician's aid. They dose and doctor the best part of their lives with no result other than that of being mulcted of a large sum of money.

Vitone Tonic is the prescription of an eminent New York specialist and represents a medicine that will produce immediate and positive improved results in every instance wherever used. Those who suffer from spells of nervous depression accompanied by extreme melancholia will find in Vitone Tonic a wonderful recuperative and toning remedy. Its effect is not stimulative and temporary, but it seems to get after existing conditions, correcting them at once, producing results that are well sustained. Take Vitone as a tonic for that "tired feeling" and all weakened and run-down conditions, even though every other means may have failed.

Vitone Tonic has been placed in the hands of one reliable and reputable druggist in every town in the land and can be purchased at 75 cents per large bottle.

For sale in Woburn by Edward H. Callahan & Co., druggists.

WASHDAY

is a domestic nuisance. We will do your entire wash and iron all the flat pieces for 30c. a dozen.

Cheaper than doing it at home.
☞ Try it next week.

Woburn Laundry

323 Main Street.

Telephone 34-2.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, April 3d, 1903,

at seven-thirty (7.30) o'clock in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., March 20th, 1903.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, April 4th, 1903, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

State House, Boston, March 19th, 1903.

The Committee on Metropolitan Affairs will give a hearing to parties interested in the report of the Metropolitan District Commission (from files from the year). Also, on House Bill No. 563, the petition of Daniel H. Woodbury, President of the Metropolitan Civic League, for legislation to provide for the creation of a new County to include the City of Boston and the surrounding cities and towns; also, House Bill No. 606, the petition of Marcus C. Cook and others, for legislation to provide a greater Boston by the annexation of adjoining or neighboring cities or towns, at room No. 240, State House, on **Thursday, March 26th,** at 10 45 o'clock, A. M.

THOS. F. PORTER, Chairman.
CHARLES F. WILDES, Clerk of the Committee.

Dr. Daniel J McSweeney.

The subject of this notice, Dr. DANIEL JOSEPH MCSWEENEY, passed away at the home of his family, No. 7 Munroe street, in this city, about 7 o'clock, Monday morning, March 16, 1903, after an illness of several weeks duration.

He was born in Woburn March 6, 1873, his parents being Bryan and Hannah (Holland) McSweeney. After graduating from the High School he entered Tufts Dental College from which, at the end of four years, he graduated with honor. He immediatly opened a dental office in Quincy, where he secured a large and lucrative practice, and prosecuted the business of his profession until failing health compelled him to seek rest and physical improvement at the family home in this city.

It should be mentioned that, immediately after leaving the High School he entered the dry goods store of the late Amos Cummings as a boy, and not long thereafter, by faithful service, integrity and industry, was advanced to the position of General Manager, which he filled for several years. He afterwards entered the Dental Collage, from which he graduated in 1899.

Dr. McSweeney was a young man of exemplary character and conduct, greatly esteemed for his good qualities, and a favorite with all who knew him. He left his father, Mr. Bryan McSweeney; two sisters, Abbie A. and Mary E.; and two brothers, John and Bryan, Jr.; to mourn his early death.

We take the following notice from the Quincy *Advertiser* of March 17:

The sad intelligence of the death of one of Quincy's most esteemed young men reached here yesterday when the news of the death of Dr. D. J. McSweeney at Woburn was learned.

Although a Woburn boy Quincy claimed him as her own from the fact that he had been here for three years engaged in the practice of dentistry.

At his profession he not only drew a large patronage but made a host of friends who mourn his loss. He was a popular member of the Granite City club and was a familiar sight about the club room.

He passed away peacefully at his home yesterday morning a victim of consumption at the age of 30.

The funeral was held at his father's home at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, Mar. 18, and there was solemn high mass at St. Charles church at 10 a. m. It was largely attended, and the flowers contributed were numerous and beautiful.

James Partridge.

At 6 o'clock Thursday evening, March 12, 1903, after a brief illness, Mr. JAMES PARTRIDGE died at his home No. 643 Main street in this city, aged 85 years, 2 months, and 3 days. He was not only a veteran in years, but a long time resident of Woburn, and well known and greatly respected by this community.

Mr. Partridge was born at East Thomaston, Maine, now and for many years the town and city of Rockland, on January 9, 1818, and passed the early part of his life there. On Dec. 10, 1838, he was united in wedlock to Miss Adeline Glidden Harrington of Rockland, who, with one daughter, Mrs. Laura I. Moody; two sons, Mr. Francis A. Partridge of Woburn, and Mr. James L. Partridge of Dedham; and a sister, Mrs. Mary J. Burpee of Rockland, Maine, survives to deeply mourn the loss of a kind husband, and the children of a good father.

Mr. and Mrs. Partridge came to Woburn in October, 1869, where they have lived quiet, uneventful and comfortable lives ever since. He was a man of modest deportment and retiring habits, honest and upright, and respected for his manly virtues.

The funeral was held at the residence last Sunday, March 15, when and where many townspeople and friends gathered to pay their respects to the memory of the deceased, who they had so long and favorably known.

About Rum Selling.

Mr. Editor:— Will you kindly allow me a little space in your paper to ask why our Mayor should not require the police to enforce the license law? Why should two grocery stores in town be allowed to run an open bar with a U.S. license hung up to screen them from prosecution for selling liquors without a United States license? If his honor will look into these places (and it seems reasonable to believe that he knows where to find them, if not, any of his policemen can tell him) he will see liquor being sold as openly as in any licensed place in town, and that with no license from the City. It was said publicly that he would show us that he would enforce any and all laws as well as his predecesor did. Is this enforcing all laws when these things are allowed and absolutely no effort made to correct it?

We are told that license is best because the law can be carried out. If so, why not do it? If there is any justice in this business surely the men who have paid for the privilege of selling rum and making paupers ought to be protected in the rights which our City has granted them for a money consideration. These cases are not kitchen barrooms, but open violations of the very law which is held up to us as the best the liquor iuterest can offer and voted for by all bad citizens as well as many good ones.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to suggest to our Hon. Mayor that he take a walk up, or down, Main street and look in at No. — where he can verify what I have said. Then go to a large store on another street and look it over and he can find a regular bar with all the equipment in full operation from before six A. M. until as late as he will care to be out at night. All of this to say nothing of the kitchen bar-rooms by the dozen scattered over our city, with absolutely no effort to suppress them.

G. PLACE.

Danger of Colds and Grip.

The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Rep. Charles H. Nowell of Reading.

Mr. Nowell of Reading was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rep. Cottle. He is a business man and has been appointed by Speaker Myers to the vacancy on the committee on banks and banking. It is indicative of his energy that he was appointed on Wednesday and joined the committee in executive session, taking part in the discussion on Thursday.—*Practical Politics.*

Representative Nowell can be depended on to attend strictly to business and look carefully after the interests of his District, and those of the Commonwealth.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The God and Evil of Sectarianism."
Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Forsaken Fountains."
Sunday School at 12 noon.
Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M.
At 7 P. M., Lenten service. Subject, "The Masters Message to Manhood."
Wednesday, at 4.30 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday at 7.30, Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Week-day service during Lent—Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.; Friday at 4.30 P. M.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Sewing Circle Thursday at 7.30 P. M.
Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Bad Athletics."
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Blood that cleanseth from Sin."
7.45 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 13, George Dargie, aged 46 years, 1 month, 24 days.

In this city, March 14, Louise Jane Morrill, aged 78 years, 9 months, 9 days.

In this city, March 16, Mary E. Barrett, aged 77 years, 23 days.

In this city, March 16, Daniel F. Callahan, aged 39 years, 1 month, 4 days.

In Medford, Mass., March 11, Thomas McGrath, formerly of Woburn, aged 55 years.

In this city, March 12, James Partridge, aged 85 years, 2 months, 3 days.

In this city, March 16, Dr. Daniel Joseph McSweeney, aged 30 years, 10 days.

In this city, March 14, Dio Ido Romana, aged 42 years, 11 months, 10 days.

Larsen's Peas!

This is the name of the best brand of Peas on the market.

Larsen's Marraowfats 13 cents per can.

Larsen's Extra Sifted 17 cents per can.

Try them once and you will always want Larsen's.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

Closing-Out

—OF—

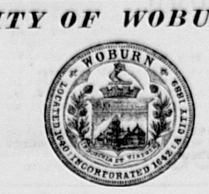
ODD LOTS!

A few sizes in Ladies' Waists, this season's styles, but they have been handled and are out of shape a little; these are offered at very low price.

Ladies' Flannelette Night Robes and Ladies' Flannelette Skirts are now being sold very cheap. We need the counter room for new goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

CITY OF WOBURN.



City Collector's Sale

—OF—

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., March 4, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, April 18, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

MAURICE W. CARROLL.—About 7056 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, on Stoddard street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; easterly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; southerly by Stoddard street; westerly by land formerly of Joseph Buck.
Tax of 1901, $11 47

MARY CONLON.—About 18950 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 35 and 37 Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thos. Richardson; easterly by Buckman street, sometimes called Buck street; southerly by Buckman street, sometimes called Buck street; westerly by land of Leathe.
Balance of tax of 1901, 9 90

BRIDGET DOHERTY.—About ½ acre land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Burke, about 66 feet; easterly by land of Dunberry, about 160 feet; southerly by Buckman street 66 feet; westerly by Buckman Court about 166 feet.
Tax of 1901, 18 50

CAHIR DOHERTY.—About 5-16 acres of land and building thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Hudson street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of premises on Hudson street by land of Hudson; thence easterly by Hudson street 5 rods to land of Eustice Cummings; thence northerly by land of Cummings 10 rods to other land of Hudson; thence westerly on and by said other land of Hudson 5 rods; thence southerly by land now or late of said Hudson 10 rods to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 37 00

JAMES FRASER.—About 5200 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Court street, being lot No. 7, Block B. of Assessors Plans, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Reagan; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Peter M. G. Fraser; westerly by land of Munroe and land of Grammer.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 15 85

JAMES GIVEN.—About 2376 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block S. on Assessor's Plans, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Upton; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Vital; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1901, 16 28

PETER M. G. FRASER.—About 5960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 13, Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Fraser; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Alice M. Grammer; westerly by land of Alice M. Grammer.
Balance of tax of 1901, 11 80

FRED and LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About 5445 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No 6. Wyer's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson; westerly by Wyer's Court.
Balance of tax of 1901, 24 40

RUFUS C. HAYWARD.—About 13,581 square feet of land with buildings thereon, being lot 30 block Q, by Assessors Plan, bounded and describ d as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land of Mary E. Hevey; southerly by land of John Maxwell; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1901, 59 20

JAMES E. KELLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 24 Hudson street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hudson street; easterly by a private way; southerly by land of Farry; westerly by land now or late of Butman.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 10 85

MARY F. MELINDY.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Sturgis street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Sturgis street; easterly by land of Durant 115 feet, 3 inches; southerly by land of Westcott; westerly by land of William P. Wyman.
Tax of 1901, 49 95

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lot 22, block B, on Assessors Plan, No. 11 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Linnell; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land of Crosby and other land of Smith.
Tax of 1901, 49 95
Street watering for 1901, 1 21

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot 25, block B, on Assessors Plans, No. 10 Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Crosby; easterly by other land of Smith and land of Connolly; southerly by land now or late of Thompson; westerly by Court street.
Tax of 1901, 32 38

HEIRS OR DEVISEES OF JACOB WEBSTER.—About 15,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn being lot 11, block B, on Assessors Plans, No. 20 Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hunt and by land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren Avenue.
Tax of 1901, 90 65
Street watering for 1901, 1 76

RUSSELL COUNTER COMPANY.—About 34,502 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 12 Beacon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckley, Porter and Hartwell; easterly by land now or late of Dow; southerly by land now or late of Ferrin; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1901, 301 55
Street watering for 1901, 4 12

Non-Residents.

FRANK N. WEST.—About 5,480 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Church street; easterly by land of Dow; southerly by land of Dow; westerly by Court avenue.
Tax of 1901, 94 35

FRANK N. WEST.—About 19,760 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thayer; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railway Corporation; southerly by land of Nathaniel Simonds and land of Almira P. Richardson; westerly by said Bennett street.
Tax of 1901, 157 25
Street watering for 1901, 1 88

MARY WELSH.—About 6,077 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on plan of Thomas Richardson estate on Porter street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan; easterly by land formerly of Anderson; southerly by said Porter street; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

WILLARD WELSH.—About 10,527 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, off Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Connors and Murphy; easterly by land of Murphy and Levigne; southerly by a private way; westerly by land now or late of Levigne.
Tax of 1901, 9 71

WARD 2.

SARAH J. BROOKS, HEIRS.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 125 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 75 feet; easterly by land of Ford and land of Kingman 175 feet; southerly by land of Charles S. White heirs, 65 feet; westerly by land now or late of Flagg, 170 feet.
Tax of 1901, 35 15
Street watering for 1901, 1 45

MARTIN CONNOLLY.—About 7,,556 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 73 on plan of lands owned by Bryant and King, situated on northerly side of a private way leading westerly out of Arlington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Michael Graham and John Foley; easterly by land of Fitzpatrick; southerly by Abbott Court; westerly by lot No. 72 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

PETER COTE.—About 4,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Fulton street, being lot 6 on plan of Highland Park lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 91, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 on said plan 94.5 feet; easterly by land of owner unknown 50.03 feet; southerly by lot on said plan 92.8 feet; westerly by Fulton street 50 feet.
Tax of 1901, 1 85

TIMOTHY CREEDON.—About 7,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 9 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street; easterly by land of Maguire and land of Parker; southerly by land now or late of Lewis L. Whitney, Trustee; westerly by land now or formerly of Fifield.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 32 70

ROSE DUNN, HEIRS.—About 3-16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Clapp; easterly by land now or late of McHugh; southerly by land now or late of McHugh; westerly by Conn street.
Tax of 1901, 19 43

SARAH F. FLAGG, HEIRS.—About 19,477 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, and known as Heckbert Court, bounded as follows, namely!—Northerly by Montvale avenue 41 feet; easterly by land of Maguire, land of Long and land Loring; southerly by other land now or late of Flagg; westerly by land of Ferguson and land of Trull.
Tax of 1991, 11 10

HUGH P. MAGUIRE.—About 3,600 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street 60 feet; easterly by Conn street Court, so-called, 60 feet; southerly by land now or late of Parker 60 feet; westerly by land of Creedon 60 feet.
Tax of 1901, 32 38

BRIDGET MASSEY.—About 5,335 square feet of land with buildings thereon, on Main street, being lot No. 24 on Plan of lots in Woburn, belonging to E. N. Blake, dated April 1890, on file in Assessors office, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 23 on said plan about 115 feet; easterly by lot 25 on said plan about 43.58 feet; southerly by a private way on said plan 117.65 feet; westerly by Main street about 47 feet.
Tax of 1901, 24 05

CAROLYN B. WADE.—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 15, 17, 19 Fowle street bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Fowle street and on all other sides by land now or late of Eustice Cummings.
Tax of 1901. 49 95

JAMES H. WALSH, HEIRS.—About 9,125 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 12 Belmont street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Abbott; easterly by land of Barry; southerly by Belmont street; westerly by other land of said James H. Walsh, Heirs.
Tax of 1901, 25 90

JAMES H. WALSH, HEIRS.—About 8,825 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Belmont street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of J. E. Abbott, 59.5 feet; easterly by other land of said Jas. H. Walsh 142 feet; southerly by Belmont street 63 feet; westerly by land now or late of L. G. Richardson et. al.
Tax of 1901, 3 70

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 145 Montvale Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by a private way; southerly by land now or late of Ward; westerly by land of Foss.
Tax of 1901, 33 30

Non-Residents.

ALICE M. CURTIS.—About 97,985 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 26 Vernon street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hammond, land of Meegan and land of Foster; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by land now or late of Foster 310 feet; westerly by Vernon street 300 feet.
Tax of 1901, 88 80

HENRY O. CUSHMAN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 27 on Plan of lots in Woburn, belonging to Mary P. Foster dated Oct. 22, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Hawley street; northeasterly by lot 28 on said plan; southeasterly by land now or late of Sawtelle; southwesterly by lot 26 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

GEORGE W. M. HALL.—About 17,225 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 101 Montvale Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by land of Maloney; southerly by land of Flagg; westerly by land of Robertson.
Tax of 1901, 66 60
Street watering for 1901, 1 48

L. JACOBOUTZ.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Laurel street, being Lot 13 Section F on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 14 on said plan; easterly by lot 2 on said plan; southerly by lot 12 on said plan; westerly by Laurel street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 12,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6, 7, 8, 9, block 1, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 5 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 10 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 12,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, block 1, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 9 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 14 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 6,356 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, block 1, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 13 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1901, 74

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 8,690 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 27, 28 and 33, block 2, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, and also on Assessors' plans, Book 2, Plan 53, to which reference is hereby made for further description.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 10,334 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17, 19, 20 and 21, block 3, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street shown on said plan; easterly by lot 22 in said block; southerly by lots 16, 18 and 24 in said block; westerly by Badger street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 5,694 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, block 3, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street on said plan; easterly by Frank street on said plan; southerly by lot 24 in said block and by said Frank street; westerly by lot 21 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 74

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 11,988 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 38, 39 and 41, Block 4, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by lot 37 in in said block; southerly by Green street and by lot 40 in said block; westerly by lots 40, 42 and 43 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 26 on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by Hawley street on said plan; easterly by lot 27 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Sawtelle; westerly by lot 25 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

GUY P. WALTON.—About 5,711 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Fowle street 62.5 feet; easterly by land of Knight; southerly by land of Collamore; westerly by land of Collamore.
Tax of 1901, 83 55
Street watering for 1901, 60

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.—About 5,500 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on easterly side of Vernon street, being lot No. 19 on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 18 on said plan; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by lot 20 on said plan; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1901, 51 80

FRED W. MARSHALL.—About 10,500 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Garfield Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Peterson 105 feet; easterly by Garfield Avenue 100 feet; southerly by land now or late of Peterson about 105 feet; westerly by land of Peterson about 100 feet.
Tax of 1901, 9 25

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,860 square feet of land situated insaid Woburn being lot 29, Block 5, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 30 in said block; easterly by lot 4 in said block; southerly by lot 28 in said block; westerly by May street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 46

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,100 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 41 and 42, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 40 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by lots 43 and 44 in said block; westerly by lots 47 and 48 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,265 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 42 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by Lowell street on said plan; westerly by lot 45 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5, 6, 7 in Block 5 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 4 in said block; easterly by Tremont street shown on said plan; southerly by lot 8 in said block; westerly by lots 26, 27 and 28 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,290 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 18, Block 5, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 19 in said block; easterly by lot 16 in said block; southerly by Lowell street in said plan; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 25, 26 and 27 in Block 5, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 in said block; easterly by lots 5, 7, 8 in said block; southerly by lot 24 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 51, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 52 in said block; easterly by lot 38 in said block; southerly by lot 50 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 46

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 54 and 55, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 56 in said block; easterly by lots 34 and 35 in said block; southerly by lot 53 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 2,462 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 59, Block 7, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 58 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 60 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1901, 46

WARD 3.

DAVID CLANCY, HEIRS.—About 6,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 33 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Connolly; easterly by land of Trull, lane of Tidd, and land of Correy; southerly by land of Maloney and land of McGrath; westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1901, 30 53

HANNAH McGRATH, HEIRS.—About 1,094 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of McDonough; easterly by said Centre street; southerly by land of Tierney; westerly by land of Gage.
Tax of 1901, 7 86

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 50,925 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Winn street, being lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely: Northwesterly by Cummings avenue; northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 13 on said plan and land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Winn-street.
Tax of 1901, 31 45

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 37,943 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Cummings avenue; northeasterly by Maple Court on said plan; southeasterly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Village street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 17 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 19,235 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 45, 46 and 47, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 48 on said plan; northeasterly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Maple Court on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 8 32

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 29,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on northerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Salmon and Thompson; easterly by land of Prior; southerly by Plympton street and land of Weldon; westerly by Scott street continued and land of Weldon.
Tax of 1901, 53 65

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 8,378 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Plympton street; easterly by land of Naven; southerly by land of Vinal; westerly by land of Griffin and land of Crocker.
Tax of 1901, 16 35

MARY SHINKWIN.—About 4,309 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 1 Middlesex street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Shinkwin; easterly by land now or late of Coughlan; southerly by land now or late of Coughlan; westerly by Middlesex street.
Tax of 1901, 37 00

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 4,920 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 11 and 13 Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Edgell; easterly by land of Holton; southerly by Manns Court; westerly by land of Whitcher.
Tax of 1901, 61 05

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 494 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Jones; westerly by other land of said Smith.
Tax of 1901, 88 80
Street watering for 1901, 73

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,940 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 and 8 Mann's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mann's Court; easterly by other land of said Smith; southerly by land of Salmon; westerly by land of James Skinner.
Tax of 1901, 49 02

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 37 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Begley; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Connolly, westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1901, 30 53

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 1,440 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 14 Mann's Court, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Mann's Court; easterly by other land of Smith; southerly by land of Meagher; westerly by land of Meagher.
Tax of 1901, 15 17

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELSH.—About 26,610 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 29 No. Warren street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Murray; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of heirs of David D. Hart; westerly by North Warren street.
Tax of 1901, 27 75

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - Auctioneers.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer and James D. Tyler, trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644. Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, March 30th., 1903.

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flgg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal lines.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Att'y-at-Law, 27 School St., Boston Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, Trustee,
under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagee.
Boston, March 3, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

SUPERIOR COURT, March 11, A.D. 1903.

Harlow H. Rogers of Brookline, in the County of Norfolk, demandant, vs Joanna Kennedy, now or formerly of Fall River in the County of Bristol, or of parts unknown and any and all persons claiming any right, title or interest whatsoever in or to the property hereinafter described.

This is a plea of land wherein the said Harlow H. Rogers demands against the said defendants a certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, namely:—About fifteen thousand and eighty (15,080) square feet of land on Madison street, being lot fifty four (54) on Jeduthan Fowle plan, and bounded northerly by a private street one hundred (100) feet; easterly by lot number fifty-three (53) on said plan; southerly by land now or formerly of one Russell and by land now or formerly of one Johnson one hundred (100) feet; westerly by Valley street, being the same property described in deed of Daniel J. Murphy to Joanna Kennedy dated January 12, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds in Book 2717, Page 404.

Whereupon demandant says that being seized of the said premises in fee within twenty years now last past he ought to be in quiet possession thereof, but that the defendants disseized him thereof and still unjustly withhold said premises and hold the demandant out of possession thereof, as set forth in the plaintiff's writ dated January 26, A. D. 1903.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff and on inspection of the officer's return on the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant was not an inhabitant of this Commonwealth, nor resident therein at the time of the service of said writ, and that she had no last and usual place of abode, tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or to said officer; and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant.

IT IS ORDERED BY THE COURT, here, that the plaintiff give notice to the defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper printed in Woburn once in a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the first Monday of May next, and that this action be continued until notice shall be given to the defendant agreeably to this order.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.
A true copy, attest,
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of George H. Bancroft, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring sureties on his bond, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of March, A.D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah E. Fisher, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased.

WHEREAS, Frank L. Perry, executor of the will of said Sarah E. Fisher, and a creditor of said estate, has presented to said Court, his petition prayin: that the Court will examine and allow said claim as creditor of said estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering or mailing, postpaid copy thereof to each of you, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

WANTED.

Cabinet Makers or Carpenters from 20 to 25 years old, with some experience with tools; also a competent man not over 35, who understands machinery, to take charge of a department in a woodworking plant. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, Mass.

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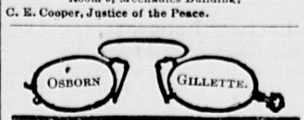


Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Belinda Clark, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by Chester Ward Clark who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Honora Healy, sometimes called Hanora Healy, sometimes called Nora Healy late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Francis C. Healy of said Woburn who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Helen T. Buckler late of Woburn, in said county, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lula P. Buckler and John T. Buckler who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hearby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of George A. Robinson, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

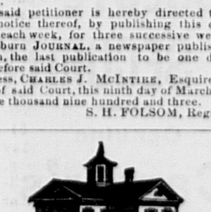
WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary E. Robinson of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.



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ANNUAL PARISH
FAIR!

First Congrega'l Church,
April 16 & 17.

☞ Full particulars next week.

Burlington.

The annual Town Meeting was held last Wednesday, Mar. 16, and was well attended. The vote on the license question proved a splendid victory for temperance. The officers elected and appropriations were as follows:

Clerk, Harry H. Nichols; Selectmen, Overseers of Poor and Assessors, Walter W. Skelton. Walter S. McIntire and Thos. W. Pollock; Constables, Charles T. Boston and Fred. J. Bicknell; School Committee, Walter W. Skelton and James Patterson; Auditors, Henry F. Foster and Fred F. Rogan; Library Trustee, Lester B. Skelton. Appropriations—Highways, $2,000; schools, $2,600; poor, town debts and incidentals, $1,500; Memorial Day, $50; town officers, $700; library, $150; removing snow, $200.

The articles calling for a new Town Hall and the painting of the poor house were defeated.

The Old Home Week article also failed to meet the approval of the voters

The Assessors were authorized to abate taxes on the church parsonage.

The license vote was—Yes, 15; No, 52.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL.

The coming week's attraction at the Boston Music Hall will be one that will appeal to all classes of theatregoers. The attraction will be Theodore Kremers dramatic masterpiece, entitled, "The Fatal Wedding." Wherever this play has been presented this season it has played to audiences that have been limited in size only by the capacity of the theatre where the attraction was being presented It was presented in Boston earlier in the season where it met with such favor that the management decided upon bringing the play back to Boston for a return engagement and with daily matinees all next week no one should fail to embrace the opportunity of witnessing this melodrama. Mr. Kremer has been rightly called the "Shakespeare of Melodrama," and that he deserves the title is evinced by the favor with which his writings are received by the public.

THE COLONIAL.

"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" still continues to occupy the principal attention of New England theatregoers. Notwithstanding the many splendid offerings at the various Boston playhouses hundreds are turned away nightly from the Colonial, where the gigantic and immensely satisfying Klaw & Erlanger Drury Lane entertainment holds forth. It is so long since the theatre-going public of this vicinity has been treated to one of those colossal stage spectacles that the introduction of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" has been received with untold delight. Its great success, however, must not be attributed to this fact. It is the largest and most brilliant conglomeration of stage novelties ever banded together, a fact which, taken into consideration with the popular scale of prices in vogue at the Colonial, serves to make it such a popular hit with the public. Although "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" has been running for six weeks, overflowing houses have been in evidence at every performance, and the prediction made in these colums several weeks ago that it would capture the record of all stage entertainment in the history of New England for a lasting and popular success seems certain to be verified.

NEW MAJESTIC THEATRE.

The last week of the successful engagement of "The Storks" will commence next Monday and on Saturday night the last performance will be given of this merry jingle of music and nonsense. During the run of this piece, which commenced on February 16, large and enthusiastic audiences have been the rule and the musical fantasy might continue on indefinitely were it not for other attractions being booked at the theatre. "The Storks" is one of the most entertaining of musical attractions and from the time the curtain goes up until it falls on the grand finale, the audience is entertained with musical numbers and fun of all kinds. Richard Carle and Gilbert Gregory are simply immense, as is Edmund Stanley, whose sweet and powerful voice justifies his reputation of being the representative American tenor in light opera. The attraction announced to follow "The Storks" is that popular actor, Otis Skinner, who has not been seen in Boston in several seasons, and who will present for the first time in that city, his production of "Lazarre."

THE TREMONT.

Within a short time now, theatre patrons will enjoy the pleasure of greeting Mrs. Fiske in her great play, "Mary of Magdala." Mrs. Fiske closed her engagement of fifteen weeks at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, where she played continuously during that period to large and delighted audiences, on Feb. 23, and she will be seen at the Tremont Theatre Monday, March 30, in the course of her brief Spring tour in her great production. One of the remarkable things about "Mary of Magdala" has been the spontaneous praise it has received from all sources of public appreciation and intelligence. It is doubtful if there ever has been before, a dramatic event that has inspired the volume of comment and description that has marked this drama and Mrs. Fiske's part in it as the chief spirit in its production and the actor of its chief role.

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I WILL PAY CASH
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For Sale.

The Homestead estate of the late Robert B. Eaton in Woburn, on Main street and on Eaton Avenue, comprising dwelling and about eight acres of land.

J. W. JOHNSON, Trustee.

Mrs. Gardners Palace Illustrated.

The famous palace of Mrs. John L. Gardner of Boston, which has been for the past year a sealed book to the public, was opened recently to a limited number. Photographers were absolutely prohibited, except in the case of Mr. Thomas E. Marr, the foremost photographer of the country, who, at Mrs. Gardner's request, has photographed the interior of the palace. These photographs have been secured by the Boston Herald, and, by permission of Mrs. Gardner, will be published in the Sunday edition of March 22. The remarkable excellence of the work of The Boston Herald will insure the best possible results, and readers of The Herald will be given a pictorial treat of rare quality. Of course, these photographs will be presented as the central double-page feature of the magazine section, now recognized as the greatest newspaper achievement of the times.

A Noteworthy Race.

The population of St. Kilda, the most westerly of the inhabited Scottish isles, is a unique one in many respects. The people are the most lonely in the United Kingdom, there being very little communication with the mainland and sometimes not for months at a stretch. Socially the islanders are practically a commune. If the head of a household is injured or loses his life among the rocks, his widow and family share in the proceeds of their labor as if he were there to take part in it. If family illness prevents any one joining in the day's work, he is asked to stay at home, and his interests will not be lost sight of. All questions, complaints, etc., are determined by their mode, or local parliament, whose judgment is final. Early morning conferences usually determine the day's tasks.

St. Kildians are a most industrious and active as well as a religious people, and on the island at any rate the vexed problem of church attendance has been solved. Every man, woman and child capable of leaving the household goes regularly to church, and only some serious disability will keep any person at home.—Scottish American.

A Wonderful Air City.

Many stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none has been more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City mirage which makes its appearance near the Pacific glacier in Alaska. The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians, who would tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July from 5 to 6 p. m. It rises from the side of the Pacific glacier. It first appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the specter city, well defined streets and trees, tall spires and huge and odd shaped buildings which appear to be ancient mosques or cathedrals. It is a city which would seem to contain at least 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants.

As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles. Some claim it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can tell where and what it is. The mirage was given the name of Silent City, as it appears to one like a dead city. There is nothing that would indicate that it is inhabited.

Significant.

In a well known thoroughfare in London outside of a noted restaurant there might be seen the following notice:

"This is the best restaurant in London! Our fish cannot be approached!" —London King.

Today.

Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank todays.

Two Problems.

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the middle."

"What's that for?"

"Why, then she has two problems to be excited over, how the story will end and how it began."

ROASTS

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Beef and Lamb.
Choice Poultry.

J. LINNELL'S,
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Also, a new and well selected stock of

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Does all kinds of Brick Work. Fire-places and fancy Tile Work. Also, Granolithic Walks and Steps. Cesspools and Drain laying. Special attention given to chimneys with poor draught. Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates furnished free of charge. Send postal and will call.

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LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
(Pupil of Loeffler)
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., WOBURN.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

AS THROUGH A GLASS - - -

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

"Will you look at that?"

Miss Davidson swung around on her swivel chair and held an open letter toward "Katherine Howard, Editor Woman's Page," known in private life as Jack Higgins.

He took his feet down from his desk and his cigarette from his mouth, which small incivilities lose their impoliteness in the good chumship of newspaperdom, even if he had not been her cousin and privileged, and read aloud:

New York, Oct. 7.

Dear Miss Howard—Will you please advise me through your valuable column—which I read daily with much pleasure—how I can possibly obtain an introduction to a most attractive young lady in the office across the street from mine? I am sure she is good and bright and lovable from her looks, which I study surreptitiously from my window every day. But seeing through a glass darkly is most unsatisfactory—she is so tantalizingly near and yet so far. I am a young jeweler of twenty-seven—father left me a good business—a Yale graduate of good family and honorable intentions, but how can I let her know all this? She is not the flirting kind, and I might wait years before finding a mutual friend to introduce us. Yours anxiously, PERCIVAL R. C.

"Uh-huh," grunted "Miss Howard," puffing new life into the dimming light of his Turkish, "like scads of others we get, isn't it?"

"But do you see the address of that importing firm?"

LESON & CLIFFORD, DIAMOND IMPORTERS.
J. B. Leson, P. R. Clifford.
Fifth floor, Center Building, N. Y.

"Looks familiar," Jack ruminated, gazing thoughtfully out into the smoky side street. His glance fell upon a white lettered sign on the window opposite. He chuckled. "By Jove! I see it all, cousin. He is your conquest across the way, who probably labors under the impression that you are Miss Howard—thus are my laurels stolen from me. He is standing in the window over there now, waiting, most likely, to see how you take his deep laid plot."

"Who? Conquest! I have no"— began Miss Davidson innocently, but she flushed pinkly all over her pretty face and stopped short under Jack's amused scrutiny.

"Now, Jo, dear, don't try to fool your Uncle Jack. It's my private opinion that every woman's heart is a Marconi receiving apparatus that registers faithfully every answer to her own charms."

"Jack!" This time the tone was indignant. "You couldn't think I'd flirt with a stranger."

"Never, my child. You misread my metaphor. Well, I'll let you answer the letter. Tell him 'Faint heart ne'er won,' etc.," he added teasingly, taking up his blue pencil to begin the makeup for the next issue of the woman's page.

"I shall certainly give him some good advice," she returned, with a toss of her shapely head.

Accordingly the next day's issue of the Evening Arrow published the letter of "Percival R. C." at the head of the "Cupid's Column." Below it was the chilling editorial reply:

"Would refer you to a wiser authority, the national proverbs—first, 'Appearances are deceitful'; second, 'Fate brings together those destined for each other.' Don't meddle with destiny."

Which journalistic wet blanket, however, seemed not to have the intended cooling effect upon its recipient, for he opened his window every afternoon thereafter just the same and whistled loudly to a newsboy below to "bring up two Arrows."

Having in due time received them, he sat down on the broad window sill and ostentatiously perused the entire woman's page. Across the way the assistant editor thereof dimpled and twinkled over her desk and her mucilage brush, though her head was studiously turned away from the street.

Miss Davidson prided herself on her rigid sense of justice, but sometimes it was sorely tested. It was her duty to open and read all letters and the manuscripts for the daily prize story of 500 words. These last she assorted into three piles—good, possible and impossible. The first were published, the second turned over for another reading and final decision to the editor, "Miss Howard." The last were returned to the writers.

She came upon one which she unhesitatingly pronounced good and was about to place it on the first pile when the name and address of the author caught her eye.

She recognized them as belonging to a woman who was "second reader" on a well known magazine and who had only the week before rejected a story which Miss Davidson had submitted for publication. Her cheeks burned anew as she recalled the curt sentence scrawled across the usual printed "declined with thanks" slip which rouses all the evil passions in the literary temperament:

Dear Madam—You can surely do better stories than this. Send us a really first rate story, and we will be glad to consider it. ALICE C. SMITH, Reader.

She took a rejection slip from a pigeonhole in her desk. Chance had put revenge into her own hands.

She dipped her pen into the violet ink and poised it above the slip. Then she paused. This was the Sumter shot of the war between "cattiness," which she detested, and justice. Another moment of hesitation, then Victory perched on the banner of the blind goddess.

She laid down the dried pen and tossed the casus belli over to the desk of the editor, saying briefly:

"Better run that one tomorrow."

"All right. Whatever you say goes."

"May I see Miss Howard?" asked a deep voice at the door of their cluttered den two days later. Jack Higgins looked up from his sheaf of proofs and recognized "Percival R. C."

"I am Miss Howard," he said coolly. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh—I—I thought"— stammered the visitor; then recovered himself, catching in his embarrassment at the first straw, which happened to be Jack's Greek letter fraternity pin. "I say, I am an Alpha Omega too." And he gave him the grip. "My name's Clifford. I have a message of thanks for you from my sister, Mrs. Smith, whose story took your ten dollar prize yesterday; also the receipt for your check."

Jack's eyes twinkled as he sized up this persistent suitor. "Gad, I'll help him out," was the mental result of his scrutiny. He waved his hand toward the desk by the window where sat a very red cheeked young woman.

"My cousin, Miss Davidson, attends to that, Mr. Clifford," he said.

And that was the way Fate introduced them.

The way that arbitrary old dame finally disposed of them might be guessed from a pretty scene enacted on the afterdeck of the Etruria as she swung out of the North river one hot day last summer.

The man had just brushed off with a surreptitious gesture another stray grain of rice from his coat collar. With his companion he found a sheltered seat under a gangway while the other passengers bustled to their various staterooms to dress for dinner.

"As through a glass darkly, Percy," murmured the girl dreamily while together they watched the gray line of shore recede from view till twilight fell across the purple sea.

"But now"—he glanced around to see that the deck was clear, then bent his handsome face to hers—"but now, darling, face to face."

Help For Working Women

The suffering and pain endured by many working women is almost beyond belief.

How distressing to see a woman struggling to earn a livlihood, or perform her household duties when her back and head are aching! She is so tired she can hardly drag about, and every movement causes pain, the origin of which is quickly traced to some derangement of the female organism.

When the monthly periods are painful or irregular, when backaches and headaches drive out all ambition, when "I-can-hardly-drag-about" sensation attacks you, when you are "so-nervous-it-seems-as-though-you-would-fly," it is certain that some female derangement is fastening itself upon you. Do not let the disease make headway; write your symptoms to Mrs. Pinkham for her free advice, and begin at once the use of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Profit by the Experience of the Women Whose Letters Follow:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to write and thank you for all you have done for me. I have been suffering with womb and ovarian trouble for about four years and tried everything, but found no relief. I went to the best specialists in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago. I thought at times I would go crazy, I suffered so. The doctors told me the only thing would be to have an operation and my ovaries taken out. I at last decided to quit the doctors and give Mrs. Pinkham's remedies a trial. I used both **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and **Sanative Wash,** and now find myself completely cured. I had the doctor to make an examination and he said I was cured. I cannot say enough for what your remedies have done for me, and have advised all my friends to try it."—MRS. CLARA MALL, with N. P. & Nat. Express Co., Ashland, Wis.

Mrs. Frances Stafford, 243 East 114th Street, New York, N.Y., says:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I am now enjoying better health than I ever did. It seemed to me that I had no strength at all. I could hardly drag about. I was in pain all over.

MRS. FRANCES STAFFORD.

"I began to feel better after taking the first dose, and am now like a new woman. I know that if other suffering women would only try it, it would help them.

"I thank you with all my heart for what your medicine has done for me."

Mrs. Lou Davis, 74 Institute Place, Flat 5, Chicago, Ill., says:

"August 24, 1901.

"For the good of others I wish to testify to the merits of your wonderful medicine, **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"I was certainly in a very bad condition. I suffered terribly with a continual backache and headache. I had pleurisy in my right side, bearing-down pains, and those dizzy, sinking or fainting spells, was nervous, peevish and despondent.

"I was advised to try your medicine, and was greatly surprised at the benefit I derived from its use. I am now entirely cured of these ailments, and consequently feel and look like an entirely new person.

"I shall always be pleased to influence suffering women to try your Vegetable Compound. It has done wonders for me, and I am very thankful."

$5000.00 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The First Almanacs.

The almanac, properly so called in its origin, is not merely a device for keeping people in mind of the progress of the year. It is an attempt to show what destiny has in store for us as indicated by the position of the stars in any particular year, and as, according to astrological lore, the destinies of men are ruled by the different aspects of the planets, so also the human body is subject to the influence of the constellations through which the sun appears to pass in his yearly course. A French almanac of 1610 gives a diagram of the human body surrounded by all the signs of the zodiac and indicates the various organs and members over which these signs have power, and this for a guide pour les saignees, or to show at what periods blood may be let with safety. But the same almanac also gives directions sensible enough for the avoidance of the plague which would not be found fault with by a modern fashionable physician:

Who would keep his body in health
And resist the infection of the plague,
Let him seek joy and sadness fly,
Avoid places where infections abound
And cherish joyous company.

A few examples exist of almanacs of this character before the invention of printing, although none, it is believed, earlier than the twelfth century. But some of the earliest specimens of printing are black printed German sheet almanacs, which are chiefly concerned about blood letting.—All the Year Round.

Early Time Systems.

The gnomon, the predecessor of the sundial, was probably one of the earliest devices for the reckoning of time, and it may reasonably be concluded that the Egyptian pyramids, with their great altitude, formed part of a design for timekeeping by the shadow thrown on the desert sands. The obelisk, too, in all probability served the purpose, for as a matter of history an obelisk at Rome was actually used for a sundial in the time of Emperor Augustus.

If we could step on board of a Malay prao, we should see floating in a bucket of water a cocoanut shell having a small hole in the bottom through which the water by slow degrees finds its way into the interior. The hole in the shell is so proportioned that the shell will sink in an hour, when the man on watch calls the time and sets it afloat again.

The Chinese have a water clock in use at the present time, which invention they ascribe to Hwangti, who lived, according to their chronology, more than twenty-five centuries before Christ.

The time system of early Rome was of the rudest character. The day and night each were divided into four watches, the periods of which were roughly determined by observations of the course of the sun and stars.

Lincoln's Strongest Attribute.

The strongest attribute of Lincoln was his power of self control. Sentiment might sway him, but a mob never moved him. When jealousies in the army bred a popular clamor against General Grant, while the latter was winning famous victories in the southwest, Lincoln listened to no word of scandal and by his silence rebuked the defamers of the general who afterward became the admiration of the world. When in the fevered tumult of passion an angry north seemed to voice a general demand for the infliction of the death penalty upon Jefferson Davis, Lincoln listened in silence and waited for reason to resume its sway. He was always looking over the heads of the crowd. He was always listening to the still small voice that echoed in the distance, far away from the roar of vehement denunciation. The majesty of the law constantly appealed to his fine judicial sense.—Leslie's Weekly.

Elizabethan Excise Laws.

In striking contrast to the present laws to prevent habitual drunkenness were those passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Lansdowne manuscripts in the British museum record that in 1594 orders were set down by the lords and others of her majesty's privy counsel for the reformation of the great disorders committed by the excessive number of alehouses, which the justices were ordered to reduce. The publicans were compelled to give to the constable of the parish the name and business of every one who frequented their houses and were forbidden to have any games played therein. On Sundays no persons dwelling within a mile of the public house were allowed to enter except substantial householders traveling to church, and then only for a reasonable time to refresh themselves. Curiously, the chief complaint against publicans was the "brewing stronger ale and beer than is wholesome for man's body."—London Chronicle.

Wasn't Acquainted.

"Waiting in the bank directly in front of me was a charming woman of twenty or so who was having her first experience in banking," said the merchant as he lighted his cigar after luncheon. "She was asked the questions usual for one who is opening an account—her name, address, whether married or single and her father's and mother's name. She got along all right until the clerk asked:

"'Mother's maiden name, please.'

"'I don't quite understand, I'm afraid,' she said hesitatingly.

"'I mean your mother's name when she was a girl,' explained the clerk.

"'How should I know? I don't like impertinence, sir! How should I know? I didn't know her when she was a girl. The idea! Are you trying to make fun of me, sir?'"—New York Times.

A Remarkable Race of People.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race of human beings called the Kubus. They are the most timid and bashful people in the world, being too shy to mingle with the other races of the island. They dwell in the darkest recesses of the mountain forests and have seldom been seen by white men. One has never been known to willingly face a stranger. This being the case, their trade with the Malayans is carried on in a very strange way. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The shy Kubus then approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat the trader's gong and retreat. The trader then returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient to pay the purchase price of the goods on sale.

He then disappears for a second time, this to give the Kubus a chance to return and consider the bargain. After many withdrawals, approaches, gong beatings, etc., an understanding is arrived at, and each party carries away its bargain. This remarkable race knows nothing of a supreme being, heaven, hell or evil demons. They have no system of marriage and never bury their dead. They live on snakes, ants, bugs, grubs, etc.

A High Testimonial.

Lady (engaging a maid)—Was your last mistress satisfied with you?

Maid—Well, mum, she said she was very pleased when I left.

Women's hearts are like yale locks—no two alike, and but one man carries the key to fit.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 22.

Text of the Lesson, Eph. ii, 1-10. Memory Verses, 4-7—Golden Text, Eph. ii, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, [illegible], by American Press Association.]

1. And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.

The last clause of this verse describes the condition of all, without exception, until redeemed, and the same sad truth is found in such passages as Rom. iii, 23; v, 12; Tit. iii, 3; but the natural man rebels against it, and especially the educated religious natural man, who teaches that all people are children of God, that there is good in all and all who desire to be good are Christians. A minister in New York is reported as recently having said that he knew nothing of the new birth and had never experienced it. In spite of all that men say and teach we must say, "Let God be true and every man a liar" (Rom. iii, 4).

2, 3. Children of disobedience; * * * by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

This is as God sees us, and He alone is qualified to tell us what our hearts are like, for they are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii, 9, 10). The whoe world lieth in the evil one, and he, as the prince of the power of the air, the prince of this world, rules it and its people (I John v, 19; John xiv, 30; xvi, 11). The life or walk of all who are not born from above, however it may vary, is in each one a life according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and it is all disobedience, under the control of the evil one.

4, 5. But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved).

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "When we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly." "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son" (Rom. v, 6, 8, 10). "God so loved the world (that is, the world lying in the wicked one) that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii, 16). This letter was written to the saints, the faithful in Christ Jesus (i, 1), those who had believed on Him and truly received Him and were therefore accepted in the Beloved, in whom they had redemption by His blood, the forgiveness of sins and were blessed with all spiritual blessings in Him (1, 3, 6, 7). Paul is showing them how it all came about and reminding them of their condition by nature, that they might watch themselves, have no confidence in themselves, but rejoice in Christ Jesus (Phil. iii, 3).

6, 7. That in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

Quickened with Christ, raised up with Him, seated with Him in the heavenlies, are some of the truths in these and the preceding verses. Elsewhere it is crucified with Him, dead with Him, buried with Him, risen with Him, suffering with Him, glorified with Him, coming with Him (Gal. ii, 20; Rom. vi, 4-6; viii, 17; Col. iii, 1-4). What He did and suffered for us in our stead as our substitute we are looked upon as having done and suffered with Him. We cannot feel nor realize this, but we can firmly believe it, and that is what He asks us to do. Only in the ages to come shall we see the full significance of it all, when with all saints we shall comprehend, as we cannot now, the breadth and length and depth and height of the love that passeth knowledge (Eph. iii, 18, 19).

8, 9. For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast.

The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. He was full of grace and truth (John i, 14, 17). Truth tells and shows just what we are, and grace saves us in spite of it all. Not only do the epistles begin and end with something about grace, but some of them are very full of grace. In his own case Paul felt that the grace of God was exceeding abundant (I Tim. i, 14), and in his epistle he has much to say of the glory of His grace and the exceeding riches of His grace (i, 6, 7; ii, 7). I do not know that it is better defined anywhere than in II Cor. viii, 9, and when we can see and know how rich He was and realize in some measure how poor He became for us we shall then know more fully the meaning of grace.

10. For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained (prepared) that we should walk in them.

While no works of ours can either save us or help to save us, or add to our safety, but if saved it must be by the work of Christ alone, yet there is in God's plan an abundance of work for saved people. I have found that if you ask a company of Christians to repeat a verse beginning "This is a faithful saying" they almost invariably repeat I Tim. i, 15, but it is a very rare thing for any one to repeat Tit. iii, 8. Many know John iii, 16, but very few seem to know I John iii, 16. Many are willing to be saved freely by the grace of God, but not so many are willing to work out that salvation day by day (Phil. ii, 12), for it costs more humility and self denial than many are willing to let God give them. If we only knew Him better, His love would constrain us to be gladly willing to have Him work in and through us all the good works He has prepared for us. He needs not our works, but men do.

Another Tender Heart.

Clara—Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time?

Dora—We are going to distribute cheap copies of Beethoven's symphonies among the poor. Music is such an aid to digestion, you know!—New York Weekly.

One Advantage.

Mrs. Kingsley—You say you like colored servants better than white because they are slower. How is that?

Mrs. Bingo—It takes them longer to leave.—Town and Country.

Even absurdity has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative. —Goldsmith.

Scrubbing the Landscape.

Hubbub—How bright and clean everything looks out here!

Subbub—Yes; we had a couple of detectives scouring the country last week. —Philadelphia Record.

The jaw of the shark furnishes the best watchmaker's oil. In each shark is found about half a pint.

SOME QUAINT ENGLISH.

Portuguese Idea of the Language In a Book of "Learning."

A book as amusing as it is rare is in the library of a Wissahickon student. The work is called "O Nova Guia da Conversacao." It is supposed to instruct the Portuguese in English conversation, and the following, a dialogue headed "For to Ride a Horse," is the kind of English conversation it supplies:

"Here is a horse who have a bad looks. Give mi another; I will not that. He not sall know to march, he is pursy, he is foundered. Don't you are ashamed to give me a jade as like? He is undshoed, he is with nails up; it want to lead to the farrier."

An anecdote in the book is:

"A day came a man to consult this philosopher for to know at o'clock it was one to eat. 'If thou art rich, told him eat when you shall wish; if you are poor, when you may do.'"

In the preface the most elegant paragraph is the following:

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

The authors of this strange volume are Jose da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino. It would be interesting to know where Pedro and Jose "learned" English.—Philadelphia Record.

Satisfied His Curiosity.

The curiosity of the natives of wild countries as to everything belonging to the traveler often leads to amusing situations. Mr. J. W. Wells tells in "Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil" of his visit to one settlement where the only shopkeeper of the place proved very inquisitive. He was a frequent visitor and would carefully examine the few belongings of the traveler. His curiosity was finally punished in a very funny manner.

On one of his visits, writes Mr. Wells, he found my bottle of spirits of ammonia on the table, and, seeing it was something he had not hitherto inspected, he naturally laid hold of it and asked of me, "What is this?"

"Only a medicine," I replied, and with a perhaps unworthy satisfaction I watched him hold it up to the light, look at it all round and finally remove the glass stopper and then take a good sniff.

I had to rush forward to save my precious ammonia, as he staggered and gasped for breath and ejaculated, "I am dying!" By dint of much slapping of his back and dousing of cold water he quickly recovered, but nevermore did he touch any of my things.

After Dinner Oratory.

The fake humorous speaker has an easier career than even the fake eloquent speaker. Yet at any given dinner the orator who passes out mere elocution to his hearers has a success almost as instant and splendid as his clowning brother. It is amazing what things people will applaud when they have the courage of each other's ineptitude. They will listen after dinner to anything but reason. They prefer also the old speaker to new ones; they like the familiar taps of humor, of eloquence. If they have tasted the brew before, they know what they are going to get. The note of their mood is tolerance, but tolerance of the accustomed, the expected; not tolerance of the novel, the surprising. They wish to be at rest, and what taxes their minds molests their intellectual repose. They do not wish to climb any great heights to reach the level of the orator.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

A Queer Relic.

In University college, London, is a singular object that is preserved carefully in a remote gallery inside a glass case, which again is contained in a huge wooden cupboard, the doors of which are locked and the keys in safe custody. The relic which is thus so zealously guarded is described in some notes on the history of the college as the "skeleton" of Jeremy Bentham, "clad in the garments in which he lived," while his head only is stated to have been "mummified." It has always been understood that Bentham's body was embalmed, and in that case it cannot be his mere skeleton which is reposing there under lock and key.

Pat Balanced It.

An Irish soldier attending school, which is compulsory when starting till after an examination has taken place, had great difficulty in bringing a sum to the correct answer.

"You are a shilling out, Magee," said the inspector, "therefore you have failed again."

"Och," said Pat, taking a shilling from his pocket, "take this, and it'll make the sum right. Hurroo! Succeeded at last!"—Spare Moments.

Weather a Dangerous Topic.

Newitt—Well, there's one thing about the weather—it's always a safe topic of conversation.

Borroughs—I thought it was today when I met Lendham, but when I started to speak of it he said, "Yes, it's unsettled, and that reminds me of that note of yours."—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Even.

Mrs. von Blumer—We must have the Biggsbys to dinner. We owe them one.

Von Blumer—Of course. We passed an awful dull evening there, and it is nothing more than right that they should pass one here.—Brooklyn Life.

Making It Easy.

"You never allow yourself to read a book until you have read a review of it? Why is that?"

"Well, I prefer to use only predigested mental food."

Inseparable Words.

"Say," asked the red faced man in the hotel writing room. "How do you spell 'unmitigated?'"

"Why," replied the stranger next to him, "it's u-n-m-i-t—say, my friend, I wouldn't advise you to call a man a liar of any sort in a letter. You'll get yourself in trouble."—Philadelphia Press.

A Born Growler.

"How's all the folks?"

"All well, but—the measles is in the neighborhood."

"Well, you orter be thankful you're a-livin'."

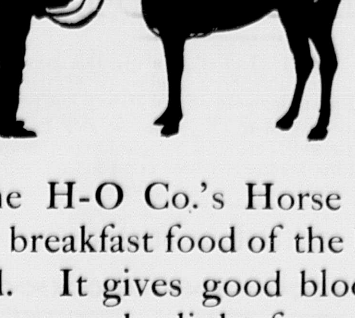
"I reckon so, but—we've all got to die."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Repeater.

Jim—Would you call a man who steals another man's funny stories or his plots and uses them a literary thief?

Jams—No. I would call him a second story man.—Baltimore Herald.

In Yucatan there are no less than sixty-two ruined and abandoned cities.



The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed is the breakfast food of the horse world. It gives good blood, a clear eye and a light foot.

Their Action Speaks Louder Than His Words.

I can commend your H-O Horse Feed. I have fed same for year and a half and would not change. I cannot say enough in its praise. My horses tell the story to all.
GEORGE ALEXANDER, Teamster, Troy, N. Y.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

Paths In Africa.

It may be a surprise to the unenlightened to learn that probably no explorer, in forcing his passage through Africa, has ever for more than a few days at a time been off some beaten track. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with the next tribe, every state with its neighbor and therefore with all the rest. The explorer's business is simply to select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction and hold on his way. They are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten hard and netted beneath the level of the forest bed of centuries of native traffic.

Like the roads of the old Romans, these footpaths run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness are a singular eccentricity and an indirectness of detail. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered, no native will ever think of removing it; he simply walks around it. It would never occur to him that that stone was a displaceable object and that for the general weal he might displace it.

The Whale's Appetite.

A whale's appetite is phenomenal. His chief diet consists of jellyfish. He has simply to open his mouth and paddle along leisurely in order to take in jellyfish by the wagon load. Such is the method adopted by the whalebone whale. The sperm whale, on the contrary, captures huge squids weighing often several tons. Like his brother the whalebone whale, he must be constantly on the lookout for food; otherwise he would starve. As many as fourteen seals have been taken from a thirty foot "killer." Other fishes of enormous appetites are not uncommon. The bluefish, for example, thrives on sardines and other small fish. Assuming that one bluefish eats ten small fish a day, it has been figured that it requires 10,000,000,000 sardines to feed the 1,000,000,000 bluefish on our coasts every summer. Most curious of all eaters is the hydra—a strange creature that can be turned inside out without impairing its appetite or its power to eat.—Scientific American.

A Mistake That Paid.

Mistakes made on purpose are sometimes profitable, and a New York merchant illustrates it thus:

"A concern owed me $50, and repeated duns did no good. The debt was perfectly square, but I had no documentary evidence on which to base a suit, so I decided to be foxy and secure such proof.

"I sent a bill for $100, with a caustic letter, figuring that the concern would answer, repudiating the claim of $100 and saying that the amount was $50. Once I got this admission I would be in a position to sue.

"Imagine my surprise and pleasure when I received a letter from the manager of the concern apologizing for the delay and inclosing a check for $100."

Her Milking Stool.

He—Then, if you are willing, we will be married at once, but we will not live in the close, crowded city. I will purchase a little farm, and we will live on it and be as happy as turtledoves.

She—And I shall be a farmer's wife.

"Yes, my darling."

"And what do you think, John? You won't have to buy a milking stool for me, for I've got one already."

"You have?"

"Oh, yes, the prettiest you ever saw—decorated with handsome plush and cherry colored ribbons."

Carlyle on Novels.

A letter of Carlyle's gives us the opinion of novels entertained by him in the year 1866. To a budding story teller he wrote to suggest that she should "shove her own novel well aside for a good while or forever and be shy even of reading novels. If she do read, let it be good and wise books, which not one in 10,000 of the kind now called 'novels' is." And yet Carlyle was himself guilty of at least beginning to write a novel.

Moons In the Solar System.

There are at least twenty moons in the solar system. Saturn alone has eight, the biggest of them, Titan, being nearly twice the size of the moon, and Jupiter possesses four, ranging in dimensions upward from Europa, just about as large as the orb of terrestrial night, to Ganymede, greatest of all known moons, with a diameter of 3,480 miles, whereas the moon belonging to this world is only 2,160 miles through.

A Fire Extinguisher.

A man made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked:

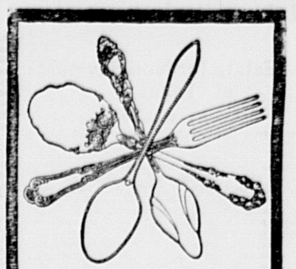
"What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fire?"

"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

A Great Invention.

Buyer—So this suspender is called the hydrophobic?

Drummer—Yes, sir; these suspenders shrink when the wearer approaches water, and when he gets near a puddle they contract, lift him over it and land him, dry shod, on the other side.—New York Times.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

The trade mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Influence of Children.

Childhood in its weakness is often a strength that resists the strain of all the passions, and that holds even when deep hatred exerts its power to drive asunder.

"If it were not for the child, I would not live with you another day," I heard an angry husband say to his wife, when righteous indignation drove him nearly to distraction.

That was quite a number of years ago, and now they have two more children to strengthen the bond between them. This little episode of domestic infelicity was recalled by some statistics that recently emanated from Berlin and which speak volumes.

These statistics have been carefully gathered from the divorce courts, and show that out of 1,000 divorces 540 were granted where there were no children, 214 where there was one child, 139 where there were two children, 60 where there were three children, 25 where there were four children, 12 where there were five children and 10 where there were six children.—New York Herald.

He Wasn't Too Deaf.

Deafness is largely a matter of habit, says a writer in the New York Press. I know men who cannot hear you two feet away, though you bawl at them, yet at the distance of a block they will grasp your faintest whisper. Some are deaf for convenience, some for fraud, some for hypocrisy. Beware of deaf men was old Matt Griffin, long ago an assemblyman from Griffin's Corners, Delaware county, N. Y. By courtesy deaf members receive front seats in the assembly, while others usually draw lots. When old Matt was excused from drawing a fellow member hotly protested. "But the old man is as deaf as a post," said the house leader. "Deaf!" exclaimed the protestant. "Matt Griffin deaf! Why, bless your honest soul, he could hear a ten cent shinplaster rattle in a bag of feathers!"

The First Iron Ship.

The first iron ship has more reputed birthplaces than Homer, according to Chambers' Journal. Both the Clyde and the Mersey claim pre-eminence in this respect. Sir E. J. Robison of Edinburgh designed an iron vessel in 1816, which was not launched till three years later, and it is said that an iron boat was worked on the Severn even as far back as 1787. Steel was not used in the construction of merchant ships' hulls until 1859. Old salts were not alone in their belief that wood was meant by Providence to float, but iron to go to the bottom. A naval constructor of some repute once said: "Don't talk to me of iron ships. They are contrary to nature." Now none but small craft are built of wood in England.

The Poor Dog.

A Parisian clothes dealer kicked a dog out of his shop. The dog shot out with some rapidity and knocked over a woman with a jug of milk. The woman broke the jug and upset an elderly gentleman, and the jug cut both of them. At that moment a cyclist arrived and was thrown off his machine by the prostrate figures, and simultaneously a cart came up and smashed the bicycle. The magistrate blandly advised the entire squad to proceed against the dog, and they are now looking for it.—London Globe.

Plenty on Hand.

"You would get along a great deal better if you didn't get so excited," said the calm man to his irascible friend. "Can't you learn to keep your temper?"

"Keep my temper! Well, I like that!" retorted the other. "I'd have you understand that I keep more temper in one day than you have in your possession during a whole year!"

It Wasn't All In Him.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all," replied Johnny; "part of it's in Elsie."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1903. (Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.) NO. 17.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.26, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.26, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.
Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.04, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDASY.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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JOHN LYNCH,
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Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
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EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

WHEN THE MOON BURNED RED

By WINTHROP ALLEN

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"Do fairies thrive in China or do the maidens of the moon affect the garb Celestial?"

Hugh Cannon gazed curiously at the figure in the dainty kimono as he spoke.

"Neither," she replied, with a rippling laugh. "I am an ordinary mortal like yourself, driven by the heat to the housetops. I did not suppose that any one else would be here at this hour, and there was no use trying to sleep."

"I have observed," said Cannon lazily, "that in a flathouse of this sort the inhabitants are so afraid of being compared to the dwellers of tenements that they deprive themselves of many privileges, including the roof in summer. After the heat of the last three days I'd be willing to brave public opinion rather than put in another night in that stuffy pigeonhole downstairs."

"I feel equally desperate," responded the girl, but her voice sounded brisk and alert as compared to the weary, dragging tones of the man. "And as we have decided to suffer in the open rather than conceal our anguish perhaps"— She hesitated, but the faraway look had come back in Cannon's eyes. He was staring again at the hazy, crimson glow that hung over a distant roof garden. "You, I believe, are Mr. Cannon unless your doorplate bears false witness."

"You can't expect much from a ten cent doorplate," laughed Hugh, pulling himself together. "But in this case it tells the truth. I am Hugh Cannon, very much at your service. And you are the girl across the hall."

She laughed in turn, that rippling, yet self reliant laugh which Hugh had heard more than once across the hall.

"I admit the charge. I am Patrice Birchard, and, according to the ethics of flat life, we should have met across the dumbwaiter shaft weeks ago. Now as we have at last come together in this most unconventional fashion tell me am I interrupting you? The janitress informs me you write. If you are shaping up plots here in the moonlight, don't hesitate to say so, and I'll go."

"Don't think of it," he urged, catching a fold of her kimono in a detaining hand. "Indeed I am not thinking up plots! This awful heat seems to have gone to my head, and I was doing nothing better than having a bad half hour with my conscience. It is not good in hot weather to admit even to yourself that you are a failure, but up here in the quiet my thoughts would travel that way. I can understand now why men go forth to seek the eternal heat in the summer time."

She shot a startled glance in his direction. "Is it as bad as that?" she murmured softly.

"Worse," he admitted. "I don't know why I should bore you with my troubles, but it eases my mind to talk. Six months ago I came to town to win my way as a story writer. I have placed four short stories and have had forty come back. The serial upon which I counted the most was the worst blow of all. Half the publishers wouldn't read it at all; were snowed under with manuscripts. I took it to a new, practically unknown publisher last week, and he agreed to have it read—some time. If it comes back, I'm going to quit. I can work on a farm if I can't write."

"I know just how you feel," said the girl. "I draw, and that's worse than writing. At one time it seemed to me that the world was dead to art, and I, too, wanted to go home. It was a hard fight, but I stayed, and now I'm glad I did. Don't give up, for the tide will turn when you least expect it. Perhaps if I'd illustrate one of your stories"—

A flush mantled her cheek, and she paused nervously.

"Would you do it? If I had you for a partner, I know I could succeed." His voice almost broke over the words. "My ideas are not half bad, but I have no name, no standing. But your pictures would catch the editor's eye. Will you chance with me on a story or two?"

She took his outstretched, trembling hand.

"It is a promise," she declared.

He leaned back against the chimney and half closed his eyes.

"I'd like to write a story," he mused, "and put you in just as you are, a perfect picture in that kimono. The gold embroidery gives just the right touch, and the rich red in contrast to the white of your throat and the dark masses of your hair—oh, I wish I was an artist!" he broke off disconnectedly.

She laughed in an embarrassed fashion, and the swift flush again mantled her cheek, but he did not seem to notice it.

"Some day I will draw a picture of you as the hero. We'll have to open up an exchange bureau in compliments if you keep on at this rate. But, seriously, I am something of a prophetess, and I predict that the tide is ready to turn for you."

"You're awfully comforting," he murmured gratefully. "When you came up here"— His glance traveled toward the low coping on the edge of the roof. "You read of people falling off roofs in summer time. How many do it by accident and how many with actual intention?"

Again Patrice looked at him anxiously. His hands were clasped about his knees, and his eyes glowed strangely.

"Oh, you can't understand how lonesome I've been. I've been hungry for the sound of a woman's voice, and since I've been in this house I've sat and listened to your singing and wondered if any one would ever sing like that—for me."

Silence fell between them. The girl was thinking hard and fast. It was the heat, the awful heat, that had nearly unbalanced his mind. Perhaps she had come just in time. And he had a mother—on the farm. There was a sharp, brief struggle with the old power of conventionalities; then she leaned over for a nest of pillows she had brought up from her den.

"Lay your head on these," she said, with an air of authority. "You're too tired to talk, and you never should go to Newspaper row a day like this. It's deadly. Come!"

She patted the pillows and looked at him smilingly. Like a tired child he laid his head on the pillows, and, with a gentle maternal movement born in every good woman, she commenced to stroke his forehead. Her fingers felt cool to his hot head, and her voice, crooning one of the songs his mother and hers had sung, grew fainter and fainter in his ears, and at last he slept.

When Cannon awoke, dawn was creeping over the city. He was alone on the roof. Then he looked at the pillows and remembered. A hot flush mounted to his face. He had been a coward. Moreover, he had let a woman see it. And what had he said to the pretty girl in the kimono? The remembrance of a gray eyed girl at home came to him, and he paled once more.

He gathered up the pillows and hurried down to his apartment. Just for an instant he paused outside her door, but no sound came from within. The pillows seemed to burn his fingers, and he dropped them on his couch, a yellow one done in white silk crescents and a Yale blue in odd brocade and a red just the shade of her kimono.

After his bath he felt better and more reasonable. Then he went out to breakfast. On his return he found a letter in his box. It brought a new light to his eyes. The question of how he was to meet and greet her no longer disturbed him. A moment later he tapped on her door.

She threw it open. The kimono had disappeared, and a slender figure clad in a short walking skirt and a shirt waist stood before him. She was evidently just ready to start out on her day's work. He hesitated, and she filled in the pause.

"How much better you look this morning! You must have slept."

"Slept? Like a child!" he laughed. "May I come in just a moment? I want you to see this letter."

She took the letter and led the way to her tiny parlor.

"What did I tell you? The tide has turned. Two hundred dollars for the serial, and they'll be glad to consider short stories also. I am very glad. I would like to see you succeed." Her eyes fell. "I—I think that when one lives alone, as I have been doing, she is apt to watch others. And I—I've known just what a struggle you've undergone. And now, you see, you won't need my poor little illustrations to catch the editor's eye. Two hundred dollars! I guess we'll drop the partnership idea." She smiled cheerily and reached for her hat. The clock in the church tower across the street chimed 9.

He looked straight into her honest eyes.

"You are mistaken. I will need you more than ever. The serial must be illustrated."

It was now her turn to blush, and she jabbed her hatpin nervously into the saucy sailor.

"I'll be glad to do it, of course, and it will probably be my last work of this sort. I—I shall be married in October to our art editor."

Cannon instinctively drew a breath of relief. His hazy recollection of that scene on the roof cleared. He rose and opened the door for her.

"I'll call for you to take lunch with me. With two hundred looming up, it must be something special today. And we'll talk illustrations."

But in his heart he knew he would tell her about the gray eyed girl at home.

The Habit of Keeping a Diary.

Upon the whole, the habit of diary keeping does not deserve to be decried. If the diary be a veracious record of public events, it may, at any rate, serve as an exercise in prose writing and precis to the writer, and, on the other hand, if the diary be merely parochial, domestic or even personal in tone the same may be said of it, with this added qualification—that at least in the last case it may act in preserving a human individuality.

Among my papers and books I found the other day an old yellow brown diary of my great-great-grandmother. Until that moment I had no more idea of the old lady than of Julius Cæsar's nurse, but when I read of her journeys to and from Bath, which she much affected and where she "see a great deal of Company;" of her loss on Thursday, April 2, 1767, of £1 4s. at cards; her payment on April 2 of 1s. 10d. for "face wires" (whatever they may have been); of 11 shillings on April 13 for "Chare (sedan, no doubt) and Gloves," and how, on leaving Bath on the 18th of April, she gave the maids 10s. 6d. and the bath "servant" (she was evidently a poor hand at spelling, dear old soul!) another half guinea, then I seem to see her dim shape assume material tone.

For your posterity's sake, therefore, if you think well of your own individuality and also that you may get a sort of outside view of yourself, you may be counseled to keep a diary; but, for goodness' sake, do not get hysterical in your confidences with it!—All the Year Round.

Embarrassing.

A settlement worker, having been requested by anxious mothers to address the younger women of the settlement clubs on "heart interest" topics, decided to do so. She talked with the girls earnestly, urging upon them the deep and intrinsic sacredness of all love and marriage relations, the coarseness and vulgarity of indiscriminate flirtations, the great and growing need for high ideals, standards and action on the woman's part. Then, just as she took her seat, it occurred to her that she might have talked a little bit over the heads of her listeners, and she sprang to her feet with an added remark:

"Please believe that what I say is true, my dear friends," she exhorted earnestly, "and please don't think I don't understand my subject. I know what I'm talking about, girls—I really do."

Once more she took her seat, delighted with the air of general interest, and from the rear of the room came the question:

"Please, Mrs. S., how many times have you been in love?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Word "Jolly."

On the adoption of the word "jolly" into the English it had the meaning of beautiful, as it has among the French today. The English dramatist Beaumont of the sixteenth century speaks of our first mother as "the jolly Eve." In time, however, it came to mean hilarious, regardless of physical beauty. But this latter meaning is probably the right one after all, as the word doubtless comes from Yule (Yu-le), the pagan Christmas, so to speak, for be it known that what we now observe as Christmas day was a heathen holiday called Yule, and the Yule festival was one of noisy demonstration.

Yule indeed means noise or outcry, praising in loud voice, chanting, singing, making outcry in honor of their god. From yule, then, to jolly the step is short and easy, both meaning revelry, rejoicing. Ours is a risen Lord, theirs the same. The words are identical. So, too, in large degree the Christmas jollities, praises and those of heathen Yule. Into such close relation do simple words sometimes connect the present with the past.

A Chinese Joke.

In his book on "China and the Chinese" Dr. Giles gives a specimen of Chinese humor which, if the source were not known, might well be mistaken for American humor.

There is a Chinese story which tells how a very stingy man took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head.

"What does this mean?" cried the sitter indignantly.

"Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."

Great Natures.

Great natures are always generous. They are fountains not only of vitality, but of bestowal. However great the rewards they receive may be, these rewards are but a fraction of the worth of the service rendered, and no man ought to be satisfied, whatever his position or work, unless he can feel that he is giving far more than he is receiving, that a very large part of what he does is not returned in money, that however successful he may be on the practical side he must still be counted one of the benefactors of his kind because of the generosity of his bestowal.—Outlook.

Peach Pits.

The statement has been made that prussic acid was made from peach stones. This is altogether a mistake, for, although under certain conditions a trace of the main principle of the deadly poison can be found in peach stones, there is not sufficient to produce the acid without other essential ingredients. Indeed, without the process of fermentation there is no evidence at all of prussic acid in the stones.—Exchange.

THE JOKE AS A POWER.

It Is Rapidly Becoming Mightier Than the Pen.

Men who fear nothing else shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns dread to be made ridiculous. Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His meritorious career is henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm and rob the orator of choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman, a laugh will turn the tide of a political convention.

Indeed the joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest of his flock. It furnishes sufficient excuse for the impertinence of children, and in its name the daily papers deride the highest national dignitaries.

What is the meaning of its steady growth in power and what results may we predict from its humorous tyranny?

Is there a chance that our keen relish for fun may finally produce a kind of humorous dyspepsia resulting from overindulgence, unless with epicurean discrimination we demand quality, not quantity, and stubbornly refuse to swallow other than that which should appease a wholesome, nay cultivated appetite in jokes?—Caroline Ticknor in Atlantic.

Trifles as Irritants.

We are so constituted that what is occurring at the moment interests us often out of all proportion to its importance. For example, we are thrown off our balance by the merest trifles perhaps which occur today, but which in a week's time may have no significance whatever. Obstacles which seem like mountains when we meet them dwindle away to molehills when we get away from them.

Even what seems tragedy at the moment in the future may be the most innocent comedy.

Most of us are so constituted that we will make almost any sacrifice for present peace. It would seem easier to have an arm or a leg amputated two years hence than to lose a finger today! It is human nature to shrink from pain, and we purchase release at almost any cost. If we could only train the mind to look at today's trouble and annoyance from the standpoint of the future, it would be much easier to bear.—Success.

Locked In With a Maniac.

The writer was once closeted with a patient whom he had no suspicion of being mad until the latter got out of bed, turned the key of the door and preferred a mild request to the writer to have his throat cut, handing him at the same time an open pocketknife, which he produced from underneath his pillow. I objected to the knife as being too small for the purpose and begged to be allowed to go for my case of amputating knives, with which, I explained, the operation could be performed with greater neatness and dispatch. He unlocked the door at once, binding me over to secrecy and urging me to lose no time in returning. I drove home, reported the case to the authorities and came back with assistance. He was secured with great difficulty and sent to the asylum.—London Tit-Bits.

Harmony In the Leaves of a Tree.

One of the remarkable characteristics of a tree is the process of leafage, and if we examine the bough upon which the leaves grow the admiration of the scientific agriculturist will become thoroughly aroused over the perfect consistency and artistic skill manifested in the arrangement of each spray and the exact number of leaves arranged with the most exquisite art and regularity. Every group of leaves forms merely long lines—some short and each one different—no two alike, no two in the same position, yet all so perfect and harmoniously blended that there can be no antagonism, no sameness and all those thousands and thousands of strange and delicate forms grouped together, neither confused nor ill arranged.

A Famous Portrait Painter's Opinion.

The famous artist Von Lenbach had one great dominant principle—that out of nature one should grasp and hold fast but one thing in portraiture, the head; that this exponent of the soul must stand out in undisturbed unity; that accessories of whatever kind, whether dress or form, must distract and weaken the impression that the head should produce; that a portrait to attain its highest aim and significance must look out from a background of nothingness and must be shorn of every detail that interferes with this unity of purpose.—Cosmopolitan.

Literary Hand Me Out.

"An' how did you fare at the house on the hill?" inquired Wandering Willie of Meandering Mike.

"Fine," replied the meanderer. "The lady gave me a little of most everything you could mention."

"Not hash?"

"No. A pocket dictionary."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sadie's Guess.

Teacher—Can any little girl tell me who was Columbus?

Sadie (frantically snapping her fingers)—I know.

Teacher—Well, Sadie?

Sadie—Columbus, the gem of the ocean.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Defective.

She—You make love like a novice.

He—Then we're both defective. I ought to make love like an expert, and you ought not to know the difference.—Life.

Wanted to "Realize."

Three-year-old Julia wanted to write Santa Claus to bring her a "shoot gun." When asked what she wanted it for, she said:

"I want to shoot one of papa's cattle and get the money out of it, for papa says there is money in cattle."—Little Chronicle.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Mencius.

Largest Variety and . . . .
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Clever Spiders.

I took a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip of wood and set him afloat on the quiet waters of the pond, says a naturalist. He walked all about the sides of his bark, surveying the situation very carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended he looked out for the nearest land.

This point fairly settled upon, he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw it as far as possible in the air and with the wind. It soon reached the shore and made fast to the spires of grass. Then he turned himself about and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand on his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward shore. As it moved the faster, he the faster drew upon it to keep his hawser taut and from touching the water. Very soon he reached the shore and quickly leaping to terra firma sped his way homeward.

Thinking that he might be a special expert and an exception in that line of boatmanship to the rest of his companions, I tried several of them. They all came to shore in like manner.

Flat Life.

In such a dwelling as the average "flat" of the north and west the privacy of home is reduced to a minimum. The footsteps of the tenants, the rolling of their perambulators, the cries of their children, the varied odors of their breakfasts, lunches and dinners, are omnipresent and not to be banished even by mental science. If they are musically inclined, the others must listen perforce, and have no other redress than to begin counter performances. Some cheerful writer said, "While a man can sing he can work," but the trouble often is that while he is singing other people are unable to work. Such forced participation in the lives of others is irritating and upsetting to the nerves, and though we may be willing to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice we would prefer to have some choice in the matter.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Basalt Columns In Mexico.

There are columns of basalt in Mexico which may be regarded as one of the natural wonders of the world. They may be seen at Regla falls, and there Alexander von Humboldt saw and admired them when he took his famous journey round the world. As regular and symmetrical these columns are as though they had been fashioned by human hands, and yet they are entirely natural and of volcanic origin. They are of great height, and no one can see them for the first time without becoming greatly impressed.

In Fingal's cave, Scotland, there are columns of basalt somewhat similar to these, and on St. Helena there are others, though the latter, instead of standing erect, are piled together on the ground and look like trunks of trees.

Worked a Problem While Asleep.

An Amsterdam banker once requested a professor of mathematics to work out a very intricate and puzzling problem for him. The professor, thinking the matter good exercise for the intellectual faculties of his pupils, mentioned it to them and requested them to work out the enigma. One of the students, who had pondered deeply over the intricate subject during the day, retired to bed. Some time afterward he arose, dressed, and, seating himself at his desk, worked out the problem accurately, covering sheets of paper with his calculations. He had no recollection in the morning of having done so.

Circus Horses Work Hard.

Traveling with a round top Calico found to be no sinecure. The Grand Occidental, being a wagon show, moved wholly by road. The shortest jump was fifteen miles, but often they did thirty between midnight and morning, and thirty miles over country highways make no short jaunt when you have a five ton chariot behind you. The jump, however, was only the beginning of the day's work. No sooner had you finished breakfast than you were hooked in for the street parade, meaning from two to four miles more.—Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine."

An Odd Fish.

One of the oddest fishes that ever swam in any sea is that known to naturalists under the unattractive name of ophiocephalus. A species of it is found in the sea of Galilee, where it builds a nest which for beauty of design and elegance of workmanship excels the efforts of the majority of feathered nest builders. Its favorite spot for building is in an old root or rock projecting under the water, and the material consists of seaweed, grass and leaves.

Revised.

"I don't understand how Miss Milyuns can see anything in that foreign nobleman. He's nothing but a 'gilded fool.'"

"That's so, and yet the chances are ten to one this will be a case of 'a fool and her money soon married.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Early Political Platforms.

It is in the seventeenth century that the first beginnings of the platform must be sought, but these early traces of its use are very slight. That there must have been some little employment of it in a demagogic way may be inferred from the "Characters" of Butler, the author of the ever memorable "Hudibras." He describes "a leader of a faction" as one who "sets the psalm, and all his party sing after him. He is like a figure in arithmetic—the more ciphers he stands before the more his value amounts to. He is a great haranguer, talks himself into authority, and, like a parrot, climbs with his beak." It is probable, moreover, that the first form of the platform was the conventicle or meeting house of the Puritan or Dissenter, for Butler, in his character of "The Seditious Man," says that "if he be a preacher he has the advantage of all others of his tribe, for he has a way to vent sedition by wholesale." But the platform at this time was of no practical account. Such attempts as there were outside parliament to influence opinion were made by means of the press, partly by the book, partly by the pamphlet and partly by the journal.—C. B. Roylance Kent in Longman's.

The First Lawbook.

The well known Assyriologist, Dr. Hugo Winckler, published an account of the legislation promulgated by King Amraphel of Babylon, which, so far as is known at present, was the first book of laws ever given to the world. King Amraphel lived 2,250 years B. C. and is mentioned in the Bible as a contemporary of Abraham, so that his statutes were drawn up fully five centuries before the laws of Moses. They number 282 and contain the following:

"If a woman who sells beverages gives bad value for the money paid her, she shall be thrown into water.

"If a wife be a spendthrift or if she otherwise neglect her duties, her husband may put her away without compensation, but if a man put away his wife for no other reason than that she has no children he shall return her whole dowry.

"If a betrothal be rescinded, the man shall pay the woman compensation.

"A widow with grown up children may not marry again without permission from a judge."—London Express.

Two Kinds of Wag.

In an Iowa law court an attorney was arguing with great earnestness and eloquence. In the midst of his argument he paused a moment, says the Green Bag, and said:

"I see your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to reaffirm it, although your honor dissents."

"I have not intimated," replied the judge, "how I should construe the evidence or what my decision will be in the case, and your remark is uncalled for."

"You shook your head."

"That may be true," the court replied. "There was a fly on my ear, and I reserved the right to remove it in any manner I saw fit. Proceed with your argument."

Caleb Cushing's Dress.

Caleb Cushing's peculiar manner of dress and his eccentricities were frequently the subject of newspaper articles. Although quite a large and portly man, his clothes always seemed to be two or three sizes too large for him and of the cheapest material. He always during both summer and winter wore a large cloth cap pulled close down on his head and altogether looked anything but the brilliant jurist and diplomat. One day, after reading an unusually caustic comment upon his dress, he remarked to the writer, "I guess by the time that fool is as old as I am he will care more for comfort than fashion."

Seen on an Ostrich Farm.

It is no uncommon thing to see a male ostrich strutting about followed by three or four distinct broods, all of different sizes. When the incubating process is completed, the cock bird leads his young ones off and if he meets another proud papa engages in a terrific combat with him. The vanquished bird retires without a single chick, while the other, surrounded by the two broods, walks away triumphantly.

Gave Himself Away.

After preaching on the occasion of the reopening of a restored church the bishop thanked the churchwarden, an old farmer, for his share in the good work. "And I must thank your lordship for your sermon," was the reply, "but I could not help thinking, as you talked about sin, that your lordship must have been a little wildish yourself when you were a young man."

Contentment.

One who had tried several times to jump across a stream and had repeatedly fallen in finally succeeded, when he said to a friend, "How much better I am than you in having accomplished a difficult feat."

"Not at all," replied his friend. "I am better than you in not wishing to jump across."—St. Nicholas.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1903

☞ A few weeks ago, more or less, the Cambridge *Press*, a weekly newspaper of considerable age and quite respectable standing, passed to the proprietorship of a firm composed solely of women, each of whom occupies an allotted position on it. Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, and Reporters are all women, and we affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that it is the best specimen of a locol paper published in Massachusetts, at least, it is the best one we ever saw. It is our beauideal, ediotrially and mechanically, of a local weekly. It is devoted exclusively to gathering and printing Cambridge news. There is no politics in it, hardly any religion, no Women's Rights, nor sayings and doings of communities outside the University City; but evidently no home happenings escape the notice of its Argus-eyed reporters, or fail to find a place in the columns of the *Press*. Mechanically it is the pink of perfection; not a fly can be found on it. The arrangement of its matter is ideal; and neat don't begin to express its appearance. Long may the *Press* and its women publishers flourish.

☞ The wise abandonment of "patent outsides" and rearrangement of original and miscellaneous matter, have greatly improved the appearance of our neighbor, the *News*, and the change will doubtless be appreciated by the public. The new hands at the bellows have modern ideas, and are workers.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. G. Maguire—Citation.
Miss Dannatt—Opening.
Co-Op. Bank—Meeting.
John Maxwell—To Let.
Hammond & Son—Caps.
Hammond & Son—Clothing.
Tremont Theatre—Mrs. Fiske.
Dauchy & Co.—Ivers & Pond.
Winthrop Hammond—For Sale.

— Garden and Flower Seeds for sale by C. M. Strout & Co.

— Read the notice of two good tenements to let in this paper.

— There was another powerful rain last Sunday night ond Monday.

— We thank Mr. John Maxwell of Winchester, now at Pell City Ala., for late Southern papers.

— On Thursday evening, March 19, Co. G participated in a Fifth Regiment Battalion drill at Boston.

— The alarm from box 44 at 8.50 last evening, was for a brush fire off Green street, Montvale.

— Innitou Canoe Club's entertainment is to be given in Music Hall this evening. Let every body attend it.

— The grand annual Fair of First Parish is to be held on April 16 and 17. Committees are hard at work preparing for it.

— The span of grey horses recently bought by Mr. Fred E. Cottle cut a great dash on our streets. They are beauties.

— If he had lived until yestetrday, Count Rumford would have been 150 years old, having been born on March 26, 1753.

— Edward Moore had one of his hands badly crushed in a finishing machine at Beggs & Cobbs last Monday morning.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond and wife returned from a pleasant Southern trip several days ago much refreshed and invigorated.

— Mrs. Judge Charles D. Adams has been visiting at Plymouth lately. She is improving in health, which has not been robust of late.

— A vocal and instrumental concert is to be given at North Congregational church on the evening of April 13 by native and foreign talent.

— Mr. C. E. Sutherland, Pullman car conductor, says his run is not from Boston to White River Junction, but from Boston to Rutland, Vt.

— The Woburn Corperative Bank will hold their annual meeting for the election of officers at 7.30 o'clock, Thursday evening, April 9. 1903.

— On Monday evening March 23, Baldwin Council, R. A., enjoyed a fine smoke talk, at which Vice Regent Tierney delivered an interesting address.

— The Lowell & Boston electric cars make hourly trips to Lowell, except between 4 15 and 7.45 P. M., when half hourly ones are made to Burlington.

— The dates for the St. Charles Minstrel show are April 22, 23. This should be kept in mind by those who would enjoy the best show of the season.

— Professor Fred Gowing, Magnetic Specialist, established himself, about two months ago, at 55 Temple street, Boston, where he is having a good practice.

— Michael Ganley of Everett street, an employee in Fox's leather factory, attempted suicide a few days ago by cutting his throat. The wounds were not fatal.

— More rain has fallen during the present month of March than any month of March since Noah's flood and that too notwithstanding the moon was a "dry one.

— Winston C. Gale of Chelmsford has secured a position as motorman on the Cambridge Somerville division of the surface cars of the Boston Elevated Railway Company.

— Miss Ada D. Carter is at home from her school in New Hampshire and passing its spring vacation with her mother and grandmother, Mrs. Richardson, on Bennet street.

— The legal opinion of Solicitor Norris has cut the Gordian Knot and made plain sailing for the Board of Public Works in the much mooted matter of Water Registrar and other officers.

— The new officers of the Methodist Episcopal Ladies Aid Society are: President, Mrs. Elinor Daw; Vice-President Mrs. A. W. Cobb; Secretary Mrs. Emma Brooks; Treasurer, Mrs Fort Staples.

— The lilac bushes are leafing out in great shape. The shrubs in many yards are well covered with green leaves. Pussywillows, too, are much in evidence these days; but it is really too early for any of these things.

— Major H. C. Hall has returned from Pinehurst, N. C.

— Selected Dahlia and Canna Bulbs for sale by C. M. Strout & Co.

— A rush of advertising crowds out a letter from Mr. John Maxwell this week.

— Mrs. Sara White Lee and Rev. Charles Cleaves are guests of Miss Hosmer on Pleasant street.

— All we can say about Hammond & Son is, read their 1903 Spring announcement. It is enough to take one right off his feet.

— One would think that if any one had a concrete walk in front of his residence he would be public spirited enough to have the gravel swept off.

— After a years absence Mr. Charles P. Buckley has resumed his duties as driver of the Gilcreast Hook and Ladder. Glad to see Charley back again.

— Mr. Arthur T. Bond of Wilmington gave his lecture on the history of that town at the Rumford Historical Association's annual meeting on March 26.

—Capt John J. Crane returned from North Carolina last Saturday, and is now burnishing up his golf sticks etc. preparatory to opening up the 1903 campaign.

— The Ladies Aid Socieity of Trinity Parish will hold a sale of Aprons, Home-made food and Candy, on Thursday April 2, at 502 Main street opposite Salem street.

— Miss Josephine Randall visited her friends in Woburn on Tuesday last. Mrs. Amelia Sevrens Wendell has been staying with her parents in North Woburn, during their illness.

— The new schoolhouse matter moves slowly. If anything is to be done towards its erection this season, it is time a beginning was made. Popular sentiment is in favor of a new house; why not, then, go ahead and build one.

— The Boston & Northern Street R. Co. having refused to comply with the demand of their motormen and conductors for more pay and recognition of their Union, the next step of the carmen is awaited with considerable interest by the public.

— Miss Dannatt, the well known milliner of this city, is in New York visiting the great millinery establishments there and purchasing goods for her store in this city. It is her second trip to the Metropolis this spring, which shows that she is doing business.

— W. W. Oliver, who used to live in Sudbury, and who for some time has been connected with the Boston Elevated Railway Company as an extra starter has recently been made a regular starter on the Cambridge-Somerville Division of the surface cars.

— At the whist party of Corps 161 held in G. A. R. Hall Wednesday evening, in charge of Mrs. E. M. Hanson, the present month, 8 tables were filled. The winners of the several prizes were Miss Anna Cummings, Mr and Mrs. Blakely, Miss Lois Harrington.

— Major H. C Hall will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* of March 14 containing "The Story of Father Rasles: Norridgewock and the Stirring Tales" etc., illustrated with pictures of scenes dear to the memory of the writer of this item.

— The Towanda Club Ladies Night last Wednesday evening was a monumental success. The entertainment by Boston artists was all that the most exacting could have asked for, and Hardy furnished ices in abundance. There was a large party of ladies and gentlemen present.

— Mr. Henry L. Andrews, formerly of the firm of Wallace & Andrews, publishers of the Woburn *News*, is now employed by a leading printing firm in Boston. Mr. Andrews has been associated with the Woburn printing offices all his life, having commenced work on the Woburn *Budget* in 1862.

— The I. C. substituted a u for an i in a JOURNAL item last week and thus dealt unjustly by the Woburn *Times*, as well as to the JOUR. Ed. The word in which the letter was changed was written "drinks," but the I. C. thought he knew better what it ought to be, so printed it "drunks." For which he ought to apologize.

— "The Lady Mason" entertainment given by Highland Lodge, Rebekah degree, of Lowell, for Hope Circle of this city, in Odd Fellows Hall, was highly enjoyed by a large audience Wednesday evening. Mrs. D. F. McIntosh and Miss Lucy A. Woodside gave a piano duet, and Miss Helen Sylvester a reading and song.

— Salad Supper at the Unitarian church Thursday, April 9th, at 6 30 P. M. for 25 cts. Free lecture in the evening by Rev. James Eells, minister of the First church, Boston, on "The New Day and the New Deed". Piano duets by Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Percy Lewis, songs by Mrs. Briggs of Winchester, will precede the iecture. A cordial invitation is given to the Public to attend.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft is busily engaged in preparing for the annual rehearsal and concert by her Boston pupils She has a large class of advanced students of the piano in the city, and the public rehearsals they have given in years past, under her direction, have been prominent and entertaining features in Boston's musical life. This year's exhibition will be given about the middle of April.

— It is an undeniable fact that the women of Woburn and vicinity who buy the best millinery goods and wear only the latest styles, regard Miss Dannatt as easily the leading milliner in this city, and patronize her establishment accordingly. She displays fine taste in the selection of goods, keeps close run of the changes going on in the centre of fashion, and gives local patrons the best there is in the market. For the second time this spring, Miss Dannatt is now in New York City purchasing goods for her grand Easter millinery opening on April 2, 3, 4, which everybody, rich and poor, high and low, are cordially invited to attend It will doubtless be the finest millinery display ever seen in Woburn.

A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

CARPETS

ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittalls, and the Crosseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from $2.75 to $3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

BODY BRUSSELS. These most desirable goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from $1.40 to $2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard, **95c**

A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of **Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c.** soiled or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from $1.50 to $2.75 and $4.00 to as high as $8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard,

50c and $1.00

RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show-room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example—out of many—is the following:

Ghiordes Rugs, about 3½x6 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from $10 to $20 each. We have marked them at, each, **7.50**

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,

— AT —

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

MALT EXTRACTS.

We have them all and our prices as usual are away down:—Hoff's Malt 25c.; Wyeth's Malt 24c; Wampole's Malt 20c.; King's Malt 18c.; Norris Malt 19c.; Best Tonic 20c.; Malt Nutrine 20c.

We are agents for the celebrated Grabow Malt Extract, and are selling it for 18c. per bottle, $2 10 per dozen. No better Malt Extract at any price. A trial of one bottle will convince you of its merits.

Robbins Drug Company.

(SUCCESSOR TO HUNTLEY & CO.)

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

I OFFER FOR SALE

My former home, 16 Plympton street; house contains 9 rooms and bath; Magee "Boston Heater" Furnace; open fire-place in dining-room: electric bells, gas, hot and cold water; cemented cellar, etc. About 9,000 feet of land. Stable with two stalls and carriage-house. Now vacant for the first period in six years. Until recently has rented quickly for $30 per month, including stable.

To a responsible party having at least $500, I will make a liberal proposition whereby balance of purchase money can be paid monthly, about the same as rent, if so desired. Price reasonable. For further particulars and keys apply to

WINTHROP HAMMOND,
403 Main St., Woburn.

— Woman's Club April 3, Hezikiah Butterworth will lecture. He is another lecturer whose vitality refuses to recognize the swift passage of time, maintaining a more exacting routine of business, if anything, than was usual with him twenty years ago, giving on an average four or five hours each working day to his writings; half as many to historical and folklore research; and anywhere from one to three evenings a week to lecturing.--G. L. N., Rec. Clerk.

— The Inniton Canoe Club's dramatic, musical and dance entertainment, which the public have been anticipating with pleasure for several weeks, is to take place this evening in Music Hall It promises to be a supurb affair, and will doubtless attract a large company of people. The Club embraces many of the best young men of the city who are popular in society circles, and their numerous friends never fail to respond generously to their entertainment invitations.

— Should it become necessary for the School Board to elect a Superintendent in place of Mr. Emerson, it is not thought to be probable that they will choose one from present Woburn residents. The only possible exception to this might be H. S. Riley, Esq., who would not be likely to accept, if offered it. It is hoped that a change will not become necessary, but if so, it is generally understood that Mr. Frank B. Richardson could not be relied on to accept the office.

—We learn from Mr. Martin's "Conversation Corner" in the last *Congregationalist* that there is in the Woburn Public Library a copy of the "New England Primer" of date 1770, which early issue makes it of large money value. A copy of an earlier date was sold not long ago by its owner, who paid 12 cents for it, for $2,500. Mr. Martin printed some of the cuts and couplets of the old "Primer" in his "Corner", which must have greatly gratified the "Old Folks".

— In Linnell's market are many things that make for health and happiness. Besides meats of all kinds and a fine assortment of sausages, there are parsnips fresh from their winter beds, and what is more toothsome, or invigorating to the system, than a dish of buttered parsnips, fried brown, or a parsnip stew? There are greens, too, a spring dish of rare excellence, and health giving; great stalks of red and gold rhubarb; and other spring delicaces for the table too numerous to mention,

— It is understood that the Woburn Woman's Club contemplate taking ud the subject, at an early date, of District Nurses, with a view of inaugurating and sustaining the system in this place. It is in operation in many Massachusetts towns and cities and bearing fruit. It seems appropriate that our Woman's Club should embark in this enterprise, for it is, if we err not, directly in their line of philanthropic work, in the prosecution of which they have displayed such a laudable spirit, and achieved such marked success.

— Mr. Prior, the auctioneer, real estate dealer, etc., has a fine office in the Johnson building on Main street and Montvale avenue. Lawyers John P. & James E. Feeney are moving into their elegant suite of three rooms, same building, today. John W. & Edward F. Johnson Esquires, owners of the building, Counselors and Attorneys at Law, have got settled in their handsome new rooms there. Albert T. Converse Esq, lawyer, has a fine office on the Main street front. The location and block are all that could be reasonably desired.

— Mr. Clarence Littlefield received a couple of letters from his son, Clarence H. Littlefield, a few days ago, one of which was written last November, and the other in December. Clarence H. and a partner have purchased a hotel located between Nome and Council, about 60 miles from the former place, and are conducting it with success. It is situated on a river at the junction of two principal trails in that section of country, and commands a large traveling patronage. The surveys for a railroad to Nome run close to the hotel which, when built, will naturally increase the value of their property. Clarence H. is doing well and is contented.

— The JOURNAL would have enjoyed the dance part of the W. C.'s military whist party last week much better had the music for it been furnished by an orchestra instead of a piano However, about 200 high society geople were delighted with the elegant function, which yielded quite a revenue for the educational benefit of the mountain children of Tennessee. Fine music was furnished by Miss Gertrude Heartz, and greatly enjoyed. Miss Nellie Gilbert served fruit punch in generous abundance, and in graceful style. There were 35 tables for whist not enough to accommodate the large company, but that fact created no friction. It was a gay gathering of the quality of the city.

— The suit for libel brought by Ald. Michael J. Greaney against ex-Ald. Edward Q. Brackett was tried in the Superior Court in Boston last Thursday and Friday, and resulted in a verdict for the defendant. James F. Sweeney, Esq., of Boston was Greaney's lawyer, and Mr. Brackett was ably defended by John P. & James E. Feeney of this city. The suit was brought for alleged libelons words embodied in the report of a special committee, of which Ald. Brackett was a member, in the celebrated bribery investigation which created such a row in the City Council last year and gave our town such a malodorous reputation Lawyer Sweeney worked hard to convict Brackett, but Lawyers Feeney carried too many guns for him.

— A sad accident occurred at Stoneham Centre, 9 30 A. M. Thursday Mar. 24, by which Mr. Charles Howe, well known in this city, lost his life. He resided at South Boston and has been in the employ of the New England Tephome Company about 16 years. He reported at the central station in Woburn Tuesday morning, procured a team of Mr. G. F. Jones at the Central stables, and went to Stoneham to do some repairing of wires. He ascended an eletric pole near Boyce's stable which broke precipitating Mr. Howe to the ground, inflicting injuries from which he died in half an hour. He was 55 years old. For years he had been a familiar figure on the electric poles and crossbars in this city, and was known by many of our people. He left a wife and one daughter to mourn his sudden death.

— Some time ago the Council voted an appropriaton of $5000, and the Mayor signed it, for a new house for Hose Company No. 6, Clinton street, but since then nothing has been heard from it. The people are asking why this is thus? They would like to know what Commissioner Doherty's intentions concerning the hose house are; whether, or not, it is his purpose to build it this season. It is said that he contemplates putting up a wooden building not to cost above $3000 or $3,500, about one-half of the appropriation; but it doese'nt seem as though he could be so shortsighed as all that comes to. We are told that he is not a statesman of the highest rank, but he must be a gentleman of some practical ideas, else, why is he a member of the Board of Public Works? This point conceded, we would respectfully ask Com. Doherty why he don't go ahead and build a substantial and commodious $5000 brick house for Hose 6?

— The mission of the Augustinian Fathers of Philadelphia will close this week. The attendance has been very large at every meeting. Rev. James J. Keegan, pastor of St. Charles church, where the mission is held, has taken a lively interest in it and is highly gratified with the result of the labors of the Fathers.

— Last Friday afternoon the thermometers in this city indicated a temperature of 78 in the shade!

Board of Public Works.

The Board held a meeting on Friday evening, March 20, 1903.

The annual reports of the several departments were presented and properly disposed of.

On account of an informality the contract of J. T. Freeman & Co., for supplying and installing a heating plant for the new hospital, was laid over until the next meeting.

City Solicitor Norris submitted his opinion on the Water Registrar question which coincides with that of the State Board of Civil Service Commissioners and the Attorney General. It places the office under the Civil Service rules, which means that A. P. Barrett is to be Registrar again. The Clerk and Inspector are also included in the rules.

Woman's Club.

At the meeting Friday, March 20, Mrs. George F. Jewett of Milford, N H., sang two selections:
(a) "SlumberSong," Bemberg.
(b) "The Day is Ended", Bartlett.
Mr. J. L. Harbour addressed the members, — Subject: "Blessed Be Humor" and gave great pleasure to a large audience. He has a genuine appreciation of Humor, and also in an unusual degree the story-tellers gift.

He depicts the amusing side of life with many amusing examples, the rural editors encounters, and reports of various happenings, telling of the great possibilities of humor in letters from the unintelligent especially letters of inquiry to Post Masters. He illustrated instances of royal satire, followed by many ludicrous experiences of his own Mr. Harbour declares that the man who never laughs is out of harmony with the world. The Irish humor he claims is foremost, because of the joyous temperament, buoyancy, and real heart, of the people.

At the next meeting April 3, Hezekiah Butterworth will lecture--subject: "Swiss Education, or, A visit to the Homes and Haunts of Pestalozzi and Froebel." He is one of the most prolific of New England writers, having published some fifty odd volumes of various kinds as well as a large number of uncollected short stories. Of late years he has applied himself largely to history and has under advisement at present an extended history of South America.

G. L. N., Rec'd Clerk.

New England Girls.

The beautiful Gibson girls which have been such a feature of the Boston *Sunday Herald* during the past few weeks are of the Southern type, daughters of Virginia. Their beauty is undeniable, but Virginia does not furnish all the loveliness, as will be seen in the page of New England girls by Mr. A. G. Learnard, which will be the first page feature of the Magazine Section of the Boston *Sunday Herald* for Mar. 29. Those who liked the Gibson girls will fall in love with the beautiful Learned creations—greater girls than Gibson's

You've Had The Grippe!!

Whitcher's Extract of Malt will put you on your feet again.

15c. Bottle. 80c. half doz. $1.60 dozen.

WASHDAY

is a domestic nuisance. We will do your entire wash and iron all the flat pieces for 30c. a dozen.
Cheaper than doing it at home.
☞ Try it next week.

Woburn Laundry
323 Main Street.
Telephone 34 2.

FURNITURE REPAIRING!

Antique Furniture made over and polished.

Special attention given to Repairing Antique Clocks.

J. F. LESLIE,
110 Montvale Ave., WOBURN, MASS.
All orders by mail promptly attended to.

PUPILS OF WOBURN!

We propose presenting to the Woburn Teacher receiving the Largest Number of Votes

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON, D. C.,

During the Easter Vacation, all expenses included.

Do you wish your Teacher to be the fortunate one?

Here is the way it is to be done.

Wish every 25 cent purchase, until, and including Saturday, April 11th, we will give a ballot, upon which you mark the name of the teacher you wish to vote for.

A 50c purchase entitles you to two votes, a $1.00 purchase entitles you to four votes, a $5 00 purchase to twenty votes and so on.

When the vote is filled out it is to be deposited in a ballot box in our store.

Every few days the ballots will be counted and the names of the teachers with the number of votes received, will be posted in our show windows.

The plan is a simple one and will give you a chance to work for your favorite teacher.

When your parents are ready to buy you a new Spring Suit or anything in the line of Clothing, Hats or Furnishing Goods, be sure to come to us to obtain the votes.

When your father or brother buys any Clothing, be sure to have him bring home the votes for you to fill out.

☞ Polls Close Saturday, April 11, at 10 P. M.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers,

Lyceum Hall Building, *WOBURN.*

50 Years a Clothing Store.

Buy a Piano By Renting It.

Our **Rental Purchase Plan** makes buying a piano easy. If you are interested, write us and we will quote special prices on new or second-hand pianos and fully describe our system of Renting Pianos, allowing rent paid to apply toward purchase. Good square pianos to learn on $50 and upward. Call at our warerooms and examine our stock of over 200 pianos, or send for our list of bargains.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

SEVERE ATTACK OF GRIP

Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"When I had an attack of the grip, last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the *Enterprise*, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when the coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the briefest interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it would or could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were far less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu." For sale by all druggists.

Card of Thanks.

During the last illness of Mr. James Partridge. our many friends have manifested their kind regard by delicate attentions which we deeply appreciate. We wish in this public manner to express our thanks for their kindness and sympathy.

MRS. JAMES PARTRIDGE and Family,
Woburn, March 16, 1903.

FOR THE BEST
$3.00
Stiff or Soft Hat
IN AMERICA, WE OFFER
THE GUYER HAT

FOR SALE BY

That old, yet progressive firm, commonly known as the "Leading Clothiers."

Hammond & Son,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

"Mary of Magdala,' the drama in which Mrs. Fiske is to appear at the Tremont theatre for the three weeks beginning March 30, is pronounced a remarkable achievement in both dramatic literature and stage setting. It appeals to every class of theatregoers, and has also drawn great numbers of persons who do not habitually attend the theatre. Paul Hayse has written a powerful and impressive story and Mrs. Fiske has staged it with a lavishness and care surpassing anything the American stage has known. There has been an extraordinary advance sale of seats, and the Boston engagement promises to be remarkable in every respect.

MUSIC HALL.

Next week's attraction at Music Hall is one that should uppeal to all classes of theatregoers, especially those who enjoy a bright, clean, wholesome play of home life. The play is "The Night Before Christmas," which has met with marked favor in every city in the United States in which it has been presented this season. The story of the play has to do with the dissolute son of Judge Phillips, who afterwards becomes the governor of the state. Young Phillips becomes involved in a fight with a village idler and strikes him down. As the man falls, a tramp who recognized in him the despoiler of his home, stabs him and makes his escape. A beautiful love story is interwoven and the many dramatic scenes and incidents hold the attention of the spectator from rise to to fall of curtian. The play will be presented by a splendid company.

NEW MAJESTIC THEATRE.

An unusual pleasure is promised the lovers of legitimate stage art at the Majestic theatre, when Otis Skinner commences a two weeks' engagement there, commencing next Monday evening in a dramatization of Mary Hallwood Catherwood's celebrated noyel, "Lazarre." Mr. Skinner holds a place quite apart from the average entertainer, having come to the front rank of actors by hard work and unusual ability, after a long and faithful apprenticeship. Those who saw him years ago as chief support of Modjeska in "The Merchant of Venice," and later in his own company presenting "The King's Jester," learned to count on him for his intelligent workmanship. His admirers, who saw him in Boston in "Prince Otto," and his later brilliant production of "Fancesca da Rimini," were not disappointed in his work. During Mr. Skinner's engagement the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

THE COLONIAL.

Klaw and Erlanger certainly made a master move in arranging with Messrs. Rich, Harris and Charles Froham for an unlimited booking of their production of the great Drury Lane spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," at the Colonial Theatre, Boston. It is now in its eighth week, and the manner in which theatregoers are crowding that playhouse to enjoy its charms warrants the statement that a good many more weeks will be required to exhaust its popularity. The management has so arranged it that seats may be secured three weeks in advance, giving theatregoers of this vicinity who have made up their minds to witness this glorious stage spectacle plenty of time to write ahead and book their seats. Otherwise they would very likely find it a difficult matter to get satisfactory ones if they waited until the last moment. To enumerate all the scenes and incidents of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," to say nothing of attempting to describe in detail the gorgeousness of its equipment from a costumic and electrical standpoint, would be to write a book. Words fail to adequately describe the magnificence of the production. That the public is keen to its charms, however, is best told by the enormous patronage extended from all parts of New England. Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the run of this attraction.

Preparing for Spring.

Now is the time for all housekeepers to take preliminary steps in that important task—spring cleaning. Use Cabots SULPHO-NAPTHOL generally throughout the house, especially in the cellar, about the sink, the bathroom closet and for cleaning the entire drainage system of all greasy, decomposing accumulations. Sulpho-Napthol, is a great spring remedy for these places, for it kills all disease germs, foul and noxious odors, etc. Then when the warm weather comes there will be no active germs to breed disease. SULPHO-NAPTHOL is the most valuable agent the housekeeper has to maintain Clean, Healthy Homes

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Denominational Loyalty." Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Possession and Confession." Sunday School at 12 noon. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Lenten service. Subject, "The Message of the Master to the Ambitious." Wednesday, at 4.00 P. M., Pastor's Class. Wednesday at 7.30, Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45 Subject "Unreality." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 3 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday in Lent. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Week-day service during Lent—Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.; Friday at 4.30 P. M. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting. At 7 P. M., Preaching. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Sewing Circle Thursday at 7.30 P. M. Aug. J. Lindquist, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Going out to meet the Bridegroom." 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "For One Morsel of Meat." 7.30 P. M. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, March 18, by Rev. W. H. Scott, Hayward Brooks and Georgia Alice Saunders, all of Woburn.

In Cambridge, Sunday, March 15, by Rev. C. H. Perry, Lewis Oliver Locke of Winchester, and Miss Dorothy Ivy Fisher of Cambridge.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 20, Dennes Clancy, aged 37 years.

In this city, March 22, Ida M. Coles, aged 1 year, 8 months.

In this city, March 20, Bridget (O'Donnell) Hurid, aged 64 years.

In this city, March 26, Sophia Cowdrey, wife of Joseph Buck, aged 64 years, 11 months, 26 days. Funeral from residence of her son, 6 Fairmount St., Saturday, March 28, at 2 P. M. Burial private.

NEW Maple Sugar — AND — Syrup Have Arrived.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON

BEGINNING MARCH 30,
— FOR —
FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY!
ENGAGEMENT OF
MRS. FISKE
IN PAUL HEYSE'S DRAMA
MARY OF MAGDALA
AS PRESENTED FOR
OVER 100 NIGHTS
— AT THE —
Manhatten Theatre, New York.
Every Evening at 8.
SATURDAY MATINEES AT 2.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, April 3d, 1903,

at seven-thirty (7.30) o'clock in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and act upon any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., March 20th, 1903.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, April 4th, 1903, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

WOBURN Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held on

Thursday, April 9, 1903,

AT 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of electing a President, Vice President, fifteen Directors, three Auditors, and of transacting any other business that may legally come before the meeting. The polls will be open from 7.30 to 9 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

To Let.

Two Good Tenements in Jones Court. Enquire at JOURNAL Office.

For Sale.

The Homestead estate of the late Robert B. Eaton in Woburn, on Main street and on Eaton Avenue, comprising dwelling and about eight acres of land.

J. W. JOHNSON, Trustee.

Closing-Out
— OF —
ODD LOTS!

A few sizes in Ladies' Waists, this season's styles, but they have been handled and are out of shape a little; these are offered at very low price.

Ladies' Flannelette Night Robes and Ladies' Flannelette Skirts are now being sold very cheap. We need the counter room for new goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., March 4, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, April 18, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

MAURICE W. CARROLL.—About 7056 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, on Stoddard street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; easterly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; southerly by Stoddard street; westerly by land formerly of Joseph Buck.
Tax of 1901, $11 47

MARY CONLON.—About 18950 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 35 and 37 Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thos. Richardson; easterly by Buckman street, sometimes called Buck street; southerly by Buckman street, sometimes called Buck street; westerly by land of Leathe.
Balance of tax of 1901, 9 90

BRIDGET DOHERTY.—About ½ acre land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Burke, about 66 feet; easterly by land of Dunberry, about 160 feet; southerly by Buckman street 66 feet; westerly by Buckman Court about 166 feet.
Tax of 1901, 18 50

CAHIR DOHERTY.—About 5-16 acres of land and building thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Hudson street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of premises on Hudson street by land of Hudson; thence easterly by Hudson street 5 rods to land of Eustice Cummings; thence northerly by land of Cummings 10 rods to other land of Hudson; thence westerly on and by said other land of Hudson 5 rods; thence southerly by land now or late of said Hudson 10 rods to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 37 00

JAMES FRASER.—About 5200 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Court street, being lot No. 7, Block B. of Assessors Plans, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Reagan; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Peter M. G. Fraser; westerly by land of Munroe and land of Grammer.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 15 85

JAMES GIVEN.—About 2376 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block S. on Assessor's Plans, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Upton; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Vital; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1901, 16 28

PETER M. G. FRASER.—About 5960 square feet of land with buildings thoreon, situated in said Woburn, No. 13, Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Fraser; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Alice M. Grammer; westerly by land of Alice M. Grammer.
Balance of tax of 1901, 11 80

FRED and LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About 5445 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No 6. Wyer's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson; westerly by Wyer's Court.
Balance of tax of 1901, 24 40

RUFUS C. HAYWARD.—About 13,581 square feet of land with buildings thereon, being lot 30 block Q, by Assessors Plan, bounded and describ d as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land of Mary E. Hevey; southerly by land of John Maxwell; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1901, 59 20

JAMES E. KELLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 24 Hudson street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hudson street; easterly by a private way; southerly by land of Farry; westerly by land now or late of Butman.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 10 85

MARY F. MELINDY.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Sturgis street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Sturgis street; easterly by land of Durant 115 feet, 3 inches; southerly by land of Westcott; westerly by land of William P. Wyman.
Tax of 1901, 49 95

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being lot 22, block B, on Assessors Plan, No. 11 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Linnell; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land of Crosby and other land of Smith.
Tax of 1901, 49 95
Street watering for 1901, 1 21

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot 25, block B, on Assessors Plans, No. 10 Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Crosby; easterly by other land of Smith and land of Connolly; southerly by land now or late of Thompson; westerly by Court street.
Tax of 1901, 32 38

HEIRS OR DEVISEES OF JACOB WEBSTER.—About 15,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn being lot 11, block B, on Assessors Plans, No. 20 Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hunt and by land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren Avenue.
Tax of 1901, 90 65
Street watering for 1901, 1 76

RUSSELL COUNTER COMPANY.—About 34,502 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 12 Beacon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckley, Porter and Hartwell; easterly by land now or late of Dow; southerly by land now or late of Ferrin; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1901, 301 55
Street watering for 1901, 4 12

Non-Residents.

FRANK N. WEST.—About 5,480 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Church street; easterly by land of Dow; southerly by land of Dow; westerly by Court avenue.
Tax of 1901, 94 35

FRANK N. WEST.—About 19,760 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thayer; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railway Corporation; southerly by land of Nathaniel Simonds and land of Almira P. Richardson; westerly by said Bennett street.
Tax of 1901, 157 25
Street watering for 1901, 1 88

WARD 2.

SARAH J. BROOKS, HEIRS.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 125 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 75 feet; easterly by land of Ford and land of Kingman 175 feet; southerly by land of Charles S. White heirs, 65 feet; westerly by land now or late of Flagg, 170 feet.
Tax of 1901, 35 15
Street watering for 1901, 1 45

MARTIN CONNOLLY.—About 7,,556 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 73 on plan of lands owned by Bryant and King, situated on northerly side of a private way leading westerly out of Arlington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Michael Graham and John Foley; easterly by land of Fitzpatrick; southerly by Abbott Court; westerly by lot No. 72 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

PETER COTE.—About 4,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Fulton street, being lot 6 on plan of Highland Park lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 91, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 5 on said plan 94.5 feet; easterly by land of owner unknown 50.03 feet; southerly by lot on said plan 92.8 feet; westerly by Fulton street 50 feet.
Tax of 1901, 1 85

TIMOTHY CREEDON.—About 7,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 9 Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street; easterly by land of Maguire and land of Parker; southerly by land now or late of Lewis L. Whitney, Trustee; westerly by land now or formerly of Fifield.
Balance of Tax of 1901, 32 70

SARAH F. FLAGG, HEIRS.—About 19,477 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, and known as Heckbert Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue 41 feet; easterly by land of Maguire, land of Long and land Loring; southerly by other land now or late of Flagg; westerly by land of Ferguson and land of Trull.
Tax of 1991, 11 10

HUGH P. MAGUIRE.—About 3,600 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street 60 feet; easterly by Conn street Court, so-called, 60 feet; southerly by land now or late of Parker 60 feet; westerly by land of Creedon 60 feet.
Tax of 1901, 32 38

BRIDGET MASSEY.—About 5,335 square feet of land with buildings thereon, on Main street, being lot No. 24 on Plan of lots in Woburn, belonging to E. N. Blake, dated April 1890, on file in Assessors office, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 23 on said plan about 115 feet; easterly by lot 25 on said plan about 43.58 feet; southerly by a private way on said plan 117.65 feet; westerly by Main street about 47 feet.
Tax of 1901, 24 05

CAROLYN B. WADE.—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 15, 17, 19 Fowle street bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Fowle street and on all other sides by land now or late of Eustice Cummings.
Tax of 1901, 49 95

JAMES H. WALSH, HEIRS.—About 9,125 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 12 Belmont street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Abbott; easterly by land of Barry; southerly by Belmont street; westerly by other land of said James H. Walsh, Heirs.
Tax of 1901, 25 90

JAMES H. WALSH, HEIRS.—About 8,825 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Belmont street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of J. E. Abbott, 59 5 feet; easterly by other land of said Jas. H. Walsh 142 feet; southerly by Belmont street 63 feet; westerly by land now or late of L. G. Richardson et. al.
Tax of 1901, 3 70

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 145 Montvale Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by a private way; southerly by land now or late of Ward; westerly by land of Foss.
Tax of 1901, 33 30

Non-Residents.

ALICE M. CURTIS.—About 97,985 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 26 Vernon street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hammond, land of Meegan and land of Foster; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by land now or late of Foster 310 feet; westerly by Vernon street 300 feet.
Tax of 1901, 88 80

HENRY O. CUSHMAN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 27 on Plan of lots in Woburn, belonging to Mary P. Foster dated Oct. 22, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Hawley street; northeasterly by lot 28 on said plan; southeasterly by land now or late of Sawtelle; southwesterly by lot 26 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

GEORGE W. M. HALL.—About 17,225 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 101 Montvale Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by land of Maloney; southerly by land of Flagg; westerly by land of Robertson.
Tax of 1901, 66 60
Street watering for 1901, 1 48

L. JACOBOUTZ.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Laurel street, being Lot 13 Section F on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 14 on said plan; easterly by lot 2 on said plan; southerly by lot 12 on said plan; westerly by Laurel street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 12,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6, 7, 8, 9, block 1, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 5 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 10 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 12,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, block 1, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 9 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 14 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 6,356 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, block 1. shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Beok of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Poplar street on said plan; easterly by lot 13 in said block; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1901, 74

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 8,690 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 27, 28 and 33, block 2, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, and also on Assessors' plans, Book 2, Plan 53, to which reference is hereby made for further description.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 10,334 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17, 19, 20 and 21, block 3, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street shown on said plan; easterly by lot 22 in said block; southerly by lots 16, 18 and 24 in said block; westerly by Badger street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 5,694 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, block 3, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street on said plan; easterly by Frank street on said plan; southerly by lot 24 in said block and by said Frank street; westerly by lot 21 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 74

ANDREW A. MYERS.—About 11,988 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 38, 39 and 41, Block 4, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follews, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by lot 37 in in said block; southerly by Green street and by lot 40 in said block; westerly by lots 40, 42 and 43 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 11

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 26 on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by Hawley street on said plan; easterly by lot 27 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Sawtelle; westerly by lot 25 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

GUY P. WALTON.—About 5,711 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Fowle street 62.5 feet; easterly by land of Knight; southerly by land of Collamore; westerly by land of Collamore.
Tax of 1901, 83 55
Street watering for 1901, 60

JOHN A. GRISWOLD.—About 5,500 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on easterly side of Vernon street, being lot No. 19 on Foster Plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 101, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 18 on said plan; easterly by land now or late of Foster; southerly by lot 20 on said plan; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1901, 51 80

FRED W. MARSHALL.—About 10,500 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Garfield Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Peterson 105 feet; easterly by Garfield Avenue 100 feet; southerly by land now or late of Peterson about 105 feet; westerly by land of Peterson about 100 feet.
Tax of 1901, 9 25

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,860 square feet of land situated insaid Woburn being lot 29, Block 5, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 30 in said block; easterly by lot 4 in said block; southerly by lot 28 in said block; westerly by May street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 46

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,160 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 41 and 42, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 40 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by lots 43 and 44 in said block; westerly by lots 47 and 48 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,265 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 42 in said block; easterly by May street on said plan; southerly by Lowell street on said plan; westerly by lot 45 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5, 6, 7 in Block 5 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 4 in said block; easterly by Tremont street shown on said plan; southerly by lot 8 in said block; westerly by lots 26, 27 and 28 in said block.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,299 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 18, Block 5, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 19 in said block; easterly by lot 16 in said block; southerly by Lowell street in said plan; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1901 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 25, 26 and 27 in Block 5, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 28 in said block; easterly by lots 5, 7, 8 in said block; southerly by lot 24 in said block; westerly by May street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1,550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 51, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 52 in said block; easterly by lot 38 in said block; southerly by lot 50 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 46

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 54 and 55, Block 6, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 56 in said block; easterly by lot 34 and 35 in said block; southerly by lot 53 in said block; westerly by Willard street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 93

CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 2,462 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 59, Block 7, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 58 in said block; easterly by Willard street on said plan; southerly by lot 60 in said block; westerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1901, 46

WARD 3.

DAVID CLANCY, HEIRS.—About 6,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 33 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Connolly; easterly by land of Trull, lane of Tidd, and land of Correy; southerly by land of Maloney and land of McGrath; westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1901, 30 53

HANNAH MCGRATH, HEIRS.—About 1,094 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of McDonough; easterly by said Centre street; southerly by land of Tierney; westerly by land of Gage.
Tax of 1901, 7 86

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 50,925 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Winn street, being lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely: Northwesterly by Cummings avenue; northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 13 on said plan and land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Winn-street.
Tax of 1901, 31 45

MARY E. NAVEN.—Absut 37,943 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Cummings avenue; northeasterly by Maple Court on said plan; southeasterly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation: southwesterly by Village street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 17 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 19,235 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 45, 46 and 47, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:-Northerly by lot 48 on said plan; northeasterly by land of Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Maple Court on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 8 32

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 29,140 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on northerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Salmon and Thompson; easterly by land of Prior; southerly by Plympton street and land of Weldon; westerly by Scott street continued and land of Weldon.
Tax of 1901, 53 65

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 8,378 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Plympton street; easterly by land of Naven; southerly by land of Vinal; westerly by land of Griffin and land of Crocker.
Tax of 1901, 16 35

MARY SHINKWIN.—About 4,309 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 1 Middlesex street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Shinkwin; easterly by land now or late of Coughlan; southerly by land now or late of Coughlan; westerly by Middlesex street.
Tax of 1901, 37 00

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 4,920 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 11 and 13 Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Edgell; easterly by land of Holton; southerly by Manns Court; westerly by land of Whitcher.
Tax of 1901, 61 05

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 494 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by Main street; southerly by land now or late of Jones; westerly by other land of said Smith.
Tax of 1901, 88 80
Street watering for 1901, 73

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,940 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 and 8 Mann's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mann's Court; easterly by other land of said Smith; southerly by land of Salmon: westerly by land of James Skinner.
Tax of 1901, 49 02

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 37 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Begley; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1901, 30 53

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 1,440 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 14 Mann's Court, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Mann's Court; easterly by other land of Smith; southerly by land of Meagher; westerly by land of Meagher.
Tax of 1901, 15 17

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELSH.—About 26,610 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 29 No. Warren street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Murray; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of heirs of David D. Hart; westerly by North Warren street.
Tax of 1901, 27 75

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

SUPERIOR COURT, March 11, A.D. 1903.

Harlow H. Rogers of Brookline, in the County of Norfolk, demandant, vs Joanna Kennedy, now or formerly of Fall River in the County of Bristol, or of parts unknown and any and all persons claiming any right, title or interest whatsoever in or to the property hereinafter described.

This is a plea of land wherein the said Harlow H. Rogers demands against the said defendants a certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, namely:—About fifteen thousand and eighty (15,080) square feet of land on Madison street, being lot (fifty four (54) on Jeduthan Fowle plan, and bounded northerly by a private street one hundred (100) feet; easterly by lot number fifty-three (53) on said plan; southerly by land now or formerly of one Russell and by land now or formerly of one Johnson one hundred (100) feet; westerly by Valley street, being the same property described in deed of Daniel J. Murphy to Joanna Kennedy dated January 12, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds in Book 2717, Page 404.

Whereupon demandant says that being seized of the said premises in fee within twenty years now last past he ought to be in quiet possession thereof, but that the defendants disseized him thereof and still unjustly withhold said premises and hold the demandant out of possession thereof, as set forth in the plaintiff's writ dated January 26, A. D. 1903.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff and on inspection of the officer's return on the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant was not an inhabitant of this Commonwealth, nor resident therein at the time of the service of said writ, and that she had no last and usual place of abode, tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or to said officer; and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant.

IT IS ORDERED BY THE COURT, here, that the plaintiff give notice to the defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper printed in Woburn once in a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the first Monday of May next, and that this action be continued until notice shall be given to the defendant agreeably to this order.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy, attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of George H. Bancroft, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring sureties on his bond, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of March, A.D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Ragister.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Belinda Clark, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by Chester Ward Clark who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Honora Healy, sometimes called Hanora Healy, sometimes called Nora Healy late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Francis C. Healy of said Woburn who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of March in the year one thousaud nine hundred and three.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persous in erested in the estate of Helen T. Buckler late of Woburn, in said county, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certatn instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lula P. Buckler and John T. Buckler who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hearby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL. a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or de livering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of George A. Robinson, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary E. Robinson of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

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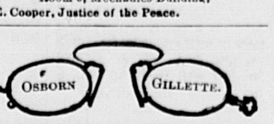

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Johanna Josephine McSweeney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Bryan McSweeney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of April A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
— AND —
Contractor,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn

Commissioner Preston's Report.

Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., Commissioner of Water and Water Supply of the Woburn Board of Public Works, has written out and submitted his annual report, and the same will appear in the next printed volume of City Reports.

Something over one half of Commissioner Preston's report is devoted to the financial status of the Water Department; a succinct history of the Works; their original and subsequent cost (for extension); the present condition of the system, including probable expenditure for new pumps, as well as mains, etc., all of which is valuable for the information furnished, and makes interesting reading. Lack of space in these columns compels us to omit the publication of that part of the report at the present time.

A matter, however, which will be apt to arouse a livlier interest in the minds of the reader is Commissioner Preston's treatment of the meter plan for the distribution of water, an equitable method of paying for it and a reduction of the water tax. His facts are taken for granted, his reasoning seems to be unassailable, and the logic of his conclusions flawless. After alluding to the three other methods for reducing the tax, neither of which meets his approbation, the Commissioner goes on to say:

"The third method—that of reducing the tax through the introduction of the meter system, is in my judgment, the proper method to adopt. Its advantages are many.

"In the first place it is the one equitable method of distributing water. Under it each consumer pays for what he uses and no more, and the careful consumer is not taxed to pay for the waste of his neighbor. On the contrary the careful user of water receives substantial recognition in a saving of his water bills.

"In the second place while not restricting the free use of water, it greatly reduces the waste which under the present system is constantly going on and from which no one derives the slighest benefit. There is now no incentive to even ordinary care in the use of water. Each one of the three thousand water takers thinks that the little waste from his leaky faucet or defective closet is of no importance and it is allowed to remain in a defective condition month after month until it becomes annoying to the owner himself, when the defect is remedied.

"In the winter time it is easier to allow the faucet to run a small stream during extremely cold nights than it is to go to the basement and shut the supply off, and in consequence during the cold weather, when the consumption should be lightest, the draft frequently taxes the capacity of the plant to meet.

"Then there are the unknown and unsuspected leaks which the meter would unerringly detect and cause to be remedied.

"The process of furnishing water for municipal consumption is one of pouring water in great volume into one end of a conduit from which it dribbles at a thousand different points and in almost as many ways. The problem is to furnish an ample supply for legitimate uses and to stop the waste at every point possible.

"The objection ordinarily urged against the sale of water by measure is that it puts limitations upon the use of a commodity that should be as free as air; that water costs nothing to make—it is the free gift of Nature—and that its use by the people should, therefore, be practically unrestricted.

"Unfortunately the logic of this objection is defective in two particulars. Water for domestic use does cost something to make, if expense of filtration and preservation in reservoir and pipes and cost of distribution enters into its making, and second, its use cannot be unrestricted in urban communities if an ample supply of pure water for the necessary uses of all the people is to be supplied. This latter proposition is one of interest to the city of Woburn.

"The increase in the annual comsumption of water referred to earlier in this report has been out of all proportion to the increase of population or the industrial growth of the city. The total consumption in 1902 was 444,000,000 gallons or a per capita daily consumption of 85.49 gallons. As practically all the water used for business purposes is metered, it is apparent that any waste is confined to the domestic unmetered services. The consumption of water for domestic purposes during 1902 was 405,000,000 gallons, or a per capita daily consumption of 77.5 gallons, as compared with a total domestic consumption in 1898 of 315,000,000 gallons and a daily per capita consumption of 59.85 gallons. From these figures it will be observed that there has been an increase of 30 per cent in the per capita consumption for domestic purposes in five years, which is little short of startling and which can be accounted for in only one way, viz.—that a large percentage of the water is being wasted.

"From extended observation in both American and European cities it has been found that an abundant supply of water for domestic purposes does not exceed from twenty to forty gallons per capita daily. The average per capita consumption in 32 leading cities of England is 31 gallons. An expert Commission appointed by the City of London to investigate the question estimated that 42 gallons per captia was a liberal supply. It has been stated on high authority that under American conditions of living 35 gallons per captia is a liberal allowance for all the water which can be used which is only 45 per cent of the domestic consumption in Woburn.

"In order to establish by practical tests the accuracy of this statement, meters were a year ago placed in certain dwelling houses in this city, carefully selected to represent the different types of services to which the department is subjected. A record of results thus obtained has been kept. These houses contain families varying in size from three to eight persons, and the water fixtures vary from a single faucet for all purposes to a house fully equipped and paying the maximum rate provided in the schedule. The highest per captia daily consumption in any of these houses was 48 gallons, the lowest 17.6 gallons, and the average 30.6 gallons. In none of the cases subjected to this test were the occupants of the house aware of what was being done and the records therefore, represent the ordinary unrestricted consumption of water for all domestic purposes. These figures indicate that an average annual per capita consumption of 35 gallons, an amount generally recognized by students of the problem as ample for all legitimate purposes, ought to cover domestic comsumption in this city and that all in excess of that amount is practically wasted.

"It has been the universal experience of cities that have adopted the meter system that it has resulted in a large saving in consumption without in any way restricting the liberal use of water for all legitimate purposes. That such would be the experience of Woburn should the system be adopted here, I do not doubt; and that it will be necessary eventually to adopt the meter system in order to avoid the necessity of entering the Metropolitan Water district and exchanging our present water supply for the less desirable water furnished by the Metropolitan System I am equally convinced.

"It would, therefore, seem clear that the city should avail itself of the present opportunity for introducing the meter system and that the reduction in revenue should be accomplished by this means.

"The question of what rate per thousand gallons should be charged under the meter system in order to secure a stated reduction in income is one that is necessarily enshrouded in some doubt. Guided by the experience of other cities however, it will be possible fo fix a rate that will accomplish approximately the right result, but at the time when the full reduction of 33 1-3 per cent can be made is still three years off, it would be advisable, in my opinion, to make a beginning by permitting at once the use of meters for the distribution of water for domestic purposes, charging for water so furnished at the present rate of two cents per hundred gallons. This will not only accommodated many persons who are desirous of obtaining their water by this method and who could in that way make a saving over the present rates paid by them, but it will furnish valuable data upon which to base future action with reference to the permanent adjustment of the rate should the universal adoption of meters be determined upon.

"I, therefore, recommend that the following clause of the preseut regulations governing the distribution of water, be repealed, viz.—"No water shall be furnished by meter for domestic purposes"; —also that that the department be permitted to furnish water for domestic consumption at the present meter rates to such citizens as desire it, and that the department be further authorized to require the use of meters by such other takers as it has reason to believe are wasteful in the use of water.

"I further recommend that the provisions of the Regulations establishing minimum rates per annum for all water furnished by meter, be repealed and that the authority to establish such minimum meter charges be vested in the Board of Public Works."

ELWYN G. PRESTON,
Commissioner of Water and Water Supply."

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If the cry of the nerves was but temporary, a strong man might resist, but it is constant; it rises above every other desire; it lingers in the system for years; it is a disease. Just one taste to allay the overpowering craving is the cry of the victim; the one taste stunts the intellect; gives to the craving momentum and it gathers power instead of being satiated.

VITONE TONIC is non-alcoholic and contains no artificial stimulation of any sort yet is a specific for the craving for alcoholic drinks: it satisfies the craving, and the patient feels the satisfaction; the nerves are excited to normal and natural action; the despondency of the mind is removed; the consciousness of power is an immediate result. The terrible longing is appeased not only by stimulation but by supplying the needed strength in a natural manner. One dose produces a feeling of satisfaction; continued treatment restores the system to its complete physical standard.

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HOW DUNWOODIE GOT HIS SMOKE

By HAROLD W. RAYMOND

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Dunwoodie liked his pipe as well as the next man and perhaps a trifle better, and when he had settled himself in his bos'n's chair near the top of the big bridge's tallest suspender and found he had left his beloved corncob and his bag of "Painters' Delight" in his other overalls at home his despair was so great that his head swam and he saw red clouds before his eyes.

"It's the curse of the trade," said Dunwoodie. "Here I've been at the brush for forty year or so, and never the time but I was painting in the wrong place. If I worked on a red fence, a bull was sure to be in the field; if I'd been off on a bit of a bat, the boss would set me a-painting of scrolls and wriggly things till it seemed as if I'd got 'em sure; if I was dying of thirst, they'd give me the steeple of a meeting house to color—Baptist at that, more than likely—with never a drop to drink 'twixt me and the earth. And now here I be hanging 'twixt heaven and the East river—and the river much easier to reach—perishing for a smoke, and my pipe might as well be on top of one of them burning volcanoes for all the good it is to me. It's the curse of the trade."

Dunwoodie laid on with a heavy hand. Well for him that his perch was high and that the eye of the boss was not likely to inspect his work critically!

Just then, as if to add insult to injury, there came a pungent smell athwart Dunwoodie's nose. Young Pat McCabe was smoking in his comfortable perch five strands to windward of Dunwoodie—young Pat McCabe, the impudent fellow who had dared ask Dunwoodie for his only daughter's hand in marriage!

Dunwoodie's daughter, the peerless Pearl, the girl Dunwoodie had been father and mother to since that sad day when her own mother was laid beneath the sod in the Cemetery of the Evergreens and of whom the old man was as jealous as a hen with one chicken! Need more be said? Dunwoodie looked upon young McCabe, a likely fellow enough and as handy with his brush as old Michael Angelo himself, with keenest detestation. He hated him all the worse because deep down in his soul he knew that Miss Pearl favored the handsome Irishman.

McCabe's pipe was considered the dirtiest in the gang. He had the love of his race for a well colored dhudeen, and he smoked a tobacco so strong that it would draw tears from the eye of a potato. Dunwoodie had often cast aspersions upon it. But now—now the odor which the winds wafted to his hungry nostrils was sweeter than the spicy breezes of Araby the Blest.

He glanced darkly across the chasm of twisted cables and dizzying heights of air which separated them and remembered some of the hard things he had said about McCabe and his pipe and his pretensions. Now it seemed to him he would willingly barter his chances of heaven for a smoke of the same.

"I swan," said Dunwoodie, overcome by a craving which made him desperate, "it would be a pleasure to murder you, young man, if I could get possession of that chimney by the doing." The thought of murder seemed to give the painter much temporary joy, for it sprang from the heart of a father jealous of the child who was his all in all of life saving and excepting the pipe of which he was deprived.

Murder, however desirable, being out of the question, Dunwoodie resorted to strategy instead. It was hard work. But after clearing his voice a few times he managed to say:

"I say, Mac, could you lend me your pipe and a bit of tobaccy? I'll return them up at the house tonight. Swing it across on a string; that's a good lad."

McCabe looked up in amazement. It was many a day since he had heard such friendliness in Dunwoodie's voice.

"The fact is," said the old man, "I left my pipe at home, and I'm dying for a smoke."

"Oho!" said McCabe to himself. "So that's where the winds are blowin'." And then he said loudly: "But ye can't smoke my pipe, Daddy Dunwoodie. Sure, ye said I put it to soak in the tannery." Dunwoodie coughed and looked uncomfortable. "Ye said it would be afther makin' a dog sick, so it would. If I reckomember correctly, Mr. Dunwoodie, ye said I smoked scrap leather an' findin's."

Hard blows, these. Dunwoodie winced.

"I was only joking, Mac, my boy," he said, with a feeble laugh.

"Was ye jokin' when ye said I couldn't marry the darlint of me sowl? Ye know whom I mane, Mr. Dunwoodie."

"No!" shrieked Dunwoodie. "I was not joking! I'd rather see the girl lying in the cemetery with her dead mother than marry a tarrier like you!"

"Oh! All right, Mr. Dunwoodie. I guess ye were right. My pipe would make a dog sick, and it's not fit for the likes of ye." McCabe's brogue grew broad when his anger was high.

He lit another pipe and whistled "One Girl." As the odor saluted Dunwoodie's nostrils he grew frantic. He must have that pipe and tobacco! It was hours before he could descend for the nooning. He looked at McCabe, who was smoking away as if unconscious of his presence, and it occurred to Dunwoodie for the first time in his life that McCabe was not a bad sort of man after all. He was clean, sober—that is, reasonably so—industrious, and he had the best and sunniest nature in the world. Besides that, he loved Pearl, and Pearl loved him. And if it was not McCabe it might be worse—very likely would be.

Dunwoodie cleared his throat.

"Mac!" he said.

"Well!"

"Lend us your pipe—do. I'm perishing."

"Will ye l'ave me marry yer daughter, Mr. Dunwoodie?"

"I'll l'ave you anything!" said the suffering one.

"Put it down on paper?"

"Anything, anything, if you'll only give me a smoke!"

"I'll give ye me pipe and 'baccy," said McCabe as solemnly as if he were surrendering the dearest treasures of his life.

In three switches of a lamb's tail McCabe was by the old man's side. Dunwoodie was clutching at the pipe.

"Sign the consint first," said the artful Irishman. He had a bit of paper and a pencil in his pocket, and he quickly drew up an article of agreement. It read as follows:

S. S.:

Whereas, in the course of human events, I, Michael Jay Dunwoodie, being of sound mind and robust constitution, hereby give consent to the marriage of my daughter Pearl to Patrick McCabe, Esq., late of the County Cavan.

[Signed] M. J. DUNWOODIE.
P. M'CABE.

This formidable looking document was duly dated, signed and sealed with a gob of brown paint.

Soon Dunwoodie was in the ecstasy of smoking the favorite McCabe mixture. Then he noticed the younger man packing up his tools of trade and making to descend.

"Here! Hey! What are you up to now?" he demanded suspiciously. "Go back to work, you young rascal!"

"I'm only afther goin' to tell Pearl the good news," said McCabe, with a quiet smile.

And when Dunwoodie got home that night the mischief was done and a homemade wedding supper awaited him on the table.

Free Medical Advice to Women.

Every sick and ailing woman,
Every young girl who suffers monthly,
Every woman who is approaching maternity,
Every woman who feels that life is a burden,
Every woman who has tried all other means to regain health without success,
Every woman who is going through that critical time — the change of life — is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., in regard to her trouble, and the most expert advice telling exactly how to obtain a CURE will be sent absolutely free of cost.

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience — experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for twenty years, day after day, and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success — think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter shows the result. There are actually thousands of such letters in Mrs. Pinkham's possession.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — I have been under doctors' treatment for female troubles for some time, but without any relief. They now tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, I cannot wear my clothes with any comfort. Womb is dreadfully swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor, given in your little book, accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice." — MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — I wrote to you describing my symptoms, and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully for several months, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** together with your advice, carefully followed, entirely expelled the tumor, and strengthened the whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Your Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors, or any female trouble, to write you for advice, and give it a faithful trial." — MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes will gladly answer any and all letters that may be addressed to her asking about her illness, and how Mrs. Pinkham helped her.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Trees Are the Friends of Men.

All trees display constantly and broadly their nature and the marks of the class to which they belong. The oak, elm, willow, birch, beech, together with poplar, chestnut and pine, are among our native born trees, and those most familiar to us as the ancient landmarks, remembered so well in childhood—the mulberry, olive, ilex, hemlock, spruce, apple, pear and cherry trees—go to make up the almost sacred circle of friends so dear to us because they are monuments of other and happier days.

The homestead and its associations recall all the dear old trees so fondly cherished in days "lang syne" and so dear to me now that it is pleasant to write what I know of their history, utility and why they are valuable as lumber or the more valuable mechanical need which they meet. They all afford the human race a certain amount of reliable service and are the foundation of many industries. They furnish the ships that cover the ocean with white sails and afford easy communication with all nations. The arts and sciences depend upon them for substantial aid in completing palaces and churches and all the grand and lasting buildings which have dotted the earth with beautiful cities and comfortable dwelling places for man. And thus we find that the trees are really the steadfast and never failing friends of men.—Exchange.

An Anecdote of Brignoli.

Though one of the most nervous singers that ever went before an audience, Brignoli in his way was one of the most conscientious. He refused to sing if he did not feel that his voice was in a condition to do justice to the song and to himself. He was a firm believer in homeopathy and was never without two small vials, one containing bryonia and the other spongia, which he used alternately. His body servant, Barbagelata, usually administered the drug.

On one occasion it happened that Barbagelata gave him a larger quantity of bryonia than he had asked for, but, like the faithful servant that he was, he informed his master of the mistake. Brignoli was furious. He thought he was a dead man. He raved and stormed and swore as only he could swear. Barbagelata, thinking to relieve his mind, swallowed the entire contents of the vial.

"You see, Signor Brignoli, there is no harm in the medicine," he said.

"Ah, misery!" cried Brignoli, forgetting his own danger at once. "You are a dead man! What have you done?"

All the doctors in the neighborhood were sent for, and all had to testify that the drug was harmless before Brignoli would believe that Barbagelata could survive.

Asking Questions In Society.

This from an authority: "Don't ask questions; don't mention names; listen occasionally, and you will find yourself a society favorite." The first "don't" seems to have been most correctly placed. There is nothing which creates a pleasanter impression and which really leads to the most complete confidence than the tact which listens sympathetically to all a companion will say, but never probes deeper by an impulsive interrogation. One learns to trust such an acquaintance and feel in his company a peculiar sense of security that is very satisfying. Many of our small attempts to make an impressive recital are, we know, most vulnerable. One or two sharp queries would riddle them, and we learn, as a burned child learns to avoid the fire, just whom we may not and may impose them upon. The latter please us the better.

The Word "Umbrella."

The English word umbrella is very like the Latin, coming through the Italian "ombbrella," or "little shade." The French, German, Spanish and others give it a distinctive name, such as "parapluie," "regenschirm" and "paraguas." "Umbrella" and "parasol" are etymologically precisely the same thing, but custom has given them the distinctions that we understand today.

Easier Work.

"Why don't you try to carve your name high on the tablets of fame?" asked the poetic enthusiast.

"My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, a little severely, "there is no use in my dodging around with a hammer and chisel when I can do such effective work with a fountain pen and a checkbook."—Washington Star.

Borrowing Trouble.

"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line."

"Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot."

"She was until our baby was born six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we shall not like."

Ten Years to Get It.

Towne—Why, he told me he was getting along splendidly; fine salary and all that.

Browne—Indeed?

Towne—Yes, he told me he was getting $10,000.

Browne—So he is, at the rate of $1,000 per year.—Philadelphia Press.

Ungrammatical.

Dusty Rhodes—Will yer please give me a dime to get somethin' to eat with?

Bunker Hill—My good man, you cannot purchase a set of false teeth for 10 cents.

Sleeping on a Kong.

China is a land without mattresses or counterpanes. A bed, or kong, is merely a broad wall of brick built across the side of the room. On first acquaintance it seems absolutely impossible for an Anglo-Saxon, but a man in the interior of China must either sleep on a kong or not sleep at all. I determined that if the bricks would not yield to me I must yield to them, and, as a means of yielding gracefully, I studied the sleeping methods of my Chinese companions. I found that their practice was to climb inside of quilted sacks, called pookas, which they tied and folded around themselves until a row of men on a kong looked not unlike sealed envelopes. Whenever they rolled or turned over in their sleep their pookas rolled with them. In whatever position they happened to lie on the brick pile they could not escape the ameliorating effect of their pookas. Obviously I, too, must have a pooka. From a dealer in leather in a town through which we passed I bought two goatskins. I had them sewed together, with the hair side in. I devised a system of strings by which I could tie myself in my appliance, and in this way I succeeded in sleeping in China.—Outing.

Rapid Work For Fingers.

The deaf and dumb, as every one knows, "speak" by means of their fingers. How many words, then, can a good hand speaker form in a minute? The average number of letters per word in the English language is five. Now, a ready hand speaker can make the English alphabet ten times in a minute—that is to say, 260 letters. It is usual for him to pause for the space of one letter after each word to show that the word is complete. If, therefore, we subtract from the total just given about one-sixth for these stoppages, the total will be reduced to 215 letters.

Let this be divided by five, the average number of letters per word, and we shall find that a fairly expert deaf and dumb person will speak forty-three words per minute. A person in possession of speech will probably speak 150 words in the same space of time.

Substitutes For Tobacco.

Dried holly leaves, the bark of the willow and leaves of the stag's horn sumac are among the substitutes for tobacco used by the American Indians. In Switzerland a weed called mountain tobacco is smoked in great quantities. It is powdered before using and causes the smoker to become a mental and physical wreck. The natives of South Africa are peculiarly affected by smoking the dried leaves of the camphor plant. The smoker trembles with fright at nothing, weeps bitterly and uses all sorts of words which do not in the least express his meaning. The wild dagga, another South African plant, poisons slowly any one using it.

Selling Elephants by Measure.

The Moors, who drive a trade in elephants through the Indies, have a fixed price for the ordinary type according to their size. To ascertain their true value they measure from the nail of the fore foot to the top of the shoulder, and for each cubit high they charge $500. An African elephant of the largest size measures about nine cubits, or thirteen and one-half feet, in height and is worth about $4,500. For huge Ceylon elephants $20,000 is sometimes paid.

Reply of a "Beardless Boy."

When Keppel, a commodore at twenty-four, was sent to demand an apology from the dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy" with such a message to him. Replied the beardless boy, "Were my master wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom he'd have sent your deyship a he goat."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Touch of Ireland In Spain.

When I was at Malaga, the lighthouse was out of order, and some Americans had complained officially that their shipping interests were being damaged. No answer was received for two years. Then it was declared that it was the fault of the earthquake which had taken place many years previously. Finally the light was put out altogether because it interfered with the fireworks. When a pair of boots I had ordered did not fit and I complained to the maker, he arrived indignantly to protest. "They fit here," he said, prodding my tender toe, "and they fit there," another prod. "You cannot expect them to fit everywhere all at once."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Discovery of Felt.

Felt is a union of animal hair with wool in such a manner as to produce a firm, compact substance. Its discovery was of so much importance that it seemed necessary to attribute it to divine agency, and hence we have a tradition of saintly origin. When St. Clement was fleeing from his persecutors his feet became blistered, and in order to abate the pain he placed wool between his sandals and the soles of his feet. On continuing his journey the wool, by the perspiration, motion and pressure of his feet, became a uniformly compact substance, which was afterward denominated felt.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 29.

Text of the Lesson, A Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Matt. xxviii, 20—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—Paul and Silas at Philippi (Acts xvi, 22-34). Golden Text, Acts xvi, 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The principal facts in this lesson are the sufferings of the apostles and the salvation of the jailer and his household. There is no salvation apart from the sufferings of Christ, and, being saved by His sufferings in our stead, we must be willing to suffer with Him as His witnesses in bearing the gospel to others (I Pet. ii, 24; iii, 18; John xvi, 33; Phil. i, 29; iii, 10).

LESSON II.—Christian living (Phil. iv, 1-13). Golden Text, Phil. iv, 4, "Rejoice in the Lord alway." Two great features of the life of a Christian are joy and peace, and these should be very manifest (Rom. xiv, 17; xv, 13), but in the many trials and sorrows of this life it seems impossible to be full of either joy or peace. But remember that this most joyful of all the epistles was written from a prison, and the aim of Paul may be ours (1-20). See also I Cor. i, 9; I Thess. v, 24.

LESSON III.—Paul at Thessalonica and Berea (Acts xvii, 1-12). Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 105, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." Christians are expected to be filled with the word and the Spirit (Col. iii, 16; Eph. v, 18) and by their lives and testimony proclaim Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of sinners.

LESSON IV.—Paul's counsel to the Thessalonians (I Thess. v, 14-28). Golden Text, I Thess. v, 21, "Hold fast that which is good." The truth is here emphasized that the spirit, soul and body of the redeemed are all for Christ, and the new man in us, if allowed to control, will ever pray and rejoice and give thanks, controlled by the Spirit, but if the Spirit is quenched and His word rejected there must be proportionate failure.

LESSON V.—Paul at Athens (Acts xvii, 22-34). Golden Text, Acts xvii, 18, "He preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." Men are prone to worship, to bow down to anything and any one but the living God, and this has been the case since the serpent turned Adam and Eve away from God to believe his lie.

LESSON VI.—The church at Corinth founded (Acts xviii, 1-11). Golden Text, I Cor. iii, 11, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Some believing and some opposing is the record everywhere, but all whom the Father hath given to Christ shall come to Him, and His elect church shall be gathered and presented to Himself a glorious church.

LESSON VII.—Christian self control (I Cor. viii, 4-13). Golden Text, Rom. xiv, 19, "Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace." In the daily life, while seeking to live wholly for God and manifest the life of Christ in our mortal bodies, we are living not only before God, who reads our hearts and never misjudges us, but we are also living before people who, not being able to read the heart, are very apt to misjudge us and stumble over us.

LESSON VIII.—Christian love (I Cor. xiii, 1-13). Golden Text, I Cor. xiii, 13, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, * * * but the greatest of these is love." It is still the contrast between what I myself may do and that which Christ will do in me. However much I may do that seems good, it will count for nothing if it is I that do it, but God, who is love and was manifest in Christ and has come to live in the believer, desires to work in and through us, and that will stand.

LESSON IX.—Paul and Apollos (Acts xviii, 24, to xix, 6). Golden Text, Luke xi, 13, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" A man mighty in the Scriptures may be instructed more perfectly by very humble people, and however much people may believe there is a very great lack until they are filled with the Spirit.

LESSON X.—Paul at Ephesus (Acts xix, 13-20). Golden Text, Acts xix, 17, "The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified." The name of the Lord Jesus, that worthy name (Jas. ii, 7), that glorious and fearful name, the Lord thy God (Deut. xxviii, 58), is not to be trifled with or mocked or despised, for the Lord can use the devil himself to chasten such, and He will overrule even the mockery and blasphemy of the wicked to promote His glory.

LESSON XI.—The riot at Ephesus (Acts xix, 29-40). Golden Text, Ps. xxxi, 23, "The Lord preserveth the faithful." When the preaching of the gospel takes away money from the pockets of the ungodly, we shall quickly hear from them, and they will want no more of us or our gospel. But this same thing is often seen among those who bear the name of Christ, and the cold shoulder has been turned upon a missionary lest he might want an offering from the people. We seem to know nothing of the love of Christ, who gave Himself.

LESSON XII.—Paul's message to the Ephesians (Eph. ii, 1-10). Golden Text, Eph. ii, 8, "By grace are ye saved through faith." That is the one thing we fail to understand—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who became poor for us (II Cor. viii, 9), and therefore, while glad to be saved by Him, so few are willing to be used by Him, to let Him have all that He has bought with His precious blood, to let Him work out in us and through us the good works He has prepared for us. Lay to heart Isa. i, 18, 19.

The First Measure of Time.

It was the moon and not the sun which first suggested to mankind the circle of the year as a measure of time. The sun exhibits no changes of appearance, and his light obliterates all the landmarks of the sky. A luminary which is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow might give rise to conceptions of perfection and eternity, but beyond the alterations of day and night it could suggest to men's minds no abstract measure of time. But with our humble satellite it is far otherwise. The regularly recurring phenomena of new moon and full moon are too marked to escape the attention of the most obtuse and unreflecting of savages.

The motion of the sun may be compared to that of the minute hand of a clock, sweeping on hour after hour without leaving much record of its comparatively vast journey. The progress of the moon, on the contrary, may be likened to that of the hour hand, which registers the movements of its companion and resolves them into twelve well defined periods.

RUNNING TO A FIRE.

How the Horses Enjoy the Mad Dash Through the Streets.

Everyone who has watched fire horses dashing through the streets in answer to an alarm will admit that the animals seem to enjoy the run. This idea is brought out by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine," as follows:

For Silver all other minor pleasures in life were as nothing to the fierce joy he knew when, with a dozen men clinging to the handrails, the captain pulling the bellrope and Lannigan, far up above them all, swaying on the lines, the Gray Horse truck swept up Broadway to a first call box.

It was like trotting to music if you've ever done that. Possibly you could have discovered no harmony at all in the confused roar of the apparatus as it thundered past. But to the ears of Silver there were many sounds blended into one. There were the rhythmical beat of hoofs, the low undertone of the wheels grinding the pavement, the high note of the forged steel lock opener as it hammered the footboard, the mellow dingdong of the bell, the creak of the forty and fifty foot extensions, the rattle of the iron shod hooks, the rat-tat-tat of the scaling ladders on the bridge and the muffled drumming of the leather helmets as they jumped in the basket.

With the increasing speed all these sounds rose in pitch until, when the team was at full swing, they became one vibrant theme—thrilling, inspiring, exultant—the action song of the truck.

Burial Customs.

The Turks perhaps were the first people to use ornamental burial grounds such as we call cemeteries, but as to when this custom was first adopted in the land of the crescent no one seems to know. The earlier Jews buried their dead in the earth, that method being without doubt the most ancient burial mode known to man. The very earliest Egyptians seem to have understood the art of embalming and to have practiced it from time out of memory. The ancient Greeks and Romans cremated the body, the ashes only receiving sepulture, except in case of illustrious warriors, statesmen, etc., these latter being buried unburned as a special mark of favor.

Some ancient tribes preserved only parts of the body and burned or buried the remainder. The parts retained and preserved, dried or in liquid, varied according to tribal notions. With some it was the heart that was thought to be too sacred for cremation or burial, with others the liver, ears, nose, tongue or fingers. The Tartars of 2,000 years ago preserved only the thumb and toe nails of their dead.

Amusements of Great Men.

Here are a few amusements of great men: Edmund Burke, farming; Lord Byron, swimming; Carlyle, riding and smoking; Lord Chatham, bowls; Darwin, backgammon, music, smoking and snuff taking; Dickens, bowls, walking, smoking and snuff taking; Tom Hood, shooting; Kingsley, fox hunting, music and smoking; Lamb, witnessing performances of "Punch," card playing, snuff taking and smoking; Lord Lytton, gardening, walking, music and smoking; Captain Marryat, snuff taking; Lord Palmerston, horse racing; Pitt, felling trees and studying classics; Shelley, making and sailing paper boats; Sydney Smith, chess, swimming, riding and music; Wesley, whist; Dean Swift, harnessing his servants with cords and driving them up and down stairs.

Two Views of the Same Question.

A noted bishop in order to point a lesson in humility sometimes tells a story of a young clergyman whose first appointment was to be an out of the way and poor parish.

On his first Sunday in this new station the young man as he looked over his wretchedly clad and ignorant congregation could not help saying to himself, with a groan:

"Dear me, what a dreadful thing it would be if I should have to stay here any great length of time!"

At the end of the sermon a deacon made a prayer. To the young man's horror one part of the prayer was a benevolent hope that "this ignorant, inexperienced, barren pastor that had lately come to the parish might improve and grow learned and fruitful in good works, so that he would come to merit being kept on there for awhile."

The Pillow of the Italian Peasant.

The Italian peasant girl as soon as she has learned to spin and sew begins to make her wedding trousseau. Thence piece by piece it grows, and she has put into it all her finest stitchery and sweetest thoughts. As soon as she is a bride she makes a bag of fine muslin. This she begins to fill with rose leaves. Each year adds its share. When she dies, perhaps an old woman full of years, it is this rose pillow that her head rests on. In this calm acceptance of and preparation for the great events of life, such as marriage and death, there are time and soil for the blossoming of fancy which we, stumbling, hit and miss, through life, do not furnish.

Why Dumas Laughed.

Sir Richard Wallace once heard the elder Dumas laughing boisterously in his study and was told by a servant that Dumas was working and that he often laughed like that at his work. It turned out that the great novelist was "in company with one of his own characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring." But this was years ago, when imagination went hand in hand with animal spirits. It would be difficult to imagine one of the modern intense, realistic, analytical school so easily diverted.

Tommy's Quick Answer.

"Tommy," said an uncle to his precocious nephew, "your mother tells me she has to give you pennies to be good. Do you think that is as things should be?"

"Of course it is," replied Tommy. "You certainly don't want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you, uncle?"—Chums.

Quite Fabulous.

"That foreign gentleman is said to have fabulous wealth."

"That's what it is," answered Mr. Cumrox; "fabulous wealth. I don't believe $50 of it is genuine."—Washington Star.

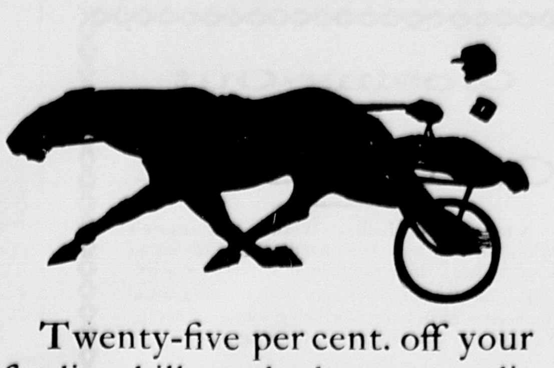
Man's Adaptability.

Jimble—There's something wonderful about man.

Jumble—So well adapted, for instance, to carry an umbrella.—Boston Transcript.

Japanese girls are named not only after flowers, but after animals. Once in awhile one may meet a Miss Dog, Miss Cow or Miss Deer.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—Holmes.



Twenty-five per cent. off your feeding bills and a better condition of the horses is the result of feeding the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed regularly.

Good for the Hot Weather.

I have been using the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed for about nine months, and find it all right and that it saves me money. I have fed it all through the hot weather and expect to continue its use. It is the best thing to put horses in condition that I ever saw. A. YOUNG, 89 Wilsey St., Newark, N. J.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:
JAQUITH & CO.

AN ARAB'S HORSE.

The Story of an Englishman's Attempt to Purchase It.

In his "Souvenirs d'un Voyage" M. Spoll describes a visit to Arabia and the attempt of an English friend to buy an Arabian horse. The Englishman was at great pains to induce the Arab who owned the horse to agree to sell him. He persuaded the man to make an appointment to conclude the sale after employing "as much diplomacy as would be used in a year in making or breaking the balance of power in Europe."

On the eventful day the Englishman, with M. Spoll and M. Lascaris, rode to the rendezvous and found the Arab sitting by his horse, which was browsing quietly.

"Las salam aleik" (I salute you), began the Englishman cautiously. "What shall I pay you for your horse?"

"Who knows?" said the Arab. "Throw on my cloak here whatever you offer."

Three thousand piasters fell at the feet of the impassive Arab, then 10,000, then 10,000 more. The Arab's eyes shone. Ten thousand piasters more won him. "Ah," he said, going up to his magnificent animal, "we must part."

The Englishman began to bridle the horse. The Arab sobbed. Suddenly the intelligent animal, perceiving his new owner, sprang away and neighed mournfully. No one could doubt that he knew what was going on.

With one bound the child of the desert was in the saddle. "Adieu!" he said. "Your money could never replace my only friend!" And he vanished in a cloud of dust.

"Stupid!" cried my English friend, and then we rode home in silence.

Mirth, Not Misery, Loves Company.

I have always doubted the proposition that "misery loves company" and have believed that such a statement was first put forth by some arch hypocrite whose misery was but a pretense and who was beckoning some other sham sufferer into a quiet corner where they could both be jovial on the sly.

However slight my knowledge of universal misery may be, I can attest from personal experience that my own misery claims solitude and slips away all by itself and turns the key upon the curious world, asking nothing so much as to be "let alone." I do not care to weep in company, nor would it cheer me to have a chorus of other weepers to sob in unison with me. Rather would I remain in unmolested wretchedness until my tears had vanished and my eyes and nose assumed normal appearance.

'Tis mirth then, and not misery, which pines for company. Fun cannot thrive alone and flourishes only among congenial spirits. Our laughter must be shared, our smiles responded to, and every glance of merriment needs recognition to make it worth the while.—Caroline Ticknor in Atlantic.

The Essential Thing.

The primary class in Sunday school was listening to a lesson on patience. This, according to the Boston Herald, was what came of it, at least in the minds of the more literal minded children:

The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding the teacher had given each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing.

"Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing. He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient."

Having treated the subject very fully she began with the simplest, most practical question:

"And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The answer was shouted with one voice:

"Bait!"

Pat's Puzzle.

Five or six men were recently chatting in a village inn when one of them said:

"I say, I bets ye dinners all round ye can't tell me the answer to a puzzle I knows of."

"Done," they said. "I bet we can. What is it?"

"Well," said Pat, "why is a journalist the funniest creature in the world?"

After vainly trying for about two hours they sadly said they must give it up.

"Why," said the delighted Pat, "because his tale comes out of his head, don't it?"—Spare Moments.

Willie and His Politeness.

Willie (reading his verse at Sunday school)—"And they took Joseph's coat, killed a boy and dipped the coat in the blood."

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "you know the text reads 'killed a kid,' not a boy."

"Yes, but didn't you tell us it is vulgar to say 'kid' when talking about little boys?" replied the apt scholar, beaming with delight at his good memory.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Good Pull.

"How does young Swift manage to uncork so much champagne? He doesn't earn any money."

"Well, he pulls the same cork over and over."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Has a rich uncle with a cork leg."—Boston Transcript.

NOT "ROGERS" ONLY—BUT "1847 Rogers Bros." is the Trade mark that appears on the old original brand of

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There are many imitations—"1847" is identifying mark of the genuine, which are sold by leading dealers. Send to the makers for booklet No. 6 of beautiful new designs.

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To Settle the Question.

He was engaged to be married, and every one knows how the engaged man talks when he gets a friend cornered.

"She is the loveliest and best girl that ever lived," he asserted.

"Sure?" inquired the friend.

"Sure! Of course I'm sure. You don't doubt it, do you?"

"Certainly not," replied the friend hastily, "only"—

"Only what?"

"Oh, I suppose it's all right, but I'd like to introduce you to Dobley."

"Who's Dobley?"

"Oh, another friend of mine who told me yesterday that he was engaged to the loveliest and best girl that ever lived, and I'd like to have you two get together and settle the matter."—Chicago Post.

Western Cities Lively.

The eastern visitor finds the cities of the northwestern coast brimful of life, color, significance, picturesque interest and, though the forces which have combined in their making are somewhat similar, each has a distinct character and individuality. "Lively," a word of the west, may well be applied to them—a sort of brisk activity, youthfulness, ozone. They have the rather unusual capacity of doing big things and talking about them lustily at the same time. It is the cry of the street corners: "Just watch us grow. See us getting to the front."—Ray Stannard Baker in Century.

Remote Kin.

Kind Lady—How many are there in the family beside yourself?

Little Amie—Four; mamma, papa, sister and a distant relative.

"That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family."

"Oh, yes, he is. He is my brother."

"Your brother? Then he isn't a distant relative."

"Yes, ma'am; he is in the Philippines."—Kansas City Journal.

Would Avoid the Trouble.

"I suppose you'd like to be worth a million dollars?" she suggested.

"No, mum," replied the tramp. "It 'ud be too much trouble lookin' after the money. All I want is that some feller what's worth a million dollars shall provide fer me."—Chicago Post.

As Ever.

Bizzibodie (discouragedly)—I did everything in my power to make those two young people see that they were not fitted for each other—

Wyzacre—And when is the wedding to occur?—Baltimore American.

As a Precedent.

Tom—Why were you so determined to kiss that plain cousin of yours?

Dick—I wanted to establish a precedent. She has two very pretty sisters, you know.

Fortune smiles on the few. To the majority she gives the laugh.—Ohio State Journal.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants. It is the creed of slaves.—Pitt.